THE

Retrospective Review.

FOR OUT OF THE OLDE FIELDES, AS MEN SAITHE.
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE CORN FRO YERE TO YERE;
AND OUT OF OLDE BOOKES, IN GOOD FAITHE.
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE SCIENCE THAT MEN LERE.

CHAUCER.

VOL. II.

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THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. II. Part I.

Art. I. *The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia. A pastorale Romance. By* Sir Philip Sidney. *The eighth edition. London,* 1633; *folio; pp.* 482.

The name of Sir Philip Sidney is associated with many pleasing and delightful recollections. We remember him as one of the greatest ornaments of the most glorious reign in our annals—as one of the chief favourites of that great Queen whom we are taught from childhood to regard with respect and admiration. We remember him as the darling son of chivalry—as the inheritor of the noble and knightly qualities of Sir Lancelot and Sir Tristrem, of their courage without their ferocity, of their generosity without its concomitant rudeness—as the chain or connecting link which was interposed between the chivalric pageantry which had gone before, and the scarcely settled refinement which succeeded—as the compound of all that was high-spirited and romantic, of all that was gallant and brave. We remember him as one who communicated to the court of Elizabeth that tincture of romance, which gives it to our view, when seen through the dusky distances of antiquity, a mellow and chastened richness, not unlike the variegated and brilliant colouring with which the rays of the departing sun are embued by the painted windows through which they penetrate, as they

"Illume with mellow light the brown-brow'd aisle."

We remember him as the patron and friend of our English Ariosto, the author of that enchanting production, *The Fairy Queen*, which we are sorry to see it is now the fashion to underrate and neglect. And lastly, we remember him as the contemporary of Shakspeare, and as one of the kindred spirits of that enchanted circle, of which Shakspeare was the master magician and wizard supreme.

Few characters, indeed, appear so well fitted to excite enthusiastic admiration as that of Sir Philip Sidney. Uniting all the accomplishments which youthful ardour and universality of talent could acquire or bestow—delighting nations with the varied witchery of his powers, and courts with the fascination of his address—leaving the learned astonished with his proficiency, and the ladies enraptured with his grace, and communicating, wherever he went, the love and spirit of gladness—he was, and well deserved to be, the idol of the age he lived in. He appeared to be a good in which all nations considered themselves to be interested—not the partial and sole property and product of one people, but an universal benefaction, given and intended for all, and in the glory and honour of which all had a right to be partakers. His death, therefore, was lamented by every court he had visited; and, to do honour to his memory, kings clad themselves in the habiliments of grief, and universities poured forth their tribute of academical sorrow. So rare an union of attractions, so unaccustomed a concentration of excellence, such a compound of military renown with literary distinction, and courtly refinement with noble frankness, gave him a passport to every heart, and secured him, at once, universal sympathy and esteem. He was, indeed, if ever there was one, a gentleman, finished and complete, in whom mildness was associated with courage, erudition mollified by refinement, and courtliness dignified by truth. He is a specimen of what the English character was capable of producing, when foreign admixtures had not destroyed its simplicity, or politeness debased its honour. The very stiffness it then possessed had a noble original; it was the natural consequence of that state of society, when the degrees of order and subordination were universally observed and understood, when the social relations were not broken down by the incroaching power of innovation, and when each was as ready to pay as to exact his tribute of observance and respect. No lax discipline in morals had then interwoven itself with the manners of the great, nor was the court, as in the reign of Charles the Second, converted into a painted sepulchre, where the spirit, the gaiety, and the gilding without, could ill disguise the darkness and rottenness within: it was not, as in that court, a great national reservoir of iniquity, where all the degrees of order, and all the barriers of principle, were le-

velled and overthrown. The most accomplished members of the court of Queen Elizabeth were not less distinguished for the strictness of their moral principles, than for their polish and address as courtiers. Of such a stamp was Sir Philip Sidney, and, such as he was, every Englishman has reason to be proud of him. He exalted his country in the eyes of other nations, and the country he honoured will not be ungrateful. England will ever place him amongst the noblest of her sons, and the light of chivalry, which was his guide and beacon, will ever lend its radiance to illuminate his tomb-stone, and consecrate his memory.

The productions of such a man, were they even inferior to the expectation his renown had excited, deserve surely a better reception than the rigid severity of criticism. He, whose whole end in writing was to make his readers wiser and better men, surely has a right to other treatment from that world on which his comet-like radiance was thrown. If there was nothing else to excite our lenity, yet should his untimely fate dispose us to regard, with favour, productions which can hardly be called other than juvenile, and certainly not the fruits of maturity. There is something very touching in the premature departure of promising excellence—in the cutting short of the bright course of talent, before it has reached its goal and consummation—in the striking, with the lightning of heaven, the uprising shoot of genius, while yet it has only produced the blossoms of paradise, blighted and destroyed before they are ripened into fruit. There is something very melancholy in the thoughts, how many bright ideas and noble creations, how many glowing images and emanations of fancy, have been lost for ever to the world, by the early death of those to whom a longer life would have brought everlasting renown. When we consider what they might have been, had a longer duration been allowed them, to what a blaze of splendour that flame, whose increase we were observing, might at length have shot out, had it not been for ever extinguished by death, it is impossible not to feel affection and commiseration for victims so soon led to the slaughter. Such was the fate of Sir Philip Sidney; and the pity which it excites should surely prevent us from treating his works, as they have been treated, with sneering insolence and cold-blooded vituperation.—Let us remember that he died at the age of thirty-two; and, if the lives of Milton and Dryden had not been prolonged beyond that period, where would have been their renown, or where the poetical renown of their country?

But the works of Sir Philip Sidney stand in no need of indulgence from considerations of compassion. With a mind, glowing with images of heroism, and filled with the brightest creations and the fairest visions of human and more than hu-

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man excellence; with a heart which embraced, in its wide circuit of benevolence, the universal good of his species; with an intellect, whose comprehensiveness of observation seemed to claim all arts and sciences, as within the compass of its power and the precincts of its dominion; with a fancy which, delicately beautiful and pensively sweet, overspread the emanations of his genius with an envelope not less delightfully tinted than the covering of the yet unopened rose-bud, and which breathed over all his productions an exquisite finish and relief; he possessed all the essential qualities, from whose operation the everlasting monuments of the mind are fabricated. Unfortunately for the world, the variety of his power and the diversity of his employments prevented him from bestowing on literature the whole energy of his mind, and thus such of his compositions as remain were rather the sports of his leisure, than the full-wrought and elaborate performances of his study. He has, however, left enough to the world, to demonstrate that the name of Sir Philip Sidney has an indisputable right to a place amongst those of our countrymen, who have been most distinguished for virtue or memorable for genius; and that, amongst the contemporaries of Shakspeare, no one has so closely approached his peculiar excellencies, or so nearly resembled him in some of his superlative endowments, as the author of the *Arcadia*. Without launching out into an hyperbolical exuberance of praise, we may safely affirm, that in the art of attracting interest and exciting compassion, in the art of ruling over and awaking the best sympathies of our nature, and of chaining the feelings of his readers to the fate and the fortunes of the personifications of his fancy—in the power of clothing and adorning every subject he treated upon, with the fairest flowers and sweetest graces of poetry, and of giving the charm of his inimitable diction to descriptions fresh from nature, and sentiments marked with the dignified and noble character of his mind—in the power of delighting and enchanting his readers, as with some strange and unearthly melody, which, once heard, is never forgotten, and whose remembered notes still continue to entrance the senses as long as their perceptions are alive—he is inferior to no writer in his own age, or in any which has gone before or succeeded it. His great defect was the want of judgement, which led him sometimes to adopt the forced conceits and quaintness of his contemporaries, and often induced him to desert, in the imitation of others, his own never-failing and unequalled fountain of invention and thought. From this defect, his poetry is perhaps the least valuable part of his works, and is often little more than a jingle of words, or a collection of strange and ill-assorted ideas—where the magnificent and the ridiculous, the ingenious and the mean, are mingled in one mass of incongruity together.

He was not, indeed, qualified to shine in the cold and languid tameness of amatory poetry—his power lay in the representation of all that is most lovely in nature, or the resulting harmony of her productions; in the delineations of those of his species, whose high aspirations seem to point out a loftier and less terrene original, and whose pure flame of affection appears rather to have been kindled at the sacrifice or the altar, than at the grosser fires of love. In short, his forte lay in the description of beings, like himself, romantically generous and enthusiastically constant; of whom he gives us pictures, which must always please as long as high-mindedness is attractive;—pictures, gratifying because they are exalted, and interesting because they are true.

But to proceed from his person to his works.—His *Defence of Poesy*, which may, at some future time, form a subject for our Review, has received an universal tribute of admiration, and would be sufficient of itself, were there no other fruits of his genius extant, to give him a very high place amongst the authors of our country. It is, perhaps, the most beautifully written prose composition of the Elizabethan age, impregnated with the very soul and spirit of poetry, and abounding with the richest adornments of fancy. It is, in truth, merum sal, "the sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge," a production the most felicitous of its kind that ever came "from Nature's mintage stampt in extacy." There is nothing equal to it in the whole circle of critical exposition, nothing which is at once so judicious, yet so poetical; so inimitable, yet so easy. What has been said of the criticisms of Longinus may, with much more justice, be applied to this composition, that it is itself a living exemplification of the highest excellence of the art it treats of. To those who can read it without feelings of delight and admiration, we can only apply the malediction against the contemners of poesie, with which Sir Philip Sidney concludes it.

His *Arcadia*, the present subject of our remarks, if not so uniformly pleasing and satisfactory, is, after all, the great foundation on which his fame must rest, and to which his right to a place amongst the great masters of the human mind must depend for its allowance. Like all other works of genius, it is irregularly and unequally written, diversified by occasional risings and falls, ascents to grandeur and sinkings to littleness: yet, from beginning to end, there is perceptible an air of gentle pensiveness, and of melancholy yet not gloomy moralization, which diffuses over all his work a seductive charm, and is always fascinating, from the train of mind which it brings along with it.—The *Arcadia* is a mixture of what has been called the heroic and the pastoral romance: it is interspersed with interludes and episodes, which, it must be acknowledged, rather encumber

than aid the effect of the work itself: the main story is worked out with much skill; though interwoven, it is lucid and perspicuous; and, though intricate, it is far from being perplexed. From a chasm which occurs in the third book, the progress of the story is not perfectly deduced to the end: this defect has been supplied by two different continuators: it, probably, arose from the difficulty the author experienced of filling up the vacancy to his satisfaction. This romance was written only for the amusement of his sister, Mary, the Countess of Pembroke, and never intended by the author for the public view: it is even said, that one of his last requests, on his death-bed, was, that it should never be published. Be this as it may, no one who has read the work will be inclined to treat with severity the violators of his injunction: and those who can praise the preservers of the *Æneid* may readily excuse the non-compliance with Sir Philip Sidney's demand. Were the fastidious nicety and scrupulous exactness of authors, in this respect, to be allowed, the richest treasures of the mind would, like the ring of the tyrant, be prodigally and lavishly cast away, and more would be lost in the pursuit of perfection, than perfection itself could compensate for.

We will now give a short outline of the story, without regarding the various incidental episodes which connect themselves with it.

Musidorus and Pyrocles, the two heroes of the romance, united together in a strict league of friendship, set forth in quest of adventures, and after signalizing their valour in several courageous exploits, and killing the customary quantum of giants and monsters, set sail with a fleet to join Euarchus, King of Macedon, the uncle of Musidorus and father of Pyrocles, then waging war at Byzantium; who, having relinquished the care of the two princes to his sister, the wife of Dorilaus, Prince of Thessaly, was become impatient to behold them who had been so long estranged from him, and of whose actions and promise the voice of Fame had spoken so loudly. Delayed by many accidents, and after encountering many perils, they are at last obliged, by a fire breaking out in the ship in which they are sailing, to commit themselves to the mercy of the waves, by which they are separated, and Musidorus is carried to the shore of Laconia in an insensible condition. Here he is seen by two shepherds, who use all their endeavours to restore animation and bring him to life again, in which, at length, they succeed. His first inquiry and consideration, when recovered, is after his friend Pyrocles; and though with little hopes of rescuing him from the watery grave, from which himself had so narrowly escaped, Musidorus immediately procures a boat, and ventures forth again upon the sea. He has not proceeded far before he

meets with the wreck of the almost consumed ship, and

" upon the mast they saw a young man (at least if he were a man) bearing shew of about eighteene yeares of age, who sate (as on horse-backe) having nothing upon him but his shirt, which, being wrought with blue silke and gold, had a kind of resemblance to the sea: on which the sun (then neer his western home) did shoot some of his beams. His hair (which the yóung men of Greece used to weare very long) was stirred up and down with the wind, which seemed to have a sport to play with it, as the sea had to kisse his feet; himselfe, full of admirable beauty, set forth by the strangenesse both of his seat and gesture: for, holding his head up full of unmoved majestie, he held a sword aloft with his faire arme, which often he waved about his crowne, as though he would threaten the world in that extremity."—p. 4.

This, as our readers will conceive, is the object of his search, his friend Pyrocles, who greets Musidorus with all the transports of affection and joy. Before, however, they have approached sufficiently near to Pyrocles, to give him any assistance, the vessel of a pirate appears in sight, and the master of the boat, fearing an engagement, immediately sets sail back again to the shore, notwithstanding all the entreaties and adjurations of Musidorus, who is thus obliged to return disconsolate, without accomplishing the rescue of his friend. On his arrival to the shore, the shepherds offer to conduct him to the house of Kalander, a wealthy and hospitable inhabitant of Arcadia; and Musidorus, sorrowful and heavy-hearted in his apprehensions for the fate of Pyrocles, puts himself under their guidance, reckless and not caring whither they may carry him. As they enter into Arcadia, its beautiful appearance strikes the eyes of Musidorus.

" There were hils which garnished their proud heights with stately trees: humble vallies, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers: medowes, enamelled with all sorts of eie-pleasing flowers: thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade were witnessed so too, by the cheerfull disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dammes' comfort: here a shepheard's boy piping, as though hee should never be old; there a yong shepheardesse knitting, and withall singing, and it seemed that her voyce comforted her hands to worke, and her hands kept time to her voice-musick."—p. 6.

Upon their arrival at the house of Kalander, he receives Musidorus with great hospitality and kindness, and endeavours to remove the melancholy which he perceives in his guest by every exertion in his power. His own peace of mind is shortly afterwards disturbed, by the intelligence that Clitiphon, his son,

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has been taken prisoner by the Helots, a people conquered by the Lacedemonians, but who had rebelled from them, and who, exasperated with Clitiphon for joining the forces against them, were daily expected to put him to a cruel death. Musidorus, being made acquainted with this circumstance, compassionating the deep distress and affection of his benevolent host, and in order to repay the good offices he had received, takes the command of a force raised for the rescue of Clitiphon, and surprises the Helots, unprepared for his coming, by a sudden attack. They, however, desperate and determined, make a resolute resistance, encouraged by the example of their captain, who performs prodigies of valour. Between him and Musidorus ensues a combat,

" which was so much inferiour to the battaile in noise and number, as it was surpassing it in bravery of fighting, and (as it were) delightful terribleness. Their courage was guided with skill, and their skill was armed with courage; neither did their hardinesse darken their wit, nor their wit coole their hardinesse: both valiant, as men despising death; both confident, as unwonted to be overcome; yet doubtfull by their present feeling, and respectfull by what they had already seene. Their feet stedy, their hands diligent, their eyes watchfull, and their hearts resolute. The parts either not armed, or weakly armed, were well known, and according to the knowledge should have beene sharpely visited, but that the answer was as quicke as the objection. Yet some lighting, the smart bred rage, and the rage bred smart again: till both sides beginne to waxe faint, and rather desirous to die accompanied, than hopefull to live victorious; the captaine of the Helots with a blow, whose violence grew of furie, not of strength, or of strength proceeding of furie, strake Palladius upon the side of the head, that he reeled astonied: and withall the helmet fell off, he remaining bare-headed, but other of the Arcadians were ready to shield him from any harme might rise of that nakednesse."—p. 23.

No sooner is the face of Musidorus, or Palladius, seen by Pyrocles, for such the captain of the Helots turns out to be, than an instant recognition takes place between the friends. The Helots, by the persuasion of Pyrocles, consent to deliver up Clitiphon to his father, who receives back Musidorus and Pyrocles with much joy and gratitude. The young princes recount to each other their various adventures since their parting, and resume all their former habits of continual intercourse and reciprocal endearment. But this is soon interrupted: Pyrocles, by degrees, becomes enamoured of solitude, and notwithstanding the expostulations of his friend, addicts himself to solitary musing and contemplation—the first symptom of nascent love. Nothing can be more beautiful than the following passage, in which he describes the attractions of the scenes which he visited.

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"And in such contemplation, or (as I thinke) more excellent, I enjoy my solitarinesse, and my solitarinesse perchance is the nurse of these contemplations. Eagles, we see, fly alone, and they are but sheep which alwaies herd together: condemne not therefore my mind sometimes to enjoy itselfe; nor blame the taking of such times as serve most fit for it. And, alas, dear Musidorus, if I be sad, who knowes better than you the just causes I have of sadnesse? And here Pyrocles suddenly stopped, like a man unsatisfied in himselfe, though his wit might well have served to have satisfied another. And so looking with a countenance, as though he desired he should know his minde without hearing him speake, and yet desirous to speake, to breathe out some part of his inward evill, sending againe new blood to his face, hee continued his speech in this manner: and, Lord (deare cousin, said hee) doth not the pleasantnes of this place carry in it selfe sufficient reward for any time lost in it? Doe you not see how all things conspire together to make this country a heavenly dwelling? Do you not see the grasse, how in colour they excel the emeralds, every one striving to passe his fellow, and yet they are all kept of an equall height? And see you not the rest of these beautiful flowers, each of which would require a man's wit to know, and his life to expresse? Do not these stately trees seeme to maintaine their flourishing old age with the onely happinesse of their seat, being clothed with a continuall spring, because no beauty here should ever fade: doth not the aire breathe health, which the birds (delightfull both to eare and eie) do daily solemnize with the sweet consent of their voyces? Is not every eccho there of a perfect musick; and these fresh and delightfull brooks how slowly they slide away, as loth to leave the company of so many things united in perfection? and with how sweet a murmure they lament their forced departure? Certainly, certainly, cosin, it must needs be that some goddesse inhabiteth this region, who is the soule of this soile: for neither is any lesse than a goddesse worthy to be shrined in such a heape of pleasures; nor any lesse than a goddesse could have made it so perfect a plot of the cœlestiall dwellings."—p. 31, 32.

While Pyrocles is thus defending himself to his cousin, their good host, Kalander, comes to invite them to the hunting of a stag, which he hoped, by entertaining, would drive away some part of the melancholy which had begun to seize upon Pyrocles. The parties consent; and

"Then went they together abroad, the good Kalander entertaining them with pleasant discoursing,—how well he loved the sport of hunting when he was a yong man, how much in the comparison thereof he disdained all chamber-delights, that the sunne (how great a journey soever he had to make) could never prevent him with earlinesse, nor the moone (with her sober countenance) disswade him from watching till midnight for the deeres feeding. O, said he, you wil never live to my age, without you keep yourselfe in breathe with exercise, and in heart with joyfulnesse: too much thinking doth consume the spirits,

and oft it fals out, that while one thinkes too much of his doing, hee leaves to doe the affect of his thinking. Then spared hee not to remember, how much Arcadia was changed since his youth; activitie and good fellowshippe being nothing in the price it was then held in, but according to the nature of the old-growing world, still worse and worse. Then would he tell them stories of such gallants as he had knowne: and so with pleasant company, beguiled the time's haste, and shortned the waie's length, till they came to the side of the wood, where the hounds were in couples, staying their comming, but with a whining accent craving liberty; many of them in colour and markes so resembling, that it shewed they were of one kinde. The huntsmen handsomely attired in their greene liveries, as though they were children of summer, with staves in their hands to beate the guiltlesse earth, when the hounds were at a fault, and with hornes about their neckes, to sound an allarum upon a silly fugitive: the hounds were straight uncoupled, and ere long the stagge thought it better to trust to the nimblenesse of his feet, than to the slender fortification of his lodging: but even his feet betrayed him; for howsoever they went, they themselves uttered themselves to the scent of their enemies; who one taking it of another, and sometimes beleeving the winde's advertisements, sometimes the view of (their faithfull counsellors) the huntsmen, with open mouthes then denounced warre, when the warre was already begunne. Their cry being composed of so well-sorted mouthes, that any man would perceive therein some kind of proportion, but the skilfull woodmen did find a musicke. Then delight and variety of opinion drew the horsemen sundry wayes, yet cheering their hounds with voyce and horne, kept still (as it were) together. The wood seemed to conspire with them against their own citizens, dispersing their noise through all his quarters; and even the nymph, Eccho, left to bewaile the losse of Narcissus, and became a hunter. But the stagge was in the end so hotly pursued, that (leaving his flight) hee was driven to make courage of despaire; and so turning his head, made the hounds, with change of speech, to testifie that he was at a bay: as if from hot pursuit of their enemy, they were suddenly come to a parley."—p. 33, 34.

Upon returning to the house of Kalander, Musidorus finds that Pyrocles has disappeared, and that he had left a letter, in which he ascribed his departure to violence of love, and enjoined his friend to leave him to his fate, and return to Thessaly, his native country. Grieved to the heart at the desertion he had experienced from his companion, Musidorus yet determines to follow his fugitive friend; whom, after many vain searches and fruitless enquiries, he finds near the mountain of Mœnalus, in Arcadia, disguised in the attire of an Amazon, and uttering forth to the hills and groves his plaintive and enamoured complaints. The scene which then ensues between the two princes, of accusation on the one side and defence on the other, is exquisitely tender and pathetic. Musidorus, as-

suming all the authority which his seniority in years and nearness of affinity and affection seemed to entitle him to, remonstrates with his friend on his abandonment of himself, and attempts to reason away the love-sick and effeminate languor which had taken place of his former high-mindedness and heroism. Pyrocles, though conscious of the justice of the charge, yet is angry at experiencing severity from a quarter he so little expected. At length, Musidorus threatens to dissolve the friendship which had subsisted between them.

"And herewith the deepe wound of his love, being rubbed a-fresh with this new unkindnesse, began as it were to bleed again, in such sort, that he was unable to beare it any longer, but gushing out abundance of teares, and crossing his armes over his wofull heart, he sunke downe to the ground: which sudden trance went so to the heart of Musidorus, that falling downe by him, and kissing the weeping eyes of his friend, he besought him not to make account of his speech; which, if it had bin over-vehement, yet was it to be borne withall, because it came out of a love much more vehement, that he had not thought fancy could have received so deepe a wound: but now finding in him the force of it, hee would no further contrary it, but employ all his service to medicine it, in such sort as the nature of it required. But even this kindnesse made Pyrocles the more to melt in the former unkindnesse, which his manlike teares well shewed, with a silent looke upon Musidorus, as who should say, and is it possible that Musidorus should threaten to leave me? And this strooke Musidorus' mind and senses so dumbe too, that for griefe being not able to say any thing, they rested with their eyes placed one upon another, in such sort, as might well point out the true passion of unkindnesse to be never aright, but betwixt them that most dearly love."—p. 47.

Musidorus, now finding that harshness only served to embitter the mind of his friend, without recovering it, submits to the disorder which he cannot overcome, and offers to assist Pyrocles in obtaining his desires, who relates the story of his captivation; in order to understand which, we must inform our readers of some circumstances, of which we perhaps ought previously to have made them acquainted.

The country of Arcadia, at the time of the arrival of Pyrocles and Musidorus, was governed by a prince of the name of Basilius, whose gentleness and goodness had universally endeared him to his people. His consort, Gynecia, whom he had married in his old age, was yet a woman of great beauty, and adorning, by her noble and majestical demeanour, the station to which he had advanced her.—Of this marriage, two daughters, Pamela and Philoclea, were the fruit, both endowed with excellencies different in kind, yet equal in degree.

" The elder is named Pamela, by many men not deemed inferior to her sister: for my part, when I marked them both, mee thought there was (if at least such perfections may receive the word of more) more sweetnesse in Philoclea, but more majesty in Pamela: mee thought love plaid in Philoclea's eies and threatened in Pamela's; mee thought Philoclea's beauty onely perswaded, but so perswaded as all hearts must yeeld: Pamela's beauty used violence, and such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is betweene their mindes: Philoclea so bashfull, as though her excellencies had stolne into her before she was aware; so humble, that she will put all pride out of countenance; in summe, such proceedings as will stirre hope, but teach hope good manners. Pamela of high thoughts, who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be void of pride; her mother's wisedome, greatnesse, nobility, but (if I can guesse aright) knit with a more constant temper."—p. 10.

Enriched with such domestic blessings, and happy in the possession of the love of his people and in the tranquillity of his reign, Basilius still feels a desire to pry into futurity; and, led by curiosity to ascertain the future fortunes of himself and family, he makes a journey to Delphos to consult the oracle, and the answer he receives is this:

" Thy elder care shall from thy carefull face
By princely meane be stolne, and yet not lost.
Thy yonger, shall with Nature's blisse imbrace
An uncouth love, which nature hateth most.
Both they themselves unto such two shall wed,
Who at thy bier, as at a barre, shall plead,
Why thee (a living man) they had made dead.
In thine owne seat a forraine state shall sit,
And ere that all these blowes thy head doe hit,
Thou with thy wife adultery shalt commit."—p. 204.

Dismayed by this prediction, and in order to prevent its accomplishment, he retires from his court with Gynecia and the two princesses to a habitation which he had built for the purpose, in the midst of a large forest in Arcadia, relinquishing the active government of his affairs to Philanax, a faithful and well-tried servant, who had in vain attempted to persuade his master from a step so useless and absurd. In this seclusion the king buries himself and family, retaining only, as the companions of his solitude, Dametas, a country clown, and his uncouth and deformed wife and daughter. We will now return to Pyrocles, who, having heard, whilst remaining with Kalander, of the strange retirement of Basilius and of the beauty of his daughter, and in particular of the loveliness of Philoclea, con-

tracts an insensible passion for an object he had not yet seen, and employs his hours in picturing the charms which were the general theme of admiration. Hence, his musing and love of solitude while he continued at the hospitable abode of Kalander. His desire to behold the perfections of Philoclea becomes soon too violent to be repressed: he therefore determines to leave the habitation of Kalander, and, though with much reluctance, his friend Musidorus, in the furtherance and prosecution of his desire. Attiring himself in the dress of an Amazon, he procures admission, under the disguise and the name of Zelmane, into the country retreat of Basilius. The first glance he obtains of Philoclea confirms the empire she already had gained of his heart; while Philoclea, ignorant of his being other than he appeared to be, conceives for him a tender and innocent affection. The effect which his appearance has upon the king and queen is equally powerful: Basilius, ignorant of his sex, becomes deeply enamoured of Pyrocles, under his character of Zelmane. The penetration of Gynecia, however, sees immediately through his disguise, but she, not less smitten with his beauty and perceiving his love for Philoclea, watches him with unremitting jealousy. Such is the state of things when the meeting between the two young princes takes place, and such is the account which Musidorus receives from Pyrocles of the story of his passion. About this time, Phalantus of Corinth, a valiant and well-proved knight, passing through Arcadia, offers to maintain the supreme beauty of his lady Arteria against all comers, after having been successful in several other courts, and brought with him in triumph the miniatures of the different ladies whose knights he had conquered, and whose various beauties are painted in Sir Philip Sidney's usual felicitous manner. This challenge, of course, appears little less than high treason to the passionate love of Pyrocles, and as an insult to the supremacy of those charms whose force had captivated his heart: indignant in her cause, he immediately puts on armour, and Phalantus quickly falls before the conquering lance of his opponent, not however without the right of priority of combat being first contested by Musidorus, who had in like manner armed himself for the encounter, to defend the rights of Pamela to the palm of beauty and loveliness; and who, not less wounded than his friend Pyrocles by the irresistible shafts of Cupid, now disguises himself in the dress of a shepherd, and procures himself to be taken into the service of Dametas. A fresh occasion soon offers itself to the young princes, of signalizing their valour in the defence of their mistresses. Two wild beasts, suspected to have been let loose by Cecropia, the implacable enemy of the family of Basilius, fall upon the princesses as they are walking in the wood, and they are only preserved from inevitable death

by the intervention and courage of their lovers, who each kill one of the beasts, and cutting off their heads present them to their mistresses as trophies of their prowess. The valour of Pyrocles being performed under the character of the Amazon Zelmane, is considered almost supernatural, and he becomes more and more an object of love to Basilius and Gynecia, by both of whom he is tormented by an avowal of their passion. Not less is the heart of Philoclea enamoured; and the following passage, in which the progress of her love is described, will perhaps more completely elucidate the peculiar style of Sidney, than whole pages of laboured analysis.

"The sweet-minded Philoclea was in their degree of well-doing, to whom the not knowing of evil serveth for a ground of virtue, and hold their inward powers in better forme, with an unspotted simplicity, than many who rather cunningly seek to know what goodness is, than willingly take into themselves the following of it. But as that sweet and simple breath of heavenly goodness is the easier to be altered, because it hath not passed through the worldly wickedness nor feelingly found the evil that evil carries with it, so now the lady Philoclea whose eies and senses had received nothing but according to the natural course of each thing required, whose tender youth had obediently lived under her parents' behests without framing out of her own will the forechoosing of any thing; when now she came to a point wherein her judgment was to be practised in knowing faultiness by his first tokens; she was like a young fawn, who coming in the wind of the hunters doth not know whether or no it be a thing or no to be eschewed, whereof at the time she began to get a costly experience. For, after that Zelmane had a while lived in the lodge with her, and that her only being a noble stranger had bred a kinde of heedfull attention; her comming to that lonely place, (where she had no body but her parents) a willingnesse of conversation; her wit and behaviour, a liking and silent admiration; at length the excellency of her naturall gifts, joyned with the extream shewes she made of most devout honouring Philoclea, (carrying thus, in one person, the only two bands of good will, lovelinesse and lovingnesse,) brought forth in her heart a yeelding to a most friendly affection; which when it had gotten so full possession of the keyes of her minde, that it would receive no message from her senses, without that affection were the interpreter; then straight grew an exceeding delight stil to be with her, with an unmeasureable liking of all that Zelmane did; matters being so turned in her, that where at first liking her manners did breed good will, now good-will became the chiefe cause of liking her manners: so that within a while Zelmane was not prized for her demeanure, but the demeanure was prized because it was Zelmane's. Then followed that most naturall effect of conforming her selfe to that which she did like, and not onely wishing to be her selfe such another in all things, but to ground an imitation upon so much an esteemed authority: so that the next degree was to marke all Zelmane's doings, speeches, and fashions, and to take

them into her self, as a pattern of worthy proceeding. Which when once it was enacted, not onely by the commonalty of passions; but agreed unto by her most noble thoughts, and that reason it selfe (not yet experienced in the issues of such matters) had granted his royall assent; then friendship (a diligent officer) took care to see the statute thoroughly observed. Then grew on that not onely she did imitate the sobernesse of her countenance, the gracefulnesse of her speech, but even their particular gestures: so that as Zelmane did often eye her, she would often eye Zelmane, and as Zelmane's eyes would deliver a submissive but vehement desire in their look, she, though as yet she had not the desire in her, yet should her eyes answer in like piercing kindnesse of a looke. Zelmane, as much as Gynecia's jealousie would suffer, desired to be neere Philoclea; Philoclea, as much as Gynecia's jealousie would suffer, desired to be neer Zelmane. If Zelmane tooke her hand and softly strained it, she also (thinking the knots of friendship ought to be mutuall) would (with a sweet fastnesse) shew she was loth to part from it. And if Zelmane sighed, she would sigh also; when Zelmane was sad, she deemed it wisdome, and therefore she would be sad too. Zelmane's languishing countenance with crost armes, and sometimes cast-up eyes, she thought to have an excellent grace; and therefore she also willingly put on the same countenance: till at the last (poore soule, ere she were aware) she accepted not onely the badge, but the service; not onely the signe, but the passion signified. For whether it were, that her wit in continuance did finde, that Zelmane's friendship was full of impatient desire, having more than ordinary limits, and therefore she was content to second Zelmane, though her selfe knew not the limits, or that in truth, true love (well considered) hath an infective power; at last she fell in acquaintance with love's harbenger, wishing: first, she would wish, that they two might live all their lives together, like two of Diana's nymphs. But that wish, she thought, not sufficient, because she knew, there would be more nymphs besides them who also would have their part in Zelmane. Then would she wish, that she were her sister, that such a naturall band might make her more speciall to her. But against that, she considered, that, though being her sister, if she happened to be married, she should be robbed of her. Then, grown bolder, she would wish either her selfe or Zelmane a man, that there might succeed a blessed marriage between them. But when that wish had once displayed his ensigne in her mind, then followed whole squadrons of longings that so it might be, with a maine battell of mislikings and repinings against their creation, that so it was not. Then dreams by night began to bring more unto her, then she durst wish by day, where out waking did make her know her selfe the better by the image of those fancies. But as some diseases when they are easie to be cured, they are hard to be known, but when they grow easie to be known, they are almost impossible to be cured; so the sweet Philoclea, while she might prevent it, she did not feele it, now she felt it, when it was past preventing; like a river, no rampiers being built against it, till al-

ready it have overflowed. For now indeed love puld off his maske, and shewed his face unto her, and told her plainly that she was his prisoner. Then needed she no more paint her face with passions, for passions shone through her face; then her rosie colour was often encreased with extraordinary blushing, and so another time, perfect whitenesse descended to a degree of palenesse: now hot, then cold, desiring she knew not what, nor how if she knew what. Then her minde (though too late) by the smart was brought to thinke of the disease, and her own proofe taught her to know her mother's minde; which (as no error gives so strong assault as that which comes armed in the authority of a parent,) so greatly fortified her desires, to see that her mother had the like desires. And the more jealous her mother was, the more she thought the jewell precious, which was with so many locks guarded. But that prevailing so farre as to keep the two lovers from private conference, then began she to feele the sweetnesse of a lover's solitarinesse, when freely with words and gestures as if Zelmane were present, she might give passage to her thoughts: and so, as it were, utter out some smoke of those flames, wherewith else she was not only burned but smothered. As this night, that going from the one lodge to the other by her mother's commandment, with dolefull gestures and uncertain paces, she did willingly accept the time's offer to be awhile alone: so that, going a little aside into the wood, where many times before she had delighted to walk, her eyes were saluted with a tuft of trees so close set together, as with the shade the moon gave through it, it might breed a fearfull kinde of devotion to look upon it. But true thoughts of love banished all vaine fancy of superstition. Full well she did both remember and like the place; for there had she often with their shade beguiled Phœbus of looking upon her: there had she enjoyed her selfe often, while she was mistresse of her selfe, and had no other thoughts but such as might arise out of quiet senses."

Musidorus, who had, on entering into the service of Dametas, assumed the name of Dorus, has now frequent opportunities of gazing on the charms of his mistress, and of endeavouring to implant in her, already grateful for the assistance he had afforded her, a reciprocal passion. The apparent meanness of his condition, he perceives will of itself be sufficient to prevent his obtaining any interest in her breast, without removing the scruples of her offended pride. To effect this, he feigns a passion for Mopsa, the mis-shapen daughter of Dametas, and under the pretence of amusing her with a tale, gives Pamela the whole history of himself and his cousin, and relates it so as to give her suspicions of his real birth and character. The following is an account of the manner in which the two young princes were educated.

"Almost before they could perfectly speak, they began to receive conceits not unworthy of the best speakers: excellent devices being

used to make even their sports profitable; images of battailes and fortifications being then delivered to their memory, which after their stronger judgements might dispense, the delight of tales being converted to the knowledge of all the stories of worthy princes, both to move them to do nobly and teach them how to do nobly, the beauty of vertue still being set before their eyes, and that taught them with far more diligent care than grammaticall rules, their bodies exercised in all abilities, both of doing and suffering, and their minds acquainted by degrees with dangers, and in summe, all bent to the making up of princely minds: no servile feare used towards them, nor any other violent restraint, but still as to princes: so that a habite of commanding was naturallized in them, and therefore the farther from tyranny. Nature having done so much for them in nothing, as that it made them lords of truth, whereon all the other goods were builded."—p. 122.

Notwithstanding the fervor with which he obliquely presses his suit, she gives him little hope of a requital, and covers her inward affections with an outward mask of coldness, of which he thus complains to his friend Pyrocles:

"In the princesse I could find no apprehension of what I either said or did, but with a calme carelesnesse letting each thing slide, (just as we do by their speeches who neither in matter nor person doe any way belong unto us) which kinde of cold temper, mixt with that lightning of her naturall majesty, is of all others most terrible unto me: for yet if I found she contemned me, I would desperately labour both in fortune and vertue to overcome it; if she onely misdoubted me, I were in heaven; for quickly I would bring sufficient assurance; lastly, if she hated me, yet I should know what passion to deale with: and either with infinitenesse of desert I would take away the fewell from the fire; or, if nothing would serve, then I would give her my heart bloud to quench it. But this cruell quietnes, neither retiring to mislike, nor proceeding to favour; gracious, but gracious still after one manner: all her courtesies having this engraven in them, that what is done is for vertue's sake, not for the parties, ever keeping her course like the sun, who neither for our praises nor curses will spur or stop his horses. This (I say) heavenlinesse of hers (for howsoever my misery is, I cannot but so entitle it) is so impossible to reach unto, that I almost begin to submit myselfe to the tyranny of despaire, not knowing any way of perswasion, where wisdome seems to be unsensible."—p. 107.

Such is the course of things at the retreat of Basilius. It now becomes necessary to introduce new personages on the drama: these are Cecropia and Amphialus. Cecropia, the widow of the younger brother of Basilius, is a proud and ambitious woman; who, from the long period of celibacy which had preceded the marriage of Basilius, had begun to consider the crown of Arcadia as the lawful property of her own family, and her son Amphialus as its certain inheritor. Upon his

marriage and the birth of his two daughters, the sharpness of her disappointment is converted into the most bitter hatred against the hindrances of her son's succession. Against them and their lives her machinations are now uniformly bent, and in her endeavours for their destruction, no atrocity of cruelty is considered by her as too savage. Finding that her design of destroying them by the two wild beasts she had let loose for that purpose, was defeated by the bravery of the two young princes, she stirs up the Arcadians to rebellion against their beneficent king. Inflamed by imaginary grievances, and incited by the oratory of the partizans of Cecropia, a tumultuous body of the people assemble, and come before the presence of Basilius, demanding of him satisfaction for their wrongs, and compliance with their requisition. Partly by the eloquence and partly by the bravery of Zelmane and Dorus, they are dispersed, and return without perpetrating any acts of violence on Basilius or his family. Cecropia, stung to the heart, to find that her designs had miscarried, still perseveres in her pursuit, and ultimately, by a successful wile, makes the two princesses and Zelmane her prisoners, whom she immediately carries to her castle.—The character of Amphialus comes next before us. Though the son of Cecropia, he possesses none of the evil principles of her character, and is a personage celebrated for his virtue and valour. Inflamed with love for Philoclea, though he disapproves of the methods by which she has fallen into his hands, he cannot prevail with himself to part with her, and relinquish her to her parents. The struggles of his love and his pity, his honour and his desire, are well described:

"In that sort he went to Philoclea's chamber; whom hee found (because her chamber was over-lightsome) sitting of that side of her bed which was from the window, which did cast such a shadow upon her, as a good painter would bestow upon Venus, when under the trees shee bewailed the murther of Adonis: her hands and fingers (as it were) indented one within the other: her shoulder leaning to her bed's-head, and over her head a scarfe, which did eclipse almost halfe her eyes, which under it fixed their beames upon the wall by, with so steddy a manner, as if in that place they might well change, but not mend their object: and so remained they a good while after his comming in, hee not daring to trouble her, nor she perceiving him, till that (a little varying, her thoughts something quickning her senses) she heard him as he hapned to stirre his upper garment; and perceiving him, rose up, with a demeanure, where in the booke of beauty there was nothing to be read but sorrow; for kindnesse was blotted out, and anger was never there.

But Amphialus, that had entrusted his memory with long and forcible speeches, found it so locked up in amazement, that hee could picke nothing out of it, but the beseeching her to take what

was done in good part, and to assure her selfe there was nothing but honour meant unto her person. But shee making no other answer, but letting her hands fall one from the other, which before were joyned (with eyes something cast aside, and a silent sigh) gave him to understand, that considering his doings, shee thought his speech as full of incongruitie, as her answer would be voyde of purpose. Whereupon he kneeling downe, and kissing her hand (which she suffered with a countenance witnessing captivitie, but not kindnesse) hee besought her to have pitie of him, whose love went beyond the bounds of conceit, much more of uttering: that in her hands the ballance of his life or death did stand; whereto the least motion of her would serve to determine, shee being indeed the mistresse of his life, and he her eternall slave; and with true vehemencie besought her that he might heare her speake, whereupon she suffered her sweet breath to turn it selfe into these kinde of words.

Alas cousin, said shee, what shall my tongue be able to doe, which is informed by the eares one way, and by the eyes another? You call for pitie, and use crueltie; you say you love mee, and yet doe the effects of enmitie. You affirme, your death is in my hands, but you have brought mee to so neere a degree of death, as when you will, you may lay death upon mee: so that while you say I am mistresse of your life, I am not mistresse of mine owne. You entitle your selfe my slave, but I am sure I am yours. If then violence, injurie, terrour, and depriving of that which is more deare than life it selfe, libertie, be fit orators for affection, you may expect that I will be easily perswaded. But if the nearnesse of our kindred breed any remorse in you, or there bee any such thing in you, which you call love toward mee, then let not my fortune be disgraced with the name of imprisonment: let not my heart waste it selfe by being vexed with feeling evill, and fearing worse. Let not mee bee a cause of my parents' wofull destruction; but restore mee to my selfe, and so doing, I shall account I have received my selfe of you. And what I say for my selfe, I say for my deare sister, and my friend Zelmane; for I desire no well being, without they may be partakers. With that her teares rained downe from her heavenly eyes, and seemed to water the sweet and beautifull flowers of her face."—p. 239—240.

The bold step which Cecropia and her son had taken, having excited the indignation of the country, they find it necessary to prepare themselves against the forces which Basilius is levying for the rescue of his daughters; and, determined to persist in what they had begun, they fortify their castle, naturally strong, and make it ready for a siege. In the mean time, Cecropia leaves no steps unturned to win Philoclea to favour the suit of her son. She goes to her prisoner, fraught with all the arts of subtlety and craft.

"She went softly to Philoclea's chamber, and peeping thorow the side of the doore, then being a little open, she saw Philoclea sitting

low upon a cushion, in such a given-over manner, that one would have thought silence, solitarinesse, and melancholy, were come there under the ensigne of mishap to conquer delight, and drive him from his naturall seat of beauty: her teares came dropping downe like raine in sunshine, and she not taking heed to wipe the teares, they hung upon her cheekes and lips, as upon cherries which the dropping tree bedeweth. In the dressing of her haire and apparell, she might see neither a carefull art nor an art of carelessnesse, but even left to a neglected chance, which yet could no more unperfect her perfections, than a die any way cast could lose his squarenesse."—p. 244.

All her persuasions are however ineffectual, and Philoclea repulses her solicitations with gentleness yet with firmness. Cecropia next applies herself to Pamela, hoping to find her more propitious to her suit, and to substitute her instead of her sister as the mistress of Amphialus. This attempt, also, is unsuccessful. In one of Cecropia's interviews with Pamela, the latter is found occupied at her needle, and we think no Arachne of the present day might blush to have her handywork thus described:

" Cecropia threatning in her selfe to runne a more rugged race with her, went to her sister Pamela; who, that day having wearied her selfe with reading, and with the height of her heart disdaining to keep company with any of the gentlewomen appointed to attend her, whom she accounted her jaylors, was working upon a purse certaine roses and lilies, as by the finenesse of the work, one might see she had borrowed her wits of the sorrow that then owed them, and lent them wholly to that exercise. For the flowers she had wrought, carried such life in them, that the cunningest painter might have learned of her needle: which with so pretty a manner made his careers to and fro thorow the cloth, as if the needle it selfe would have beene loth to have gone fromward such a mistresse, but that it hoped to return thitherward very quickly againe: the cloth looking with many eyes upon her, and lovingly embracing the wounds she gave it: the sheares also were at hand, to behead the silke that was growne too short. And if at any time she put her mouth to bite it off, it seemed, that where she had beene long in making of a rose with her hands, she would in an instant make roses with her lips: as the lillies seemed to have their whiteness rather of the hand that made them, than of the matter whereof they were made; and that they grew there by the suns of her eyes, and were refreshed by the most (in discomfort) comfortable aire, which an unawares sigh might bestow upon them. But the colours for the ground were so well chosen, neither sullenly darke nor glaringly lightsome, and so well proportioned, as that, though much cunning were in it, yet it was but to serve for an ornament of the principall work; that it was not without marvell, to see how a mind which could cast a carelesse semblant upon the greatest conflicts of fortune, could command itselfe to take care for so small matters. Neither had she neglected the dainty dressing of her selfe: but as if it had been her marriage time to affliction, she rather seemed to

remember her owne worthinesse than the unworthinesse of her husband. For well one might perceive she had not rejected the counsell of a glasse, and that her hands had pleased themselves in paying the tribute of undeceiving skill to so high perfections of nature."—p. 250—251.

Cecropia, thus foiled in her attempts, endeavours to vitiate the mind of Pamela, and render her more tractable by endeavouring to destroy her reliance in Providence, and by attempting to prove to her that there is no God. The plausible and specious arguments of Cecropia are as nothing before the adamantine virtue of Pamela, and in a noble burst of indignation she refutes all the oratory of her tempter with reasoning glowing with all the energy of truth. From this moment, Cecropia becomes the deadly enemy of the two princesses, and her whole cogitations are employed in the invention of fresh schemes of torment.

The prayer of Pamela under her afflictions well deserves extracting. It is elevated and even sublime, and is well known for the use made of it by the unfortunate Charles the First:

"O All-seeing Light and Eternall Life of all things, to whom nothing is either so great that it may resist, or so small that it is contemned; looke upon my misery with thine eye of mercy, and let thine infinite power vouchsafe to limit out some proportion of deliverance unto me, as to thee shall seeme most convenient. Let not injurie, O Lord, triumph over me, and let my faults by thy hand be corrected, and make not mine unjust enemy the minister of thy justice. But yet, my God, if in thy wisdome this be the aptest chastisement for my unexcusable folly; if this low bondage be fittest for my over-high desires; if the pride of my not enough humble heart be thus to be broken; O Lord, I yeeld unto thy will, and joyfully embrace what sorrow thou wilt have me suffer. Onely thus much let me crave of thee, (let my craving, O Lord, be accepted of thee, since even that proceeds from thee) let me crave, even by the noblest title, which in my greatest affliction I may give myselfe, that I am thy creature, and by thy goodnesse (which is thy selfe) that thou wilt suffer some beame of thy Majestie so to shine into my minde, that it may still depend confidently on thee. Let calamity be the exercise, but not the overthrow, of my vertue: let their power prevaile, but prevaile not to destruction: let my greatnesse be their prey: let my paine be the sweetnesse of their revenge: let them (if so seeme good unto thee) vex me with more and more punishment: but, O Lord, let never their wickednesse have such a hand, but that I may carry a pure minde in a pure body."—p. 248.

Basilius now, having collected forces, besieges the castle of Cecropia. Several skirmishes take place between the contending parties, but no important successes are gained by either. The

entreaties of Basilius prevail upon many knights of renown to appear on his side, and challenge Amphialus to combat; who, nevertheless, comes off constantly victorious. Amongst these knights is Argalus, the husband of the fair Parthenia; who, induced by the solicitations of Basilius, enters into single engagement with Amphialus, but is worsted in the combat, and Parthenia only comes to witness the death and last sighs of her dearest love. Her happiness being now wrecked for ever, she resolves to assume the armour of a knight, to challenge the murderer of her husband, and either to revenge his death or follow it. The narration of her engagement with Amphialus, under the name of the Knight of the Tomb and Death, is very affecting. We regret that our limits do not suffer us to insert it. Her opponent has the misfortune to be victorious; he mortally wounds her, and his pity is only equalled by his remorse, when he discovers whom he has so unwittingly engaged.

The next champion who appears against Amphialus, is Musidorus; who, under the disguise of the Forsaken Knight, comes to avenge himself upon the ravisher of Pamela and her sister. The combat between these valourous and renowned knights is conducted with mortal fury, and they are both carried desperately wounded from the field.

Amphialus now gets a new accession of strength in the persons of Anaxius and his brothers, who come to offer their services. Anaxius, scarcely inferior to any knight in the world in prowess, and almost the equal of Pyrocles and Amphialus, is proud, tyrannical, and cruel; esteeming himself little less than a god, and all others as born to be his slaves.

The siege is thus protracted for a considerable time. At length, Cecropia, desirous to bring it to a close, and unmoved by any consideration of mercy or pity, sends to acquaint Basilius, that, unless he immediately raises the siege, she would cause the heads of her three prisoners, Pamela, Philoclea, and Zelmane, to be cut off before their eyes. This wily step has the effect proposed. The unfortunate king, not doubting that she would perform her threat, and dismayed by fear for his two daughters, and not less for his beloved Zelmane, notwithstanding the advice of his faithful counsellor Philanax, disbands his army, and leaves his daughters in their prison.

Every obstacle being now put out of the way, and Amphialus, from the wounds received in his combat with Musidorus, being incapable of preventing her cruel designs, Cecropia now gives vent to the unrestrained malice of her nature, and exercises on the two unfortunate princesses every degree of torment to induce them to comply with her desires. After resorting to bodily torture in vain, she next puts in practice an expedient, which none but an imagination so abominable as her own could

devise. She resolves to play the tragedy of death before their eyes, and try whether its horrors will not abate their constancy. Her first trial is made on Philoclea. Her, Cecropia now informs, that the time is come when the fatal effects of obstinacy will be visible, by the punishment of her sister Pamela, and that the fate of her sister will only precede her own, if her refusal is longer continued. A lady is then led out, before the prison window of Philoclea, into a court below, attired in the dress of, and similar in appearance to, her sister, and there beheaded on a scaffold. The agony and distress of Philoclea, on beholding this fatal end of her whom she conceives to be her sister, may well be imagined, and she bursts into all the passionate ravings of sorrow. This lady, whom Cecropia had thus made the subject and engine of her cruelty, turns out afterwards to be one of the attendants of that wicked woman, thus punished for attempted treason. Pamela and Zelmane are, by a deception nearly similar, induced to believe in the death of Philoclea, and experience an equal bitterness of anguish. But the time of retribution is at hand. Their cruel tormentor, at last, meets her deserved punishment. Amphialus, who had hitherto been kept totally unacquainted with the cruelties of his mother to her prisoners, at length is made acquainted with them by one of her servants. His rage and vexation know no bounds: he pursues her with his drawn sword, and she, terrified with his threats, in endeavouring to escape from him, falls from the top of the castle, and thus expiates her abominable crimes.

Amphialus, who is considered by the princesses as implicated in the guilt of his mother, is by them repulsed with aversion, which, increasing the desperation of that unfortunate man, already maddened with remorse at being the cause of his mother's death, drives him to the commission of self-murder. He throws himself on his sword, and, though prevented by his servants, yet wounds himself so desperately, that no hopes are entertained of his recovery. As he thus lies on the bed of death, Queen Helen of Corinth, who had long loved him, without receiving any requital, comes to beg of Anaxius, the sad gratification of having the object of her affection delivered to her care, that she might exert, in effecting his cure, all the powers of medicine, or, if they were unsuccessful, that she might have the satisfaction of soothing his last moments with the tender ministration of love. This request is allowed her; she carries Amphialus away with her, and of him we hear no more.

Considering the princesses as the cause of the death of their friend Amphialus, Anaxius and his brothers resolve to put their prisoners to death, but are stayed in the prosecution of their cruel design, by the power of love, each of them conceiving a passion for one of their three victims. Their love, however,

being gratified by no return, they attempt to resort to force, but are prevented by the prowess of Zelmane, who despatches the two brothers of Anaxius, and enters into an engagement with Anaxius himself. The following extract is vividly descriptive of all the fury and bustle of the battle:

"Pyrocles, whose soule might well be separated from his body, but never alienated from the remembring of what was comely, if at the first he did a little apprehend the dangerousnesse of his adversarie, whom once before he had something tried, and now perfectly saw, as the verie picture of forcible furie: yet was that apprehension quickly stayed in him, rather strengthning than weakning his vertue by that wrestling; like wine, growing the stronger by being moved. So that they both, prepared in hearts and able in hands, did honour solitarinesse there with such a combate, as might have demanded, as a right of fortune, whole armies of beholders. But no beholders needed there, where manhood blew the trumpet, and satisfaction did whet as much as glorie. There was strength against nimblenesse; rage against resolution; furie against vertue; confidence against courage; pride against noblenesse; love in both breeding mutuall hatred, and desire of revenging; the injuries of his brothers' slaughter to Anaxius, being like Philoclea's captivitie to Pyrocles. Who had seene the one, would have thought nothing could have resisted: who had markt the other, would have marvelled that the other had so long resisted. But like two contrary tides, eyther of which are able to carrie worlds of ships, and men upon them, with such swiftnesse, as nothing seemes able to withstand them: yet meeting one another, with mingling their watrie forces, and struggling together, it is long to say whether streame gets the victorie. So between these, if Pallas had been there, she could scarcely have told, whether she had nursed better in the feats of armes. The Irish grey-hound against the English mastiffe; the sword fish against the whale; the rhinoceros against the elephant; might be models, and but models of this combate."—p. 326.

Here occurs a chasm in the manuscript of Sir Philip Sidney, and we are not informed how the combat between Zelmane and Anaxius ended, nor by what means the two princesses are restored to their father, or when Dorus again returns to the service of his old master Dametas.

The continuation of the story commences with a meeting of Zelmane and Dorus:

"Sitting downe together among the sweet flowers, whereof that place was very plentifull, under the pleasant shade of a broad-leaved sycamor, they recounted one to another their strange pilgrimage of passions, omitting nothing which open-hearted friendship is wont to lay forth, where there is cause to communicate both joyes and sorrowes; for, indeed, there is no sweeter taste of friendship, than the coupling of soules in this mutuallity either of condoling or comforting: where the oppressed mind finds itselfe not altogether miserable, since

it is sure of one which is feelingly sorry for his misery: and the joyful spends not his joy, either alone, or there where it may be envied: but may freely send it to such a well-grounded object, from whence hee shall bee sure to receive a sweet reflection of the same joy, and, as in a cleere mirrour of sincere good will, see a lively picture of his own gladnesse."—p. 347.

Dorus informs his friend, that the Princess Pamela has, at length, consented to reward the fidelity of her lover, to fly with him to Thessaly, of which he was the prince, and there become his bride; when it is agreed, Zelmane or Pyrocles shall follow as soon as he prevails upon Philoclea, who had now become acquainted with his real character, to accompany him. To facilitate their flight, Dametas and his family are despatched on fools' errands out of the way; and taking advantage of their absence, Dorus escapes with Pamela, and, at length, reaches a forest, where Pamela, fatigued with her journey, composes herself to rest. Here we must leave them for a while, little expecting the calamities which are ready to befall them.

In the mean time, Pyrocles, who, under the character of Zelmane, is hard bested between the doting love of Basilius, and the raging jealousy of Gynecia, in order to appease the latter, who threatens, if slighted, to betray his disguise, finds it necessary to pretend compliance with her wishes; and, accordingly, appoints to meet her at midnight in a cave in the forest. In the same place, he makes an assignation, also, with Basilius, and he, as well as Gynecia, are caught in the snare, and meet each other at the place of appointment, without discovering, till morning, the fraud that had been practised upon them. Gynecia, on her discovery of it, resolves to make the best use of her situation, and charges Basilius with his infidelity, which, she tells him, has thus obliged her to follow him to his haunts, and disappoint his purpose. In the midst of her reproaches, Basilius happens to meet with a cup brought by Gynecia, in which was contained a potion, which she had designed to administer to Zelmane; and, being thirsty, quaffs it off, which he has no sooner done than he falls down, to all appearance deprived of life.

Pyrocles, having thus eluded his tormentors, now bends his footsteps towards the apartment of the Princess Philoclea, whom he finds uttering complaints against the air of coldness and desertion, which he had been obliged to put on to deceive the jealousy of Gynecia. Of his fidelity, he soon re-assures Philoclea, but has the mortification to find her, from the anguish she had sustained, utterly incapable of taking advantage of the opportunity of escape which presented itself. At this crisis, Dametas returns from the quest about which Dorus had sent him, and finds the Princess Pamela escaped. Half mad with

surprise and fear, Dametas flies to the apartment of Philoclea to satisfy himself whether she has not, also, departed with her sister. Here he finds Zelmane, whom his dress discovers to be a man, reposing by the sleeping Philoclea, whom sorrow had composed to a transitory slumber. Aware of the importance of this discovery, and hoping, by making it known, to save himself from the punishment due to his neglect in suffering Pamela to escape, Dametas locks the door, and thus deprives Pyrocles of all means of egress from the chamber of the princess. Upon awaking, Pyrocles finds himself a prisoner; and, listening from the window, hears Dametas detailing to the crowd below his strange discovery. By the Arcadian laws, all violations of chastity were punished with death; and the mind of Pyrocles is penetrated with anguish at the danger in which he had involved the innocent Philoclea, to convict whom, his being found in her chamber and the evidence of Dametas would be grounds sufficient. To exculpate her and vindicate her reputation, his love prompts him to offer violence to himself, that thus his death might be supposed to have been occasioned by her resolute resistance in the defence of her chastity, and her character and person eventually be saved from disgrace. But from this her tears and entreaties dissuade him, and he desists from his attempt, yet not until he has wounded himself severely. It would not, perhaps, be easy, in the whole range of tragedy, to show any thing superior to the loftiness and magnanimity of the reasonings he adopts to induce her to allow him to be a sacrifice for her.

In the mean time, Gynecia, who, upon seeing the king fall down, to all appearance, dead, had become the prey of anguish and remorse for her intended crime of infidelity, resolves, as some expiation of it, to accuse herself, though innocent, before the people as the murderer of the king; and abandons herself to lamentations. In this state, she is met by some shepherds, to whom she charges herself with the murder, and from them Philanax, the faithful servant of the king, becomes acquainted with the news. Impatient to punish the commission of so execrable a crime, he comes, with a guard, to take charge of her, and commit her to confinement till the hour of her trial should arrive. Being, also, informed, by Dametas, of his discovery, Philanax proceeds to the apartment of Philoclea, and finding Pyrocles still there, delivers him to a guard as companion in guilt with Gynecia; and as, besides his supposed seduction of Philoclea, an accomplice in the murder of Basilius. In vain, the gentle-minded Philoclea endeavours to vindicate her lover and herself to the hard-hearted Philanax, who, sternly and rigidly severe, forgets, in his desire to revenge his dead master, the duty and respect due to his living representatives. Another

prisoner is destined to be added to these; and he is, Musidorus, whom we left with Pamela, on his journey to the nearest seaport, designing to embark with her from thence to Thessaly. While they are on their way, they are met by "a rascal companie," a part of those rebels who came, in tumultuous array, to offer violence to Basilius, but were prevented and dispersed by the two princes. Having no hope of pardon, they had wandered for a long time in the woods, and, at length, by an unfortunate chance, lighted on Musidorus and Pamela, who were immediately recognized by the rabble, and suspected to be fugitives. Partly instigated by the desire of revenging themselves on Musidorus, and partly instigated by the hope of procuring pardon for their late offence, they resolve to capture the lovers, and carry them back to the king. By the stratagem of one of the gang, Musidorus is taken prisoner, and unwillingly obliged to retrace his footsteps to the royal habitation. Here he is delivered into the hands of Philanax, who, overjoyed to gain a fresh prey, whom he considers as not less deserving of punishment than Pyrocles and Gynecia, for attempting to carry away the heiress of the throne, commits Musidorus to the same confinement as his friend had before been consigned to, and already dooms them, in imagination, to tortures and to death. Philanax, though loyal and faithful to his dead master, is cruel and ambitious: perceiving that the two princes would be obstacles in his road to greatness, he determines to remove them out of his way, and breathes against them nothing but inextinguishable hate. His appears to be a character compounded of mixed and opposite qualities; yet, unfortunately for the prisoners, both the good and evil principles of his mind equally serve to spur him on to their destruction. In vain, the Princess Pamela vindicates her right of choice, and threatens him with her future vengeance, when possessed of the throne of Arcadia; he determines to prosecute the severity of his vengeance, and rather, if compelled, to put them to death privately and without trial, than suffer them to escape. All of the Arcadian noblemen are, however, not so relentless as Philanax: Kalander, the old host of Musidorus, uses all his endeavours to procure their liberation, and, winning over several others to his side, causes a diversion in favour of the prisoners, till, at last, both sides are almost prepared to second their opinions with force.

While this tumult is continuing, intelligence is brought of the arrival of Euarchus, King of Macedon, who had come for the purpose of visiting his old friend Basilius; and, on learning his unhappy fate, had sent to the Arcadian council, requesting them to allow him to remain and be present at the funeral of his friend. The reputation of Euarchus for wisdom and justice is so universally established, that he appears to Philanax to be the

person sent by the deities to preside as the judge of the criminals, and punish the murder of his friend. The partizans of the prisoners are not less desirous of having the Macedonian king as their judge, and it is determined, that Philanax shall use his entreaties with Euarchus to induce him to accept of that office. Euarchus, though unwillingly, as if he felt a sort of presentiment in his mind how painful a duty he was about to undertake, to satisfy their importunity, consents; and thus, by one of the dark and unsearchable workings of fate, he is destined to act as the judge and sentencer of his nephew and son. The length of time which had elapsed since he had parted with them, had rendered their persons unknown to him; and the names of Palladius and Diaphantus, which they agreed to assume at their trial, farther promoted the concealment: while they, ignorant of the name and not less of the person of their judge, were equally prevented from a recognition.

The trial now commences—Gynecia is first examined, and it appearing from her own confession, that she was the murderer of the king, she is sentenced to be conveyed to prison till the day of her husband's burial, and then to be buried alive in the same tomb with him. The turn of Pyrocles and Musidorus next comes on, and their appearance is thus described:

"Musidorus was in stature so much higher than Pyrocles, as commonly is gotten by one yeere's growth. His face, now beginning to have some tokens of a beard, was composed to a kinde of a manlike beauty. His colour was of a well-pleasing brownenesse, and the features of it such, as they carried both delight and majesty; his countenance severe, and promising a minde much given to thinking. Pyrocles of a pure complexion, and of such a chearefull favour, as might seeme either a woman's face in a boy, or an excellent boye's face in a woman. His look gentle and bashfull, which bred the more admiration, having shewed such notable proofes of courage. Lastly, though both had both, if there were any oddes, Musidorus was the more goodly, and Pyrocles the more lovely."—p. 459.

Their accuser is Philanax, who charges the former with aiding the murder of the king, and dishonouring the Lady Philoclea; and the latter with attempting to steal away her sister Pamela from her father and country, and rails against both in all the bitter terms of revengeful obduracy. They answer, by declaring the motives which led them to the king's retreat; and, recounting modestly their many benefits to him and his daughters, show how unlikely it was that they should be accessaries in his murder, or enemies to his person. During these pleadings and accusations, two letters from the princesses are brought to Philanax, written to the general assembly of the Arcadians, but which Philanax, whom nothing can satisfy but the death of the

princes, determines to suppress: that of Philoclea, embued with all the gentle humbleness of her nature; and that of Pamela, breathing forth all the high and noble spirit of her mind. After hearing, with much consideration, the accuser and the accused, and weighing all the evidence brought before him in the equal and unbiassed balance of reason, Euarchus pronounces the fate of the princes, and sentences Pyrocles to be put to death by being thrown out of a high tower, and Musidorus to be beheaded; which sentence he orders to be executed before sunset. According to his orders, Philanax is proceeding to execute the sentence, when, as the princes are leading forth to their fate, Kalodulus, the faithful servant of Musidorus, to whom the tidings of his master's trial had come, arrests them in their progress, and makes known to Euarchus his relationship to the prisoners he had condemned. On hearing this intelligence, all the spectators are excited to compassion, and even the hard heart of Philanax is mollified. The speech which Euarchus then makes is conceived with wonderful energy: never, perhaps, was there so sublime an exhibition of equity battling with affection, of the father struggling with the judge.

"But Euarchus staid a good while upon himselfe, like a valiant man that should receive a notable encounter, being vehemently stricken with the fatherly love of so excellent children, and studying, with his best reason, what his office required: at length, with such a kind of gravity as was neare to sorrow, he thus uttered his mind: I take witnesse of the immortall gods (said hee) O, Arcadians, that what this day I have said, hath beene out of my assured perswasion, what justice it selfe and your just lawes require. Though strangers then to me, I had no desire to hurt them; but leaving aside all considerations of the persons, I weighed the matter which you committed into my hands, with my most impartiall and farthest reach of reason. And thereout have condemned them to lose their lives, contaminated with so many foule breaches of hospitality, civility, and vertue. Now, contrary to all expectations, I find them to be my onely sonne and nephewe, such upon whom you see what gifts nature hath bestowed: such who have so to the wonder of the world heretofore behaved themselves, as might give just cause to the greatest hopes, that in an excellent youth may be conceived. Lastly, in few words, such in whom I placed all my mortall joyes, and thought my selfe, now neare my grave, to recover a new life. But, alas, shall justice halt? Or shall shee winke in one's cause, which had lynce's eyes in another's? Or, rather, shall all private respects give place to that holy name? Be it so, be it so, let my gray haires be layd in the dust with sorrow, let the small remnant of my life be to mee an inward and outward desolation, and to the world a gazing stocke of wretched misery; but never, never let sacred rightfulnesse fall: it is immortall, and immortally ought to bee preserved. If rightly I have judged, then rightly I have judged mine owne children; unless the name of a child should have force to

change the never-changing justice. No, no, Pyrocles and Musidorus, I preferre you much before my life, but I preferre justice as farre before you: while you did like your selves, my body should willingly have been your shield, but I cannot keep you from the effects of your own doing: nay, I cannot in this case acknowledge you for mine; for never had I shepheard to my nephew, nor ever had woman to my son; your vices have degraded you from being princes, and have disannull'd your birthright. Therefore, if there be any thing left in you of princely vertue, show it in constant suffering, that your unprincely dealing hath purchased unto you. For my part I must tell you, you have forced a father to rob himselfe of his children. Doe you, therefore, O, Philanax, and you my other lords of this countrey, see the judgement be rightly performed, in time, place, and manner, as before appointed. With that, though hee would have refrayned them, a man might perceive the teares drop downe his long white beard."—p. 479.

The princes intercede for each other, but Euarchus is immoveable. At this juncture the body of Basilius, which had been placed near the seat of judgement during the trial, is seen to move, and he regains animation, having recovered from the effects of the draught he had imbibed, which, in reality, was only a sleeping potion. The sequel of the story may easily be conceived. The fame of Gynecia is cleared up by the asseverations of her husband, and she is considered as a paragon of fidelity and conjugal love. Basilius, effectually cured of his passion for Zelmane, marries his daughters to the two princes, who, after many rejoicings, depart to their respective kingdoms, and thus the oracle is accomplished.

Such is the outline of this interesting story: to continue and supply which, many attempts were made by different authors during the period when its celebrity continued, and brought with it the usual concomitant of familiar acquaintance, the desire of imitation. Amongst these, Sir William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterling, may be mentioned, who has attempted to supply the defect existing in the third book, as an imitator not unworthy of Sidney. This performance, as well as the other continuations, is a proof, from the exactness with which the style of Sidney is copied, how great a portion of attention had been paid to its model, and what labour and care were exerted to rival the excellencies of its original. All these attempts, indeed are, as good imitations, deserving of praise; and, perhaps, that of Johnstoun is the best, but, like all other imitations, they want the spirit of originality; and, however closely they resemble their precursor in its outward accompaniments, have little of its peculiar and inward character.

The modernization of the *Arcadia*, by Mrs. Stanley, has little to recommend it. With most meritorious industry she has managed, with its occasional quaintnesses and conceits, to re-

move all the charms of diction and freshness of expression, which the work itself possessed, and to convert the felicitousness and force of its language into prettiness and insipidity. Such transmutations of the original productions of genius, such meltings down of the massive gold of our ancestors for the purposes of modern frippery, have much of bad taste in them, if not something of profanation. They resemble, in the boldness of their attempts, and the weakness of their execution, the impotent endeavours of the modern Greeks, to repair the mighty monuments of their forefathers' power and politeness; "who," to use the words of a great author, "can do no more for the preservation of those admirable specimens of art, than to whitewash the Parian marbles with chalk, and incrust the porphyry and granite with tiles and potsherds." To those only can such literary metamorphoses present attraction, who prefer Shakspeare fresh from the alembic of Dryden, and are wishful to see all the bold irregularities and exquisite touches of genius transformed to one flat level of even mediocrity.

Of the poetry interspersed in the *Arcadia*, there is much good, but much more bad in its composition. It is not, however, our present design to consider Sir Philip in his poetical character. We shall only observe, by the way, that, in general, his prose is much superior to his poetry. There is frequently about the latter, and particularly in his sonnets, a kind of clogged and cumbrous restraint, which appears to shackle and confine the natural and accustomed play of his thoughts, in attempting to bound himself within the limits of verse. The breathings of his feeling do not proceed in their usual unobstructed manner, and his spirit does not seem to move at large under the incumbrance to which it is subjected. There is, also, a more frequent recurrence of conceit, and mean and unsuited images, disgracing sentiments lofty and elevated, by their juxta-position. The success of his injudicious attempt to model the English metre after the example of the Roman is well known, and the reasons of his failure are too evident to need any exposition. Of his poetry, the following specimen, part of a very beautiful song, shall suffice.

"What tongue can her perfection tell,
In whose each part all pens may dwell?
Her haire fine threads of finest gold,
In curled knots man's thought to hold:
But that her forehead says, in me
A whiter beauty you may see;
Whiter, indeed, more white than snow,
Which on cold winter's face doth grow:

That doth present those even browes,
Whose equall line their angles bowes
Like to the moone, when after change
Her horned head abroad doth range:
And arches be two heavenly lids,
Whose winke each bold attempt forbids.
For the blacke starres those spheares containe,
The matchlesse paire, even praise doth staine.
No lampe, whose light by art is got,
No sunne, which shines and seeth not,
Can liken them without all peere,
Save one as much as other cleere:
Which onely thus unhappy be,
Because themselves they cannot see.
Her cheekes with kindly claret spread,
Aurora-like, new out of bed;
Or, like the fresh Queene-apple's side,
Blushing at sight of Phœbus' pride.
Her nose, her chinne, pure ivory weares!
No purer than the pretty eares.
So that therein appeares some bloud,
Like wine and milke that mingled stood.
In whose incirclets if ye gaze,
Your eyes may tread a lover's maze.
But with such turnes the voyce to stray,
No talke untaught can finde the way.
The tippe no jewell needs to weare:
The tippe is jewell of the ear."—p. 139.

The character of Sir Philip Sidney, as a writer, is thus given by his friend, Lord Brook, with more, perhaps, in it of justice, than such characters generally possess.—"His end was not writing, even when he wrote, nor his knowledge moulded for tables or schools: but both his wit and understanding beat upon his heart, to make himself and others not in words or opinion, but in life and action, good and great." Sir Philip Sidney appears to have been possessed of a quick and lively sensibility, of a noble and generous heart, whose emotions, unrestrained by fear, and unobstructed by dissimulation, gushed forth, with a spirit of joyous gladness, from their sacred fountain of feeling. To think loftily and to act magnanimously, to speak eloquently and to write poetically, appear in him, prerogatives not derived, but inherent: as if, of all that was elevated or extraordinary in man, he was the sole and rightful proprietary. His most heroic actions were done without any apparent consciousness of their greatness: his most exquisite productions were finished without

any apparent effort or labour, and yet are such as no effect or labour can mend. Like the sudden and delightful breathings of an Æolian harp, his overflowings of thought seem to burst forth unstimulated and unexcited, deriving none of their melody from the promptings of a musician's finger, and having in them nothing of earthly aid or human operation. His power does not seem to lie so much in the intellect as in the heart; not so much in the conflicting strife of intellectual prowess, or in the gigantic grasp of mental mightiness, as in the deep-drawn sighings of the soul—as in officiating as the high priest of its sanctuary—as in exhaling from thence its clouds of imprisoned myrrh and frankincense to heaven. The current of his emotions flows on in unperturbed and imperturbable serenity, undisturbed by troublous eddy or agitated ferment, catching and reflecting all the beauties which expanded nature presents, and receiving splendour and brightness from the silvery gleams which his fancy sheds upon it in its course. Around it are all the luxuriant delights of earth, above it is all the varied grandeur of heaven, and the voice of sadly pleasing and melancholy inspiration is heard along its shores. He appears, indeed, to have followed the counsel which he reports his muse to have given him—"Looke in thy heart and write;" and never was that writing unworthy of his character, when he gave utterance to the voice of inspiration within. When left to his own delightful windings along the green and bowery bye-paths he loved to frequent, when undriven from his haunts to join and commune with the vulgar herd of pilgrims to the sacred fountains of Castaly, when uncontaminated by bad example and uncorrupted by imitation, he never fails to awaken in the mind those feelings of ineffable transport, so seldom called forth to refresh and resuscitate it. Inferior as he must be acknowledged to be, to his contemporary, Shakspeare, it was not in the province of tenderness or the art of exciting pity. There, Sidney reigns pre-eminent and almighty, established on the eternal foundations of nature. With all the sweetness of Fletcher, without his fantastical wildness; with all the lovely pensiveness of Spenser, without his allegorical hardness; with much of the delicacy of Carew, and of the fanciful richness of Jeremy Taylor; our author possessed a kind of peculiar and subtle spirit so completely his own, as to be equally indescribable and inimitable. We may compare it to that finishing touch which evening gives to a beautiful landscape, where the want of glare and distinctness is well compensated by the mellowing softness of twilight's first approach; or to that fairy-like and round-circling line which appears, to the wanderer on the waves of the ocean, to connect and join its distant blue waters to the sky, thus uniting the opposite harmonies and assimilating the amalgamating tints of earth and

heaven. This, whether proceeding from some perfection of fancy or exquisite refinement of nature, is, perhaps, the cause which renders the perusal of Sir Philip Sidney's works so exceedingly soothing and delicious in the open presence of nature; when, upon some green bank or near some shady fountain, we hang enamoured over his pages, and, dividing ourselves between the sequestered delights of nature herself and the deep-toned inspirations of her favoured prophet, enjoy the rich draughts of intellectual luxury. There is also another circumstance which perhaps contributes to heighten our satisfaction in his compositions, and this is, the constant recurring recollection of the author which forces itself upon our minds, and compels us with his writings continually to associate the memory of the writer. Every great and noble sentiment, every peaceful image of happiness, and touching expression of sadness, which his works contain, seem so manifestly and closely identified with his own feelings, so narrowly and essentially connected with and derived from his own heart, so undeniably the outpourings and workings of his own soul, that it is as impossible, in reading the productions of Sidney, not to revert to and remember himself, as in the dark and gloomy personifications of Byron not to recognize his own personal and individual character. As we read the imaginations of the former, we can almost fancy him breathing through his own pages, or that we are holding a colloquy with his disembodied spirit: we participate in the distresses of his personages as if they were parts of himself, and therefore to be worshipped; as if they were the representatives and continuations of his own mind, and therefore to be respected. Our minds are filled with mingling remembrances of himself and his fate, of the promise of his youth and the brightness of his manhood, of the radiant progress of that star, which shed its first beams upon the peaceful glades of Penshurst, and diffused its dying glories over the bloody field of Zutphen. If with such emotions we peruse the works of Sidney, who would wish to rob him of that additional splendour, which his personal character has given to his writings and associated with his works? Who would wish to remove that sacred veil of protection, which the nobleness of his life has spread over the meanest of his productions? Little need as there is of such a protection, yet surely the immunities of virtue should never be destroyed. Such a deprivation will, however, little affect the fame of Sir Philip Sidney. He will, we may venture to predict, as long as living language and vivid description shall have attraction, be considered by posterity not less admirable as a writer than memorable as a man.

It has been the fate of the *Arcadia* to be the sport of popular caprice, and to experience all the extremes of admiration and neglect. Immediately on its publication, it was

received with unbounded applause. To this, many causes contributed—the high reputation of the author, his rank, his bravery, his unfortunate and premature death, and the real excellence of the work. The ladies were desirous of perusing what might be considered the testament of so accomplished a courtier; the nobility regarded with eagerness the production of him who was their model and pattern; and the scholars turned with respect to the words of one who was equally qualified to shine in a college or a court. Thus the *Arcadia* became the favourite promptuary and text-book of the public: from it was taken the language of compliment and love: it gave a tinge of similitude to the colloquial and courtly dialect of the time, and from thence its influence was communicated to the lucubrations of the poet, the historian, and the divine.—Imitators in abundance came forth to add their supplements and continuations to it, and the works and person of Sir Philip Sidney were for a long time held up to universal and unqualified admiration.

But the enthusiasm of praise, like all other enthusiasm, will at length have an end, and happy may its victims account themselves, if the height which momentary fondness has raised them to, does not in the end contribute to increase the rapidity of their descent, and precipitate the violence of their fate. What a speaking illustration is furnished on this subject, by the fates of Aquinas, Ramus, Malbranche, and Picus of Mirandula; who would, in the zenith of their reputation, have ever believed, that the world would one day be as silent of them as it is now? And, indeed, it is remarkable enough, how few of those who have astonished their contemporaries by their wit and genius, and whose names were in their own age held up to an almost idolatrous admiration, have left behind them memorials sufficient to justify their fame. In the scanty remains which time has left us of the genius of Crichton, we seek in vain for that intellectual vigour and refinement, which, pervading science at a glance, left all others at an immeasurable distance; and before which, universities themselves and assemblages of the learned shrunk dismayed and confounded. In the compositions of Rochester, what foundation can we find for that reputed predominancy of wit which all his contemporaries allowed him, and which seemed almost to excuse his profligacy and extenuate his vice. We look in vain, in the productions of such men, to find an adequate cause for the lavishness and superabundance of praise which was heaped on them by the devotion of their co-evals. It is as if some vivifying charm, some exquisite but fugacious investment of brightness, which hallowed them to the eyes of our forefathers, had departed and left us to inquire what could be that radiance of which we see no

vestige or spark behind. It is as if there was in them a spirit volatile and escaping, which, animating the mass for awhile, at length vanishes like a mockery, and remains incommunicable and imperceptible to posterity. When time has effaced the light and evanescent strokes of genius, and brought with it other rules of taste and systems of opinion; when distance has cooled the fervor of admiration and the fondness of personal regard; when the loud and undistinguishing voice of applause has subsided to a scarcely perceptible murmur, and the favouring examination of friendship has given place to the sharp dissection of critical anatomy; how great is the variance we find between the judgements of contemporaneous and succeeding critics. The difference is hardly less than that perceived by him, who visits in winter the tree which in summer was his favourite retreat. He finds the same tree still remaining, under which he has so often reposed; but where is the verdure which appareled and adorned it; where are the blossoms with which it was overspread; where are the sunbeams that played upon its branches; and where is the melody which enchanted him in its shade?

It would appear, from the fate which the *Arcadia* has experienced in the present age, that a similar disparity existed between its real intrinsic merit and the accredited character of its author; and that, so far from being capable of sustaining his reputation, its only claim to regard was derived from its bearing his name on its title-page. The present generation seem determined to disallow the lavish praises of their forefathers, and to equalize the balance by as lavish and heedless censures. It was enough that the work was written after a bad model; that it was interspersed with uninteresting pastoral interludes; that the author had endeavoured to form the English versification after the Latin, and had not succeeded; that there was in it an occasional occurrence of quaintness and conceit; and that the story was in some degree complicated and interwoven; to induce them to consign it to neglect, or to mention it with slighting and ungenerous criticism. The judgement of Horace Walpole is well known, and remains on record, an indelible proof of the insensibility of his feelings and the depravity of his taste. His perception, indeed, limited to studious trifles and literary gewgaws, was ill qualified for discussing or appreciating the highest efforts of talent. What could Chatterton hope for from a man who had slighted Sir Philip Sidney? In the footsteps of Horace Walpole follow Mr. Todd and Mr. Hazlitt. Mr. Campbell mentions the works of Sidney with much coldness; and the ingenious author of the *History of Fiction*, though upon the whole less unfavourable, yet ends by pronouncing the *Arcadia* a very tedious story.

XUM

Against these criticisms the best defence will be found in the work itself, to which we confidently refer our readers. That it has many faults, we do not deny; but they are faults to which all the writers of his time were subject, and generally in a greater degree. It has been said, that his language is very quaint; but we may safely ask, what author is there of his age in whose language there is in reality so little of quaintness? Let us remember a work, which the *Arcadia* contributed more than any thing else to consign to oblivion: a work, which for a long time was in high fashion and celebrity; and the style of which is, perhaps, more elaborately and systematically bad, than that of any work in the whole extent of literature.—We mean, Lilly's *Euphues*. With it, let us compare Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*—the style he introduced, with the style he contributed to banish; and we shall then regard him as the restorer of the purity of our language, and as meriting our eternal gratitude and respect. The language of the *Arcadia* is, indeed, as much superior to that of the *Euphues*, as is the varied melody of the nightingale to the monstrous harshness of the jay.

Another radical fault in the *Arcadia*, is the defect of the species of writing of which it is a part—the heroic and pastoral romance, either disjunctively or commixed. But so far from lowering, this primary disadvantage ought rather to increase our admiration of his genius, who has been able to give attraction to so preposterous a kind of composition. Who would not applaud the ingenuity of him, who could engraft with success the apricot on the sloe, or the nectarine on the crab? When we see a structure irregular and clumsy, but built of massy gold; however we may censure its defective plan, yet surely we must admire the richness of its materials. We wish every one, who dislikes for this reason the *Arcadia*, were compelled, as a punishment, to wade through all the voluminous tomes of its models, the French romances; and we think they would perceive how different an edifice the powers of genius and dullness will erect on the same narrow foundation. After all, notwithstanding all its disadvantages, the flashes of the gifted mind will force their way; and he, who, like Sir Philip Sidney, writes from the heart and describes from the eye, will never want readers, or be destitute of admirers, as long as the common feelings in which all human kind participate shall endure, and as long as the common scenery of nature, and the unfading garniture of creation, shall live and flourish undestroyed.

In an examination of the *Arcadia*, we cannot but observe the power which its author possesses of laying hold of the feelings, and exciting the interest, of his readers; an interest, which gradually augments and heightens to the end. If this be one, as assuredly it is, of the chief arts of imaginative composition,

it is certainly an art, of which Sir Philip Sidney was master in a very high degree. No writer surpasses him in exciting commiseration and pity, no one lords over the human heart with more powerful and resistless domination. So far, indeed, from being a tiresome story, it would be difficult, in the whole range of fiction, to mention one which more completely grapples with the feelings, and retains the attention of the reader. We do not say, that it is impossible for any one to desist in the perusal of the work till he has arrived at the conclusion; but we do say, that he who in reading it can close its pages without a wish to open them again, has as little in him of laudable feeling as of genuine taste.

In the creations of intellectual beauty, no writer is more successful than Sir Philip Sidney. His heroes are all cast in the mould of perfection, the repositaries of "high-erected thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesie," the souls of gallant constancy and spotless honour. Though different, they are but the different modifications of human excellence, of mental and incorporeal loftiness, breathing itself into, as it were, and giving a transformed beauty to the person. In his characters, the roughness of superiority is melted almost to effeminate softness, yet without losing, as it acquires more of loveliness and attraction, any of its high and exalted appendages. There is a repose and relief about his personages, which, while it dims nothing of their brightness, makes them sweet resting places for the mind to fasten on. The character of a hero, Sir Philip Sidney always described *con amore*—it was his own proper and natural character; and to delineate it, he had only to transcribe the workings of his own mind, and to give expression to its romantic emotions. His heroines are not less faultlessly designed; they are, in truth, the beaming personifications of virtue, with all the chaste effulgence of heaven-derived and heaven-directed purity—such fair creations of loveliness as the minds of fancy's dreamers love to picture. They are, indeed,

> "The darling daughters of the day,
> And bodied in their native ray."

Romance, notwithstanding all its tissue of extravagancies, has much to gratify the human mind; and as the gratifications which it administers have a tendency to dignify and refine the grossness of worldly selfishness, they are not without their attendant benefit. There is a mixture of dauntless courage and submissive humility, of sternness of man and devotedness to woman, of fierceness in the fight and meekness in the wooing, about its doughty heroes, which interests us by its blended variety and the entireness of its united emotions. There are, also, the universal accompaniments of bodily might and intellectual

elevation, and these are no small attractions.—The pride, the haughtiness of man, delights to see his species exalted. Like Prometheus, he would rob the heaven of its fire to illumine the habitations of the earth.—His fancy loves to pour itself forth in the formation of creatures of etherial and impassable brightness, and to ennoble himself, as it were, by his kindred to the beings of his own creations. Who can observe, without a secret complacency and satisfaction, the characters of the heroes and knights of romance, their resistless prowess, their patience, their constancy, their fidelity, and their love. We see them going forth with all that can excite or challenge admiration—beauty glowing in their form—strength residing in their right hand, and mightiness and magnanimity encircling them with an immortal radiance. We see them now wielding the sword, which never waves but to conquer, in the defence of the captive or oppressed; subduing armies and armaments by the force of their own arm, and casting from them, as with abhorrence, all weakness, pusillanimity, and fear; braving death with an obstinacy he seems to shrink from, and enduring more than earthly perils with more than earthly fortitude. We see them now kneeling with submissive devotedness before their hard-hearted mistresses, treating them with an almost idolatrous humility of devotion, and trembling beneath their frowns, as if a glance of their eye could cause annihilation. We see them again, refreshing and recruiting themselves in the depth of some untrodden forest or shady grove, or reposing in security under the open canopy of heaven, again to rise to the performance of fresh exploits of valour and achievements of hardihood.

Equally successful is our author in picturing the soft and gentle emotions of love and friendship; in describing those scenes where the heart pours itself forth in the bosom of some sympathetic listener, or those quarrels and reconciliations which only for awhile stop the pulse of affection, to make it return again more violently to its accustomed beating. Of this, the dialogues between Pyrocles and Musidorus in the first book, and between Pyrocles and Philoclea in the fourth, are delightful examples. Sir Philip Sidney's fairy pencil was principally formed to delineate the pensive and milder workings of feeling. His transparent mirror reflected the emotions of the human mind; but it was not the mind awakened by crime and exasperated by scorn; it was not the mind preyed upon by remorse or tormentors generated within itself. His province was not to pourtray the dark and horrible in nature, or the dark and horrible in man. His was not the gloomy colouring of Dante or Salvator Rosa. His abode was not on the precipice or the mountain, on the eyrie of the eagle or the birth-place of the

storm, but in the bosoms of soft and etherial moulding, in hearts of loved and loving tenderness, in groves of silent and sacred quiet, and in plains illumined by perpetual spring.

His descriptions of nature and her scenery are universally delightful and sweet. There is an air of freshness and verdure about them, which we look for in vain in other writers. In reading them, it seems as if the breathing zephyr which hovers over scenes of such enchantment and beauty, had found a voice, and is painting to us the delights of its favourite and haunted groves. We feel them as the transfusion into language of nature's universal voice, as it issues forth in the warbling of the birds, the whispers of the forest, and the murmurs of the streams. They sooth us as the sound of a distant waterfall, or, as "a gentle south-west wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters." Nature's enthusiastic follower, Sir Philip Sidney worshipped with awe the print of her footsteps: his genius, camelion-like, received a fresh hue from every fresh variety with which she supplied him, and her beauties had always the power of producing from him strains not less sympathetic and delightful than the music elicited by the beams of the morning from the magic statue of Memnon.

The feeling which the perusal of the *Arcadia* excites, is a calm and pensive pleasure, at once full, tranquil, and exquisite. The satisfaction we experience is not unsimilar to that of meditation by moonlight, when the burning fervor of the day has subsided, and every thing which might confuse or disorder our contemplation is at rest. All is peaceful and quiet, and clear as a transparency. The silvery glittering of the language, the unearthly loftiness of its heroes, the etheriality of their aspirations, and the sweet tones of genuine and unstudied feeling which it sounds forth, all combine to embue our souls with a soft and pleasing melancholy. We feel ourselves under the spell of an enchanter, in the foils of a witchery, too gratifying to our senses to be willingly shaken off, and therefore resign ourselves without resistance to its influence. By it, we are removed to other and more delightful climes—by it, we are transported to the shady groves of Arcady and the bowery recesses of Tempe; to those heavenly retreats, where music and melody were wafted with every sighing of the breeze along their cool and translucid streams. We find ourselves in the midst of the golden age, with glimpses of the armed grandeur of the age of chivalry. We find ourselves in a period of conflicting sights and emotions, when all that was lovely in the primitive simplicity of the one, and all that was fascinating in the fantastic magnificence of the other, were united and mingled together; where the rustic festivity of the shepherd was succeeded by the imposing splendour

of the tournament, and the voice of the pastoral pipe and oaten reed was joined with the sound of the trumpet and the clashing of the lance.

It has been remarked, that the comic parts of the *Arcadia*, which relate to Dametas and his family, are amongst the worst parts of the book. This is in some measure true, and yet the dislike which we feel in reading them arises not so much out of their own inferiority, as from their unsuitableness and unfitness to form part of such a work. There is an incongruity in their association with the true and natural pictures of his genius, which cannot but excite our displeasure. Our feeling is the same as in seeing the ale-house paintings of Teniers by the Transfiguration of Raphaël. Besides this, we feel it a kind of debasement in the mind of Sir Philip Sidney, to descend from its native height and dignity to the low subjects of burlesque and humour. We feel that he was designed for other purposes than to make us laugh, and that such an attempt is little better than a prostitution of his powers. In so doing, he dissipates all the enchantment which rivetted us to him: he mortifies and wounds our sensibility, by destroying the train of feelings which before had possessed us: he weakens and diminishes our faith, by destroying our confidence and arousing our judgement: and when these great foundations are removed, when the heart is hardened to their illusions and the belief convinced of their fallacy, what have the fairy palaces of imagination, and the bright structures of fancy, to support them or to rest on?

We cannot close our article, without paying a tribute of respect to Sir Philip Sidney on the ground of his diction. Perhaps we may venture to pronounce him, notwithstanding his occasional blemishes, the best, the most happy, the most powerful prose writer of the time in which he flourished. Certain we are, that none of his contemporaries ever equalled him in his best specimens of composition, in his most finished and consummate productions. There is a certain point, indeed, beyond which language can go no farther; and which, whosoever has attained, has as little need to dread a rival, as to expect a superior; and that this point has been frequently reached by Sir Philip Sidney, no one, who has read his *Arcadia*, will doubt or deny. The period in which he wrote was one which presented peculiar advantages and disadvantages, it was one which afforded opportunities of advancing our language to unapproachable perfection, or lowering it to unparalleled degradation. No model being then established, our national dialect was at the mercy of every bold and piratical marauder, who might think fit to shape its form and marshal its riches; and it was left to the caprice or judgement of every writer, to introduce such new combinations or additions to its phraseology, as his own unbounded desire

might direct. That this excess of license should be attended with many of the perversions of bad taste, was easy to be imagined; but, at the same time, it was the cause and fountain of many surpassing excellencies, such as could never have been produced under the withering power of constraint. The writers, indeed, of that age had almost a power, similar to Adam's, of giving names to all that lay before them in the animate or intellectual creation, and of suiting and modifying the energies of language to all the various operations of nature and exigencies of mind. Of a power so unlimited, great might have been the abuse, and great the contaminating influence over all our succeeding literature. This happily did not, or did but partially, take place; and while we find amongst the writers of that time innumerable pieces of exquisite composition, the instances of a contrary kind are very rare, and of those, the principal and efficient cause was the imitation of the bad models of other countries. The conceits and quaintnesses of Sir Philip Sidney's language had their origin from the Italian school; and, indeed, whatever was bad or unworthy of him in his writings was occasioned by imitation. When he gives free play to his own power of expression, he never disgusts or disappoints his readers. Then he delights us with passages of such unrivalled and inexpressible beauty, that all petty censures and preconceived disgusts are in a moment overwhelmed, and we are compelled to acknowledge him as a great and unequalled master of language, who had the power to modify and mould it to every degree of passion and thought, and unlock and open all its diversified resources and inexhaustible stores.

It would not, perhaps, be over-rating the merit of Sir Philip Sidney, or doing injustice to the memory of any of the writers of his time, to ascribe to him and his agency the formation of that peculiar and characteristic style, which pervades the English literature at the close of the sixteenth century, and which has so great a share in rendering the productions of our dramatic writers, of that period, of inestimable worth and value. We certainly do not know any other writer who has so fair a title to that distinction, from priority of date or superiority of desert. It would, indeed, be ridiculous to affirm that a book of such celebrity, in its time, as the *Arcadia*, should be of inconsiderable weight in shaping the public taste, and giving a character and impression to our language. Every work, much read and much admired, must have an influence over its native literature, and, if it does not openly and immediately affect it, will, however, sooner or later insensibly deteriorate or improve it. This could not but be the case with Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, and therefore we may regard the whole literary character of that age as, in some sort, derived and descended from him, and his work as

the fountain from which all the vigorous shoots of that period drew something of their verdure and strength. It was, indeed, the *Arcadia* which first taught to the contemporary writers, that inimitable interweaving and contexture of words—that bold and unshackled use and application of them—that art of giving to language, appropriated to objects the most common and trivial, a kind of acquired and adscititious loftiness; and to diction, in itself noble and elevated, a sort of superadded dignity; that power of ennobling the sentiments by the language, and the language by the sentiments, which so often excites our admiration in perusing the writers of the age of Elizabeth. It taught them to transcribe their own thoughts, and give to the transcription all the working animation of its original; to paint the varieties of nature, and to make their paintings not copies from the strainers of imitation, but actual and living resemblances, glowing, as in the reflections of a mirror, with all the fidelity of verisimilitude and all the reality of truth. It taught them to give utterance to the simple and enchanting emotions of the heart, which always find or make for themselves language worthy to express them, and the more beautiful for the less it has of adornment. It taught them, in short, all that has rendered their productions so surpassingly and exquisitely delightful—never, then, ought we to forget, while perusing the works of his contemporaries, that it is to Sidney their greatest excellencies are owing—to Sidney, the protecting planet of Spenser, and morning star of Shakspeare.

We will now for awhile bid farewell to the productions of this truly great man, who as certainly deserved a kingdom for his genius, as Scaliger a principality for his learning; and who, had he not been early cut off in his race of glory, would have left behind him memorials which criticism would not have dared to censure, or malignity to disturb. Yet, unequal as his writings are, to what he might have written, they will carry his name down to far distant ages, and with them will descend to posterity the traditional relations which our ancestors have delivered of his achievements and worth. Whatever transient obscuration real merit may occasionally suffer, it must, in the end, be triumphant; and true taste and true feeling, which are the same in all ages, will, at length, vindicate the praises which themselves have bestowed. This temporary eclipse some there are who might lament, yet we lament it not; for, however grateful to the eye may be the brightness of unsullied and uninjured talent, yet never, in our opinion, does genius appear so splendid, so majestic and commanding, as when it, at length, disperses the mists which for a time obscured its face; and rises, like the mighty eagle in Milton's *Areopagitica*, superior to the hootings of the birds of night. And thus it will be with the works of Sir Philip

Sidney: upon a candid and impartial examination, it will appear, that the man, of whom nations once rung, and courts resounded "in the consentient harmony of praise," still deserves to retain a large portion of his former celebrity; that if the variety of his attempts and the complexity of his character, by diverting his genius into too many channels, contributed to impoverish and distract it, yet that there is still in every thing which he has written an indelible stamp of greatness; and that the edifice of his reputation was not built upon local prejudice or extrinsic regard, but founded upon reason and established upon truth, and can never, but with them, be overthrown. And here we cannot conclude, without taking notice of that blighting spirit of modern criticism which Sir Philip Sidney has, with many other worthies of old, experienced, and which has given to the literature of the present age, a character of heartless and spiritless insensibility. There seems to be a malignant desire to reduce the great of former ages to the level of common men; to bring down their superiority, intellectual and personal, to valueless and vapid mediocrity; and to demonstrate, that the lights which shone as the directors of our forefathers were little better than momentary meteors or vapourish exhalations. Far are we from being enemies to just and distinguishing criticism; but surely the illustrious characters of antiquity deserve some reverence at our hands, and the laurels which our ancestors have placed on their heads ought not rudely to be plucked off by the hand of the spoiler. There is a kind of prescription in fame which partakes of the sanctity and inviolability of age, and which it hurts our best feelings and excites our indignation to see infringed. It is not very often that popular judgement errs on the side of admiration; and why then should we be so eager, in this age, to withdraw the praises which an injudicious, but at the same time generous, prodigality has prompted another to bestow?—For ourselves, we can only say, that we shall never wish to be among the number of those who would detract from patriotism its merit, or from heaven-born talent its due. Ever absent from us, and from our pages, be that ungenerous and ungentlemanlike spirit of criticism, which could induce us to speak coldly of the character of Falkland, or disdainfully of the genius of Sidney!

ART. II. *Spare Minutes, or resolved Meditations and premeditated Resolutions, written by* Arthur Warwick.

——— Ego cur acquirere pauca
Si possim invidear?

The Sixth Edition. London, printed by G. M. *for* Walter Hammond, *and are to be sold by* Michael Sparke *in Greene Arbour,* 1637.—pp. 179.

We have a few spare minutes (the reader will forgive us the pun) to dedicate to this spare volume. It purports to be a posthumous publication, and consists of two parts, to each of which there is an emblematical frontispiece; and before the second part, is prefixed a copy of English verses, by Geo. Wither, and a copy of Latin verses, by William Haydock, both explanatory of the second frontispiece. The first part is dedicated, by the author, to Sir William Dodington; and the second part, by the author's father, "to the vertuous and religious gentlewoman, his much-esteemed friend, Mistresse Anne Ashton." The title page indicates the nature of the book, which is a very valuable little manual. The author was a clergyman, and a pious one, whose high delight was to hold divine colloquy with his own heart—"to feed on the sweet pastures of the soul"—he was an aspirant after good, who was never less alone than when without company. The well, in which truth is hidden, he discovered to be the heart of man—he sought for it in his own heart, and he found it there. He was not without hopes of this world, and already lived in futurity. The style of his work is as singular as its spirit is excellent. Brevity was his laborious study—he has compressed as much essence as possible into the smallest space. His book is a string of proverbial meditations and meditated proverbs. He does not speak without reason, and cannot reason without a maxim. His sentiments are apposite, though opposite—his language is the appropriateness of contrariety—it is too narrow for his thoughts, which show the fuller for the constraint of their dress. The sinewy athletic body almost bursts its scanty apparel. This adds to the apparent strength of his thoughts, although it takes from their real grace. He comprised great wisdom in a small compass. His life seems to have been as full of worth as his thoughts, and as brief as his book. He considered life but his walk, and heaven his home; and that, travelling towards so pleasant a destination, "the shorter his journey the sooner his rest." The marrow of life and of knowledge does not indeed occupy much room. His language is quaint in conceits, and conceited

in quaintness—it proceeds on an almost uniform balance of antithesis—but his observations are, at once, acute, deep, and practical. We have thrown the following short meditations together.

"It is some hope of goodness not to grow worse: it is a part of badness not to grow better. I will take heed of quenching the sparke, and strive to kindle a fire. If I have the goodness I should, it is not too much, why should I make it less? If I keepe the goodness I have, 'tis not enough: why do I not make it more? He ne're was so good as he should be, that doth not strive to be better than he is: He never will be better than he is, that doth not feare to be worse than he was. 1st part, p. 11.

"It is the usuall plea of poverty to blame misfortune, when the ill-finished cause of complaint is a worke of their owne forging. I will either make my fortunes good, or be content they are no worse. If they are not so good as I would they should have beene, they are not so bad as I know they might have beene. What though I am not so happy as I desire, 'tis well I am not so wretched as I deserve. p. 14.

"There is nothing to be gotten by the world's love, nothing to be lost (but its love) by its hate. Why then should I seeke that love that cannot profit mee, or feare that malice that cannot hurt mee? If I should love it for loving mee, God would hate mee for loving it—if I loath it for hating mee, it cannot hurt mee for loathing it. Let it then hate mee and I will forgive it, but if it love me I will never requite it. For since its love is hurtfull, and its hate harmelesse, I will contemne its hate, and hate its love. p. 16.

"There is nothing more certaine than death, nothing more uncertaine than the time of dying. I will therefore be prepared for that at all times, which may come at any time, must come at one time or another. I shall not hasten my death by being still ready, but sweeten it. It makes me not die the sooner, but the better. p. 19.

"The commendation of a bad thing is its shortnesse, of a good thing its continuance: it were happy for the damned if their torments knew end, 'tis happier for the saints that their joys are eternall. If man, that is borne of a woman, be full of misery, 'tis well that he hath but a short time to live: if his life be a walke of paine, it's a blessing, that his dayes are but a spanne long. Happy miseries that end in joy: happy joyes that know no end: happy end that dissolves to eternity. p. 21.

"There is no estate of life so happy in this world as to yeeld a Christian the perfection of content: and yet there is no state of life so wretched in this world, but a Christian must be content with it. Though I have nothing here that may give me true content, yet I will learne to bee truely contented here with what I have. What care I though I have not much, I have as much as I desire, if I have as much as I want; I have as much as the most, if I have as much as I desire. p. 24.

" Nature bids mee love myself, and hate all that hurt mee; reason bids mee love my friends, and hate those that envy mee; religion bids me love all, and hate none. Nature sheweth care, reason wit, religion love. Nature may induce mee, reason persuade mee, but religion shall rule mee. I will hearken to nature in much, to reason in more, to religion in all. Nature shall make mee careful of myself, but hateful to none; reason shall make mee wise for myselfe, but harmlesse to all; religion shall make mee loving to all, but not carelesse of myselfe. I may heare the former, I will hearken onely to the latter. I subscribe to some things in all, to all things in religion. p. 27.

" The good meaner hath two tongues, the hypocrite a double tongue. The good man's heart speakes without his tongue, the hypocrite's tongue without his heart. The good man hath oftentimes God in heart, when, in his mouth, there is no God mentioned; the hypocrite hath God often in his mouth, when the foole hath said, in his heart, there is no God. I may soonest heare the tongue, but safest the heart—the tongue speaketh loudest, but the heart truest. The speech of the tongue is best known to men: God best understands the language of the heart: the heart, without the tongue, may pierce the eares of heaven; the tongue, without the heart, speakes an unknowne language. No marvell then if the desires of the poore are heard, when the prayers of the wicked are unregarded. I had rather speake three words in a speech that God knowes, than pray three houres in a language he understands not. p. 31.

" It is the folly of affection, not to reprehend my erring friend for feare of his anger: it is the abstract of folly, to be angry with my friend for my error's reprehension. I were not a friend, if I should see my friend out of the way and not advise him: I were unworthy to have a friend, if hee should advise mee (being out of the way) and I bee angry with him. Rather let me have my friend's anger than deserve it; rather let the righteous smite mee friendly by reproofe, than the pernicious oyle of flattery or connivence breake my head. It is a folly to flie ill-will by giving a just cause of hatred. I thinke him a truer friend that deserves my love, than he that desires it." p. 36.

In the second part, the author is somewhat more diffuse, and does not confine himself so much to abstract thoughts, but generally illustrates them with imagery, which possesses, however, the same terseness and closeness of application as his unadorned meditations. His similies are, indeed, mathematically accurate—they run in parallel lines—they never interfere with the subject in hand, nor approach it nearer at one point than another. Our readers cannot fail to be pleased with the few specimens which succeed.

" When I see leaves drop from their trees, in the beginning of autumne, just such, thinke I, is the friendship of the world. Whiles the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarme in abundance, but, in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man,

XUM

that hath a true friend at his need ; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friend. p. 44.

" When I see the heavenly sunne buried under earth in the evening of the day, and, in the morning, to find a resurrection of his glory, why (thinke I) may not the sonnes of heaven, buried in the earth in the evening of their dayes, expect the morning of their glorious resurrection? Each night is but the past daye's funerall, and the morning his resurrection: why then should our funerall sleepe be otherwise than our sleepe at night? why should not we as well awake to our resurrection as in the morning? I see night is rather an intermission of day, than a deprivation, and death rather borrowes our life of us, than robbs us of it. Since then the glory of the sunne findes a resurrection, why should not the sonnes of glory? p. 49.

" The gentle and harmlesse sheep being conscious of their owne innocency, how patiently, how quietly, doe they receive the knife, either on the altar, or in the shambles? How silently and undaunted doe they meet death, and give it entrance with small resistance? When the filthie, loathsome, and harmefull swine roare horribly at the first handling, and, with an hideous crying reluctancy, are haled and held to the slaughter. This seemes some cause to me, why wicked men (conscious of their filthy lives and nature) so tremble at the remembrances, startle at the name, and, with horrour, roare at the approach of death: when the godly quietly uncloathe themselves of their lives, and make small difference 'twixt a naturall night's short sleepe, and the long sleep of nature. 2nd part, p. 7.

" When I see a gallant ship well rigged, trimmed, tackled, man'd and munitioned, with her top and top-gallant, and her spread sayles proudly swelling with a full gale in faire weather, putting out of the haven into the smooth maine, and drawing the spectators' eyes, with a well-wishing admiration, and shortly heare of the same ship splitted against some dangerous rock, or wracked by some disastrous tempest, or sunk by some leake sprung in her by some accident, me seemeth I see the case of some court-favorite, who to-day, like Sejanus, dazzleth all men's eyes with the splendour of his glory, and with the proud and potent beake of his powerful prosperity cutteth the waves and ploweth through the prease of the vulgar, and scorneth to feare some remora at his keele below, or any crosse winds from above, and yet to-morrow, on some storms of unexpected disfavour, springs a leake in his honour, and sinkes on the Syrtes of disgrace, or dashed against the rocks of displeasure, is splitted and wrack'd in the Caribdis of infamy, and so concludes his voyage in misery and misfortune. p. 50.

" When I plant a choyse flower in a fertile soyle, I see nature presently to thrust up with it the stinging nettle, the stinking hemlocke, the drowzie poppie, and many such noysome weedes, which will either choake my plant with excluding the sunne, or divert its nourishment to themselves. But if I weed but these at first, my flower thrives to its goodnesse and glory. This is also the case when I endeavour to plant grace in the fertill soyle of a good wit. For luxurious nature thrusts up with it, either stinging wrath, or stinking wantonnesse, or drowzie

sloath, or some other vices, which robb my plant of its desired flourishing. But these being first pluckt up, the good wit produceth in its time the faire flower of virtue." p. 64.

"As oft as I heare the Robin-red-brest chaunt it as cheerfully in September, the beginning of winter, as in March, the approach of the summer, why should not wee (thinke I) give as cheereful entertainement to the hoary-frosty hayres of our age's winter, as to the primroses of our youth's spring? Why not to the declining sunne in adversity as (like Persians) to the rising sunne of prosperity? I am sent to the ant, to learne industry; to the dove, to learne innocency; to the serpent, to learne wisedome; and why not to this bird, to learne equanimity and patience, and to keepe the same tenour of my minde's quietnesse, as well at the approach of the calamities of winter as of the spring of happinesse? And since the Roman's constancy is so commended, who changed not his countenance with his changed fortunes, why should not I, with a Christian resolution, hold a steddy course in all weathers, and though I bee forced with crosse-windes to shift my sailes and catch at side-windes, yet skilfully to steere and keep on my course, by the *Cape of Good Hope,* till I arrive at the haven of eternall happinesse?" p. 71.

Our author, notwithstanding his gravity, is very sportive in his diction, and does not scorn a pun, as our readers may have seen, and will see more particularly in the following meditations.

"There is a sort of men which are kind men to me, when they expect some kindnesse from me—who have their hands downe to the ground in their salutations, when the ground of their salutations is to have a hand at mee in some commodity. But their own ends once served, their kindnesse hath its end at once: and then it seemes strange to mee, how strange they will seeme to growe to me; as if the cause (their desire) being removed, the effect (their courtesie) must straight cease." p. 33.

"I see a number of gallants every where, whose incomes come in yearly by set numbers, but runne out daily sans number. I could pitty the cases of such brave men, but that I see them still in brave cases; and when I see them often foxed, me thinke the proverbe sutes those sutes, *What is the fox but his case?* I should thinke them to be Eutrapelus his enemies, whom he cloathed richly to make them spend freely and grow deboshed. I will doe those men right, and wonder at them, because they desire it. I will not wrong myself to envie them, because they scorne it. I know that gorgeous apparell is an ornament to grace the court, for the glory of the kingdome, but it is no ornament useful in the kingdom of grace, nor needful in the kingdome of glory. A rich coate may bee commendable in the accidents of armory onely, but it is not the onely substance of a commendable gentleman. I will value the apparell by the worthinesse of the wearer; I will not value the worthinesse of the wearer by the worth of his apparell. Adam was most gallantly apparelled when he was innocently naked." p. 37.

"The men of most credit in our time are the usurers. For they credit most men: and though their greatest study be security, yet it is usually their fortune to be fullest of care. Time is pretious to them, for they thinke a day broke to them, is worth a broke-age from their creditor. Yet thus they finde by use, that as they have much profit by putting out, so must they have much care to get it in. For debtors are of Themistocles his minde, and take not so much care how to repay all, as how they may not pay at all their creditors, and make this their first resolution, how they may make no resolution at all. I envy not, therefore, the usurer's gaines, but considering they (as merchant-adventurers) send abroad their estates in uncertaine vessels, sometimes into the bankrupt rivers of prodigality and unthriftinesse, sometimes into the seas of casualties and misfortunes, that many times their principal comes short home, I thinke with myselfe, let them gaine much by the adventure, that adventure so much to gaine. I will make this use of those uses, as to claime no interest in their gaines, nor to owe any thing to any man but love. If I lend where need is, and receive my principall againe, I will accompt that my principall gaine, and thinke my courtesie but a commendable charity." p. 40.

We cannot resist the temptation of making a few more short extracts from this interesting and striking collection of thoughts.

"I should wonder that the unsatiable desires of ambition can finde no degree of content, but that I see they seeke a perfection of honour on earth, when the fullnesse of glory is only in heaven. The honour on earth is full of degrees, but no degree admits a perfection: whereas the glory of heaven admits of degrees, but each degree affoords a fullnesse. Heere one may be lower than another in honour, and yet the highest want a glory: there, though one starre differs from another in glory, they all shine as starres. Heere the greatest must want—there the least hath enough. Heere all the earth may not be enough for one—there one heaven is enough for all.

"I see, when I follow my shadow, it flies me—when I flie my shadow, it followes me: I know pleasures are but shadowes, which hold no longer than the sun-shine of my fortunes. Least then my pleasures should forsake me, I will forsake them. Pleasure most flies me when I follow it.

"It is not good to speake evill of all whom wee know bad: it is worse to judge evill of any, who may prove good. To speake ill upon knowledge shewes a want of charity—to speake ill upon suspition shewes a want of honesty. I will not speake so bad as I know of many: I will not speake worse than I know of any. To know evill by others, and not speake it, is sometimes discretion: to speake evill by others, and not know it, is always dishonesty. Hee may be evill himselfe who speakes good of others upon knowledge, but hee can never be good himselfe who speakes evill of others upon suspition.

"It is the folly of wit in some to take paines to trimme their la-

bours in obscurity. It is the ignorance of learning in others to labour to devest their paines by bluntness; the one thinking hee never speakes wisely, till he goes beyond his owne and all men's understandings: the other thinking hee never speakes plainly, till hee dive beneath the shallowest apprehension. I as little affect curiosity in the one, as care for the affectation of baldnesse in the other. I would not have the pearle of heaven's kingdome so curiously set in gold, as that the art of the workman should hide the beauty of the jewell: nor yet so sleightly valued as to be set in lead: or so beastly used as to be slubbered with durt. I know the pearle (however placed) still retaines its virtue, yet I had rather have it set in gold than seeke it in a dunghill.

"As faith is the evidence of things not seene, so things that are seene are the perfecting of faith. I beleeve a tree will be greene, when I see him leavelesse in winter: I know he is greene, when I see him flourishing in summer. It was a fault in Thomas not to beleeve till hee did see. It were a madness in him not to beleeve when hee did see. Beleafe may sometime exceed reason, not oppose it, and faith bee often above sense, not against it." 1st part, p. 84.

"There is none so innocent as not to be evill spoken of, none so wicked as to want all commendation. There are too many who condemne the just, and not a few who justifie the wicked. I oft heare both envy and flattery speaking falsehoods of myselfe to myselfe, and may not the like tongues performe the like taske of others to others. I will know others by what they doe themselves, but not learn myselfe by what I heare of others. p. 85.

ART. III.—Mr. William Lilly's *History of His Life and Times, from the year* 1602 *to* 1681. *Written by himself in the sixty-sixth Year of his Age, to his worthy friend,* Elias Ashmole, Esq. *Published from the original Manuscript. London,* 1715.

William Lilly was a prominent, and, in the opinion of many of his cotemporaries, a very important personage in the most eventful period of English history. He was a principal actor in the farcical scenes which diversified the bloody tragedy of civil war; and while the King and the Parliament were striving for mastery in the field, he was deciding their destinies in the closet. The weak and the credulous of both parties, who sought to be instructed in "destiny's dark counsels," flocked to consult the "wily Archimage," who, with exemplary impartiality, meted out victory and good fortune to his clients, according to the extent of their faith, and the weight of their purses. A few profane Cavaliers might make his name the burthen of their *malignant* rhymes—a few of the more scrupulous among the *Saints* might keep aloof in sanctified abhorrence of the "Stygian so-

phister"—but the great majority of the people lent a willing and reverential ear to his prophecies and prognostications. Nothing was too high or too low—too mighty or too insignificant for the grasp of his genius. The stars, his informants, were as communicative on the most trivial as on the most important subjects. If a scheme was set on foot to rescue the king, or to retrieve a stray trinket—to restore the royal authority, or to make a frail damsel an honest woman—to cure the nation of anarchy, or a lap-dog of a surfeit, William Lilly was the oracle to be consulted. His *almanacks* were spelled over in the tavern and quoted in the senate; they nerved the arm of the soldier, and rounded the periods of the orator. The fashionable beauty, dashing along in her calash from St. James's or the Mall, and the prim, starched dame, from Watling-street or Bucklersbury, with a staid foot-boy, in a plush jerkin, plodding behind her—the reigning toast among "the men of wit about town," and the leading groaner in a tabernable concert—glided alternately into the study of the trusty wizard, and poured into his attentive ear strange tales of love, or trade, or treason. The Roundhead stalked in at one door, whilst the Cavalier was hurried out at the other.

The *Confessions* of a man so variously consulted and trusted, if written with the candour of a Cardan or a Rousseau, would indeed be invaluable. The *Memoirs of William Lilly*, though deficient in this essential ingredient, yet contain a variety of curious and interesting anecdotes of himself and his cotemporaries, which, where the vanity of the writer, or the truth of his art, is not concerned, may be received with implicit credence. We shall endeavour to comprise in this article such parts of the work as are possessed of general and permanent interest, and to dismiss the remaining portion, with all its schemes, nativities, prophecies, indecencies, and jargon, of "the science astrologick",—

> "Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
> Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn."*

The family of the Lillys were hereditary yeomen in the obscure town of Diseworth, in Leicestershire; "a town of great

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* Besides his numerous astrological publications, Lilly was the author of *Observations upon the Life and Death of King Charles the First*, containing some curious facts relative to that unfortunate prince, and written in a spirit of impartiality well worthy the imitation of graver historians. We cannot deny the versatility of our astrologer's principles, but, to his honour be it spoken, he never feels or feigns that rancour against his former associates, which is the most common and the most disgusting characteristic of political apostacy.

rudeness, wherein it is not remembered that any of the farmers thereof did ever educate any of their sons to learning;" William's parents, however, were an exception to this rule, and the juvenile *Albumazar* was "put to learn at such schools, and of such masters, as the rudeness of the place and country afforded." For the last two years of his being at school he was at the head of the highest form, and distinguished himself as a wrangler in Latin; but his father's poverty prevented his going to an University, as many of his schoolfellows had done. A neighbouring attorney obtained for young Lilly a situation with a gentleman in London, who wanted a youth who could write, to attend on him and his wife, and his father was very willing to be rid of a son who "could not work, drive the plough, or endure any coun try labour." His master was upwards of sixty-six years of age, and was married to a woman still older than himself, yet "never was any woman more jealous of a husband than she."

"My mistress was very curious to know of such as were then called cunning or wise men, whether she should bury her husband? She frequently visited such persons, and this occasion begot in me a little desire to learn something that way; but wanting money to buy books, I laid aside these notions, and endeavoured to please both master and mistress."

In pleasing the latter, our hero was so successful, that in her last sickness she would scarcely permit him to be out of her chamber, gave him "five pounds in old gold," and, being prevented from adequately rewarding his attentions, advised him to help himself out of his master's property—which he assures us, with great simplicity, he never did.

"When my mistress died, she had under her arm-hole a small scarlet bag full of many things, which, one that was there delivered unto me. There was in this bag several sigils, some of Jupiter in Trine, others of the nature of Venus, some of iron, and one of gold, of pure angel-gold, of the bigness of a thirty-three shilling piece of King James's coin. In the circumference on one side was engraven, *Vicit Leo de tribu Judæ Tetragrammaton* +; within the middle there was engraven an holy lamb. In the other circumference there was Amraphel and three +. In the middle, *Sanctus Petrus, Alpha* and *Omega*. I sold the sigil for thirty-two shillings, but transcribed the words *verbatim* as I have related."

His master consoled himself for the loss of his aged spouse by selecting a younger helpmate, and dying soon after, Lilly, who appears through life to have been a favourite with the ladies, succeeded him in the affections of his widow. His account of his courtship to this fair dame is amusing:

"My mistress [who] had been twice married to old men, was now

resolved to be couzened no more; she was of a brown ruddy complexion, corpulent, of but mean stature, plain, no education, yet a very provident person, and of good condition: she had many suitors, old men, whom she declined; some gentlemen of decayed fortunes, whom she liked not, for she was covetous and sparing: by my fellow-servant she was observed frequently to say, she cared not if she married a man that would love her, so that he had never a penny; and would ordinarily talk of me when she was in bed. This servant gave me encouragement to give the onset: I was much perplexed hereat, for should I attempt her, and be slighted, she would never care for me afterwards; but again, I considered that if I should attempt and fail, she would never speak of it; or would any believe I durst be so audacious as to propound such a question, the disproportion of years and fortune being so great betwixt us? However, all her talk was of husbands; and in my presence saying one day after dinner, she respected not wealth, but desired an honest man, I made answer, I thought I could fit her with such a husband; she asked me, where? I made no more ado, but presently saluted her, and told her myself was the man: she replied, I was too young; I said nay, what I had not in wealth, I would supply in love; and saluted her frequently, which she accepted lovingly; and next day at dinner made me sit down at dinner with my hat on my head, and said she intended to make me her husband; for which I gave her many salutes, &c.

"I was very careful to keep all things secret, for I well knew, if she should take counsel of any friend, my hopes would be frustrated, therefore I suddenly procured her consent to marry, unto which she assented; so that upon the eighth day of September, 1627, at St. George's church, in Southwark, I was married unto her, and for two whole years we kept it secret. When it was divulged, and some people blamed her for it, she constantly replied, that she had no kindred; if I proved kind, and a good husband, she would make me a man; if I proved otherwise, she only undid herself. In the third and fourth years after our marriage, we had strong suits of law with her first husband's kindred, but overthrew them in the end. During all the time of her life, which was until October 1633, we lived very lovingly, I frequenting no company at all; my exercises were sometimes angling, in which I ever delighted."

We now come to an important era in the life of the future Nostradamus.

How I came to study Astrology.

"It happened on one Sunday, 1632, as myself and a justice of peace's clerk were, before service, discoursing of many things, he chanced to say, that such a person was a great scholar, nay, so learned, that he could make an almanack, which to me then was strange: one speech begot another, till, at last, he said, he could bring me acquainted with one Evans in Gunpowder-alley, who had formerly lived in Staffordshire, that was an excellent wise man, and studied the black art. The same week after we went to see Mr. Evans. When we

came to his house, he having been drunk the night before, was upon his bed, if it be lawful to call that a bed whereon he then lay; he roused up himself, and, after some compliments, he was content to instruct me in astrology; I attended his best opportunities for seven or eight weeks, in which time I could set a figure perfectly. Books he had not any, except *Haly de judiciis Astrorum*, and *Orriganus's Ephemerides;* so that as often as I entered his house, I thought I was in the wilderness. Now something of the man: he was by birth a Welshman, a master of arts, and in sacred orders; he had formerly had a cure of souls in Staffordshire, but now was come to try his fortunes at London, being in a manner enforced to fly for some offences very scandalous committed by him in those parts, where he had lately lived; for he gave judgement upon things lost, the only shame of astrology: he was the most saturnine person my eyes ever beheld, either before I practised, or since; of a middle stature, broad forehead, beetle-browed, thick shoulders, flat-nosed, full-lips, down-looked, black curling stiff hair, splay-footed; to give him his right, he had the most piercing judgement naturally upon a figure of theft, and many other questions, that I ever met withal; yet for money he would willingly give contrary judgements, was much addicted to debauchery, and then very abusive and quarrelsome, seldom without a black eye, or some mischief or other. This is the same Evans who made so many antimonial cups, upon the sale whereof he principally subsisted; he understood Latin very well, the Greek tongue not at all: he had some arts above, and beyond astrology, for he was well versed in the nature of spirits, and had many times used the circular way of invocating, as in the time of our familiarity he told me. Two of his actions I will relate, as to me delivered. There was in Staffordshire a young gentlewoman that had, for her preferment, married an aged rich person, who being desirous to purchase some lands for his wife's maintenance; but this young gentlewoman, his wife, was desired to buy the land in the name of a gentleman, her very dear friend, but for her use: after the aged man was dead, the widow could by no means procure the deed of purchase from her friend; whereupon she applies herself to Evans, who, for a sum of money, promises to have the deed safely delivered into her own hands; the sum was forty pounds. Evans applies himself to the invocation of the angel Salmon, of the nature of Mars, reads his Litany in the Common Prayer-Book every day, at select hours, wears his surplice, lives orderly all that time; at the fortnight's end Salmon appeared, and having received his commands what to do, in a small time returns with the very deed desired, lays it down gently upon a table where a white cloth was spread, and then, being dismissed, vanished. The deed was, by the gentleman who formerly kept it, placed among many other of his evidences in a large wooden chest, and in a chamber at one end of the house; but upon Salmon's removing and bringing away the deed, all that bay of building was quite blown down, and all his own proper evidences torn all to pieces. The second story followeth.

"Some time before I became acquainted with him, he then living in the Minories, was desired by the Lord Bothwell and Sir Kenelm

Digby to show them a spirit. He promised so to do: the time came, and they were all in the body of the circle, when lo, upon a sudden, after some time of invocation, Evans was taken out of the room, and carried into the field near Battersea Causeway, close to the Thames. Next morning a countryman going by to his labour, and espying a man in black cloaths, came unto him and awaked him, and asked him how he came there? Evans, by this, understood his condition, enquired where he was, how far from London, and in what parish he was; which, when he understood, he told the labourer he had been late at Battersea the night before, and by chance was left there by his friends. Sir Kenelm Digby and the Lord Bothwell went home without any harm, [and] came next day to hear what was become of him; just as they in the afternoon came into the house, a messenger came from Evans to his wife, to come to him at Battersea. I enquired upon what account the spirit carried him away: who said, he had not, at the time of invocation, made any suffumigation, at which the spirits were vexed. It happened, that after I discerned what astrology was, I went weekly into Little Britain, and bought many books of astrology, not acquainting Evans therewith. Mr. A. Bedwell, minister of Tottenham-High-Cross, near London, who had been many years chaplain to Sir Henry Wotton, whilst he was ambassador at Venice, and assisted Pietro Soave Polano, in composing and writing the Council of Trent, was lately dead; and his library being sold into Little Britain, I bought among them my choicest books of astrology. The occasion of our falling out was thus: a woman demanded the resolution of a question, which when he had done, she went her way; I, standing by all the while, and observing the figure, asked him why he gave the judgement he did, since the signification showed quite the contrary, and gave him my reasons; which when he had pondered, he called me boy, and must he be contradicted by such a novice! But when his heat was over, he said, had he not so judged to please the woman, she would have given him nothing, and he had a wife and family to provide for; upon this we never came together after. Being now very meanly introduced, I applied myself to study those books I had obtained, many times twelve, or fifteen, or eighteen hours day and night; I was curious to discover, whether there was any verity in the art or not. Astrology in this time, viz. in 1633, was very rare in London, few professing it that understood any thing thereof."

Whatever respect our author might feel for the science of "divine astrology," his veneration certainly did not extend to its professors, of whom he relates some very edifying anecdotes. We shall select a few of the most remarkable.

Dr. Simon Forman.—"He was a person that in horary questions (especially thefts) was very judicious and fortunate; so also in sicknesses, which indeed was his master-piece. In resolving questions about marriage he had good success: in other questions very moderate.

"I very well remember to have read in one of his manuscripts what followeth.

" ' Being in bed one morning,' (says he) ' I was desirous to know whether I should ever be a lord, earl, or knight, &c. whereupon I set a figure, and thereupon my judgement:' by which he concluded, that within two years' time he should be a lord or great man: ' but,' says he, ' before the two years were expired, the doctors put me in Newgate, and nothing came.' Not long after, he was desirous to know the same things concerning his honour or greatship. Another figure was set, and that promised him to be a great lord within one year. But he sets down, that in that year he had no preferment at all; only, ' I became acquainted with a merchant's wife, by whom I got well.' There is another figure concerning one Sir ——— Ayre his going into Turkey, whether it would be a good voyage or not: the doctor repeats all his astrological reasons, and musters them together, and then gave his judgement it would be a fortunate voyage. But under this figure he concludes, ' this proved not so, for he was taken prisoner by pirates ere he arrived in Turkey, and lost all.' He set several questions to know if he should attain the philosopher's stone, and the figures, according to his straining, did seem to signify as much; and then he tuggs upon the aspects and configurations, and elected a fit time to begin his operation; but by and by, in conclusion, he adds, ' so the work went very forward; but upon the □ of ♂ the setting-glass broke, and I lost all my pains:' He sets down five or six such judgements, but still complains all came to nothing, upon the malignant aspects of ♄ and ♂.

" He wrote in a book left behind him, viz. ' This I made the devil write with his own hand in Lambeth Fields 1596, in June or July, as I now remember.' He professed to his wife there would be much trouble about Carr and the Countess of Essex, who frequently resorted unto him, and from whose company he would sometimes lock himself in his study a whole day. Now we come to his death, which happened as follows; the Sunday night before he died, his wife and he being at supper in their garden-house, she being pleasant, told him, that she had been informed he could resolve whether man or wife should die first; ' Whether shall I,' (quoth she) ' bury you or no? ' Oh, Trunco,' for so he called her, ' thou wilt bury me, but thou wilt much repent it.' ' Yea, but how long first?' ' I shall die,' said he, ' ere Thursday night.' Monday came, all was well. Tuesday came, he not sick. Wednesday came, and still he was well; with which his impertinent wife did much twit him in the teeth. Thursday came, and dinner was ended, he very well: he went down to the water-side, and took a pair of oars to go to some buildings he was in hand with in Puddle-dock. Being in the middle of the Thames, he presently fell down, only saying, ' An impost, an impost,' and so he died.

Sir George Peckham.—" In the year 1634, I taught Sir George Peckham, knight, astrology, that part which concerns sickness, wherein he so profited, that in two or three months he would give a very true discovery of any disease, only by his figures. He practised in Nottingham, but unfortunately died in 1635, at St. Winifred's Well, in Wales; in which well he continued so long mumbling his *Pater-Nosters* and *Sancta Winifrida ora pro me*, that the cold struck into his body; and, after his coming forth of that well, never spoke more.

JOHN HUMPHREYS.—"In the year 1640, I instructed John Humphreys, master of that art, in the study of astrology: upon this occasion, being at London, by accident in Fleet-street, I met Dr. Percival Willoughby of Derby; we were of old acquaintance, and he but by great chance lately come to town; we went to the Mitre Tavern, in Fleet-street, where I sent for old Will. Poole the astrologer, living then in Ram-alley: being come to us, the doctor produced a bill, set forth by a master of arts in Cambridge, intimating his abilities for resolving of all manner of questions astrologically. The bill was shewed, and I wondering at it, Poole made answer, he knew the man, and that he was a silly fool; 'I,' quoth he, 'can do more than he; he sees me every day, he will be here by and by;' and, indeed, he came into our room presently. Poole had, just as we came to him, set a figure, and then shewed it me, desiring my judgement, which I refused, but desired the master of arts to judge first; he denied, so I gave mine, to the very great liking of Humphreys, who presently enquired, if I would teach him, and for what? I told him I was willing to teach, but would have one hundred pounds. I heard Poole, whilst I was judging the figure, whisper in Humphrey's ear, and swear I was the best in England. Staying three or four days in town, at last we contracted for forty pounds, for I could never be quiet from his solicitations; he invited me to supper, and before I had shewed him any thing, paid me thirty-five pounds. As we were at supper, a client came to speak with him, and so up into his closet he went with his client; I called him in before he set his figure, or resolved the question, and instantly acquainted him how he should discover the moles or marks of his client: he sets his figure, and presently discovers four moles the querent had; and was so overjoyed therewith, that he came tumbling down the stairs, crying, 'Four by G—! four by G—! I will not take one hundred pounds for this one rule.' In six weeks' time, and tarrying with him three days in a week, he became a most judicious person."

WILLIAM HODGES.—"All the ancient astrologers of England were much startled and confounded at my manner of writing, especially old Mr. William Hodges, who lived near Wolverhampton in Staffordshire, and many others who understood astrology competently well, as they thought. Hodges swore I did more by astrology than he could by the crystal and use thereof, which, indeed, he understood as perfectly as any one in England. He was a great royalist, but could never hit any thing right for that party, though he much desired it: he resolved questions astrologically; nativities he meddled not with; in things of other nature, which required more curiosity, he repaired to the crystal: his angels were Raphael, Gabriel, and Uriel: his life answered not in holiness and sanctity to what it should, having to deal with those holy angels. Being contemporary with me, I shall relate what my partner, John Scott, the same Scott as is before mentioned, affirmed of him. John Scott was a little skilful in surgery and physick, so was Will. Hodges, and had formerly been a school-master. Scott having some occasions into Staffordshire, addressed himself for a month or six weeks to Hodges, assisted him to dress his patients, let blood, &c. Being to return to London, he desired Hodges to shew

him the person and feature of the woman he should marry. Hodges carries him into a field not far from his house, pulls out his crystal, bids Scott set his foot to his, and, after a while, wishes him to inspect the crystal, and observe what he saw there. 'I see,' saith Scott, 'a ruddy complexioned wench in a red waistcoat, drawing a can of beer.' 'She must be your wife,' said Hodges. 'You are mistaken, sir,' said Scott. 'I am, so soon as I come to London, to marry a tall gentlewoman in the Old-Bailey.' 'You must marry the red waistcoat,' said Hodges. Scott leaves the country, comes up to London, finds his gentlewoman married: two years after, going into Dover, in his return, he refreshed himself at an inn in Canterbury, and as he came into the hall, or first room thereof, he mistook the room, and went into the buttery, where he espied a maid, described by Hodges as before said, drawing a can of beer, &c. He then, more narrowly viewing her person and habit, found her, in all parts, to be the same, Hodges had described; after which he became a suitor unto her, and was married unto her; which woman I have often seen."

Of the famous astrologian, JOHN BOOKER, who

"——— was own'd without dispute,
Through all the realms of nonsense absolute,"

till the star of Lilly appeared in the ascendant, we have the following account of his mightier rival.

"He was an excellent proficient in astrology, whose excellent verses upon the twelve months, framed according to the configurations of each month, being blessed with success according to his predictions, procured him much reputation all over England: he was a very honest man, abhorred any deceit in the art he studied; had a curious fancy in judging of thefts, and as successful in resolving love-questions: he was no mean proficient in astronomy; he understood much in physick; was a great admirer of the antimonial cup; not unlearned in chymistry, which he loved well, but did not practise. He was inclined to a diabetes; and, in the last three years of his life, was afflicted with a dysentery, which at last consumed him to nothing: he died of good fame in 1667. Since his decease, I have seen one nativity of his performance exactly directed, and judged with as much learning as from astrology can be expected."

The nocturnal adventure, recounted in the following extract, will remind our readers of a scene in *The Antiquary*, where Dousterswivel and his patron explore the grave of Malcolm-the-Misticot, in search of hidden treasure.

"Davy Ramsey, his majesty's clock-maker, had been informed, that there was a great quantity of treasure buried in the cloyster of Westminster-Abbey; he acquaints Dean Williams therewith, who was also then Bishop of Lincoln; the dean gave him liberty to search after it, with this proviso, that if any was discovered, his church should

have a share of it. Davy Ramsey finds out one John Scott,* who pretended the use of the Mosaical rods, to assist him herein: I was desired to join with him, unto which I consented. One winter's night, Davy Ramsey,† with several gentlemen, myself, and Scott, entered the west side of the cloysters, the rods turned one over another, an argument that the treasure was there: the labourers digged at least six foot deep, and then we met with a coffin; but in regard it was not heavy, we did not open, which we afterwards much repented. From the cloysters we went into the abbey church, where, upon a sudden, (there being no wind when we began) so fierce, so high, so blustering and loud a wind did rise, that we verily believed the west-end of the church would have fallen upon us; our rods would not move at all; the candles and torches, all but one, were extinguished, or burned very dimly: John Scott, my partner, was amazed, looked pale, knew not what to think or do, until I gave directions and command to dismiss the dæmons; which when done, all was quiet again, and each man returned unto his lodging late, about twelve o'clock at night; I could never since be induced to join with any in such-like actions.

"The true miscarriage of the business was, by reason of so many people being present at the operation; for there was above thirty, some laughing, others deriding us; so that if we had not dismissed the dæmons, I believe most part of the abbey church had been blown down; secrecy and intelligent operators, with a strong confidence and knowledge of what they are doing, are best for this work."

Having buried his first wife, our Astrologian speedily provided himself with a second, who brought him five hundred pounds portion, but, with the help of her poor relations, managed to spend him twice that sum. She was, he says, "of the nature of Mars," and was possessed by a termagant spirit, which poor Lilly, with all his skill, could never lay. In consequence, perhaps, of his matrimonial infelicity, our sage became lean and melancholy, and retired, for the benefit of his health, to Hersham, where he resided from 1636 to 1641, when, getting tired of the country, and, from the growing confusion of the times, "perceiving there was money to be got in London," he returned thither, and began to labour in his vocation with laudable assiduity: not contented with delivering his oracles in private, he commenced author, and his lucubrations,

> "——— a hundred hawkers' load,
> On wings of winds came flying all abroad."

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* This Scott lived in Pudding-Lane, and had some time been a page (or such like) to the Lord Norris.

† Davy Ramsey brought an half quartern sack to put the treasure in.

"In 1644, I published *Merlinus Anglicus Junior*, about April. I had given one day the copy thereof unto the then Mr. Whitlocke, who by accident was reading thereof in the House of Commons: ere the Speaker took the chair, one looked upon it, and so did many, and got copies thereof; which when I heard, I applied myself to John Booker to license it, for then he was licenser of all mathematical books; I had, to my knowledge, never seen him before; he wondered at the book, made many impertinent obliterations, framed many objections, swore it was not possible to distinguish betwixt king and parliament; at last licensed it according to his own fancy; I delivered it unto the printer, who, being an arch Presbyterian, had five of the ministry to inspect it, who could make nothing of it, but said it might be printed, for in that I meddled not with their Dagon. The first impression was sold in less than a week; when I presented some to the members of parliament, I complained of John Booker, the licenser, who had defaced my book; they gave me order forthwith to reprint it as I would, and let them know if any durst resist me in the reprinting or adding what I thought fit; so the second time it came forth as I would have it.

Before that time, I was more Cavalier than Roundhead, and so taken notice of; but after that I engaged body and soul in the cause of parliament, but still with much affection to his majesty's person and unto monarchy, which I ever loved and approved beyond any government whatsoever; and you will find in this story many passages of civility which I did, and endeavoured to do, with the hazard of my life, for his majesty: but God had ordered all his affairs and counsels to have no successes; as in the sequel will appear."

* For some passages in his *Starry Messenger*, which were construed into a reflection on the Commissioners of Excise, Lilly was arrested by the Serjeant-at-Arms, and brought before

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* In the Ashmolean Museum are preserved two original letters to Lilly: the one from an amorous swain who had consulted the sage in a matrimonial scheme, and had received a favourable judgement, which subsequent events had falsified, and who writes for farther information, expressing much regret and wonderment that "this businesse should go so crossely," but without any suspicion that the stars, or their interpreter, had played him false. The other letter is from Vincent Wing,

"——— an under conjurer,
Or journeyman astrologer,"—

soliciting the judgement of Lilly, "concerning a great number of fine linnings" which had been stolen from one of his clients (the lady of a M.P.) who would not be satisfied with the opinion of a second-rate wizard, in a case of such magnitude and intricacy. The letter, which is well seasoned with adulation, concludes, with requesting a puff for one of Wing's forthcoming publications.

a committee of the House of Commons; but, having several good friends among the members, he not only escaped with impunity, but turned the laugh against Miles Corbet, who had instituted the proceedings against him from some personal pique.

"There being, in those times, some smart difference between the army and the parliament, the head-quarters of the army were at Windsor, whither I was carried with a coach and four horses, and John Booker with me. We were welcomed thither, and feasted in a garden where General Fairfax lodged. We were brought to the general, who bid us kindly welcome to Windsor; and, in effect, said thus much:

"'That God had blessed the army with many signal victories, and yet their work was not finished. He hoped God would go along with them until his work was done. They sought not themselves, but the welfare and tranquillity of the good people, and whole nation; and, for that end, were resolved to sacrifice both their lives and their own fortunes. As for the art we studied, he hoped it was lawful and agreeable to God's word; he understood it not; but doubted not but we both feared God; and therefore had a good opinion of us both.' Unto his speech I presently made this reply:

"'My lord, I am glad to see you here at this time.

"'Certainly, both the people of God, and all others of this nation, are very sensible of God's mercy, love, and favour unto them, in directing the parliament to nominate and elect you general of their armies, a person so religious, so valiant.

"'The several unexpected victories obtained under your excellency's conduct, will eternize the same unto all posterity.

"'We are confident of God's going along with you and your army, until the great work for which he ordained you both, is fully perfected; which we hope will be the conquering and subversion of your's and the parliament's enemies, and then a quiet settlement and firm peace over all the nation, unto God's glory, and full satisfaction of tender consciences.

"'Sir, as for ourselves, we trust in God; and, as Christians, believe in him. We do not study any art but what is lawful, and consonant to the scriptures, fathers, and antiquity; which we humbly desire you to believe,' &c.

"This ended, we departed, and went to visit Mr. Peters, the minister, who lodged in the castle, whom we found reading an idle pamphlet, come from London that morning. 'Lilly, thou art herein,' says he. 'Are not you there also?' I replied. 'Yes, that I am,' quoth he.—The words concerning me, were these:

> "From th' oracles of the sibyls so silly,
> The curst predictions of William Lilly,
> And Dr. Sybbald's Shoe-lane Philly,
> Good Lord, deliver me.

"After much conference with Hugh Peters, and some private discourse betwixt us two, not to be divulged, we parted, and so came back to London."

When Colchester was besieged, Booker and Lilly were sent for by the parliamentarians to encourage the soldiers, by "assuring them the town would very shortly be surrendered, as indeed it was." When Cromwell was in Scotland, "the day of one of their fights, a soldier stood with *Anglicus* in his hand; and, as the several troops passed by him, 'Lo, hear what Lilly saith; you are, in this month, promised victory, fight it out, brave boys'—and then read that month's prediction."

The royalists were not behind hand with their opponents, in paying homage to the genius of Lilly; and, in affairs of the greatest moment, availed themselves of the prescience of the "profound gymnosophist," who was by no means niggardly of his advice to any party that could afford to pay for it. When the King was meditating an escape from the soldiery at Hampton Court, a Mrs. Whorwood was despatched, with his concurrence, to Lilly, to learn in what quarter he might remain concealed, till he thought it prudent to declare himself. Lilly, having erected a figure, said, the King might be safely concealed in some part of Essex, about twenty miles from London: the lady happened to have a house, in that quarter, fit for his majesty's reception, and went away the next morning to acquaint him with it. But the King was gone away, in the night, westward, and surrendered himself, at length, to Hammond, in the Isle of Wight; and thus the project was rendered abortive. He was again applied to by the same lady, in 1648, for the same purpose, while the King was at Carisbrook Castle; whence, having laid a design to escape by sawing the iron bars of his chamber-window, Mrs. Whorwood came to our astrologer, and acquainted him with it. Lilly procured a proper saw, and furnished her with aqua fortis besides; by which means his majesty had nearly succeeded, but his heart failing, he proceeded no farther.

"Whilst the King was at Windsor Castle, one day walking upon the leads there, he looked upon Captain Wharton's almanack; 'My book,' saith he, 'speaks well as to the weather'; one William Allen standing by; 'what,' saith he, 'saith his antagonist, Mr. Lilly?' 'I do not care for Lilly,' said his majesty, 'he hath been always against me,' and became a little bitter in his expressions. 'Sir,' said Allen, 'the man is an honest man, and writes but what his art informs him.' 'I believe it,' said his majesty, 'and that Lilly understands astrology as well as any man in Europe.'"

While the parliament party retained its authority undiminished, Lilly continued to prophecy stoutly in its behalf; but, finding its influence on the wane, he ventured to predict, in his *Anglicus*, "that the Parliament stood on a tottering foundation, and that the commonality and soldiery would join together against them."

" My *Anglicus* was for a whole week every day in the parliament-house, peeped into by the Presbyterians, one disliking this sentence, another finds another fault, others misliked the whole; so in the end a motion was made, that *Anglicus* should be inspected by the Committee for plundered ministers; which being done, they were to return them to the house, viz. report its errors.

" A messenger attached me by a warrant from that Committee; I had private notice ere the messenger came, and hasted unto Mr. Speaker Lenthall, ever my friend. He was exceeding glad to see me, told me what was done, called for *Anglicus*, marked the passages which tormented the Presbyterians so highly. I presently sent for Mr. Warren the printer, an assured Cavalier, obliterated what was most offensive, put in other more significant words, and desired only to have six amended against next morning, which very honestly he brought me. I told him my design was to deny the book found fault with, to own only the six books. I told him, I doubted he would be examined. 'Hang them,' said he, 'they are all rogues. I'll swear myself to the devil ere they shall have an advantage against you by my oath.'

" The day after, I appeared before the Committee, being thirty-six in number that day; whereas it was observed, at other times, it was very difficult to get five of them together. At first they showed me the true *Anglicus*, and asked if I wrote and printed it. I took the book and inspected it very heedfully; and when I had done so, said thus:

" ' This is none of my book; some malicious Presbyterian hath wrote it, who are my mortal enemies; I disown it.' The Committee looked upon one another like distracted men, not imagining what I presently did; for I presently pulled out of my pocket six books, and said, 'These I own, the others are counterfeits, published purposely to ruin me.' The Committee were now more vexed than before; not one word was spoke a good while: at last, many of them, or the greatest number of them, were of opinion to imprison me. Some were for Newgate, others for the Gate-House; but when one Brown, of Sussex, called the Presbyterian beadle, whom the company of stationers had bribed to be my friend, by giving him a new Book of Martyrs; he, I say, preached unto the Committee this doctrine, that neither Newgate or the Gate-house were prisons unto which at any time the Parliament sent prisoners: it was most convenient for the Serjeant at Arms to take me in custody.

" Mr. Strickland, who had for many years been the Parliament's ambassador or agent in Holland, when he saw how they inclined, spoke thus:

" ' I came purposely into the Committee this day to see the man who is so famous in those parts where I have so long continued: I assure you his name is famous all over Europe; I come to do him justice. A book is produced by us, and said to be his; he denies it; we have not proved it, yet will commit him. Truly this is great injustice. It is likely he will write next year, and acquaint the whole world with our injustice; and so well he may. It is my opinion, first to prove the book to be his, ere he be committed.'

" Another old friend of mine, Mr. Reynolds, spoke thus:

" ' You do not know the many services this man hath done for the Parliament these many years, or how many times, in our greatest distresses, we applying unto him, he hath refreshed our languishing expectations; he never failed us of comfort in our most unhappy distresses. I assure you his writings have kept up the spirits both of the soldiery, the honest people of this nation, and many of us parliament men; and now at last, for a slip of his pen (if it were his) to be thus violent against him: I must tell you, I fear the consequence urged out of the book will prove effectually true. It is my counsel, to admonish him hereafter to be more wary, and for the present to dismiss him.'

" Notwithstanding any thing that was spoken on my behalf, I was ordered to stand committed to the Serjeant at Arms. The messenger attached my person, said I was his prisoner. As he was carrying me away, he was called to bring me again. Oliver Cromwell, lieutenant-general of the army, having never seen me, caused me to be produced again, where he stedfastly beheld me for a good space, and then I went with the messenger; but instantly a young clerk of that committee asks the messenger what he did with me, where's the warrant? until that is signed, you cannot seize Mr. Lilly, or shall. Will you have an action of false imprisonment against you? So I escaped that night, but next day obeyed the warrant. That night, Oliver Cromwell went to Mr. Reynolds, my friend, and said, 'What, never a man to take Lilly's cause in hand but yourself? None to take his part but you? He shall not be long there.' "

That the fame of our *English Merlin* was not confined to his own country, appears by the evidence of Mr. Strickland in the preceding extract, and he subsequently received from the King of Sweden, a present of a gold chain and medal, in requital of the honourable mention he had made of his majesty in his *Anglicus*.

" In 1655, I was indicted at Hicks's-Hall by a half-witted young woman. Three several sessions she was neglected, and the jury cast forth her bill; but the fourth time, they found it against me: I put in bail to traverse the indictment. The cause of the indictment was, for that I had given judgement upon stolen goods, and received two shillings and sixpence.—And this was said to be contrary unto an act in King James's time made.

" This mad woman was put upon this action against me by two ministers, who had framed for her a very ingenious speech, which she could speak without book, as she did the day of hearing the traverse. She produced one woman, who told the court, a son of her's was run from her; that being in much affliction of mind for her loss, she repaired unto me to know what was become of him; that I told her he was gone for the Barbadoes, and she would hear of him within thirteen days; which, she said, she did.

" A second woman made oath, that her husband being wanting two years, she repaired to me for advice: that I told her he was in Ireland,

and would be at home at such a time; and, said she, he did come accordingly.

"I owned the taking of half a crown for my judgement of the theft; but said, I gave no other judgement, but that the goods would not be recovered, being that was all which was required of me: the party, before that, having been with several astrologers, some affirming she should have her goods again, others gave contrary judgement, which made her come unto me for a final resolution.

"At last my enemy began her before-made speech, and, without the least stumbling, pronounced it before the court; which ended, she had some queries put unto her, and then I spoke for myself, and produced my own *Introduction* into court, saying, that I had some years before emitted that book for the benefit of this and other nations; that it was allowed by authority, and had found good acceptance in both universities; that the study of astrology was lawful, and not contradicted by any scripture; that I neither had or ever did use any charms, sorceries, or inchantments, related in the bill of indictment, &c.

"She then related, that she had been several times with me, and that afterwards she could not rest a-nights, but was troubled with bears, lions, and tygers, &c. My counsel was the Recorder Green, who after he had answered all objections, concluded, astrology was a lawful art.

"'Mistress,' said he, 'what colour was those beasts that you were so terrified with?'

"'I never saw any,' said she.

"'How do you then know they were lions, tygers, or bears?' replied he.—'This is an idle person, only fit for Bedlam.' The jury, who went not from the bar, brought in, No true bill."

His second wife dying, to his great joy, he the same year ventured on a third, who, he says, "is signified in my nativity by Jupiter in Libra; and she is so totally in her conditions, to my great comfort."

After the Restoration, being taken into custody and examined by a committee of the House of Commons, touching the execution of Charles I.; he declared that Robert Spavin, then secretary to Cromwell, dining with him soon after that event, assured him that it was done by Cornet Joyce. Having sued out his pardon under the broad seal of England, he continued to labour in his vocation, unmolested by the ruling powers, until the fire of London took place, when he was brought before a committee to depose what he knew respecting the cause of that calamity.

"Sir Robert Brooke spoke to this purpose:

"'Mr. Lilly, This committee thought fit to summon you to appear before them this day, to know, if you can say any thing as to the cause of the late fire, or whether there might be any design therein. You are called the rather hither, because in a book of yours long since

printed, you hinted some such thing by one of your hieroglyphicks.' Unto which I replied,

" ' May it please your honours,

" ' After the beheading of the late King, considering that in the three subsequent years the Parliament acted nothing which concerned the settlement of the nation in peace; and seeing the generality of people dissatisfied, the citizens of London discontented, the soldiery prone to mutiny, I was desirous, according to the best knowledge God had given me, to make enquiry by the art I studied, what might from that time happen unto the Parliament and nation in general. At last, having satisfied myself as well as I could, and perfected my judgement therein, I thought it most convenient to signify my intentions and conceptions thereof, in forms, shapes, types, hieroglyphicks, &c. without any commentary, that so my judgement might be concealed from the vulgar, and made manifest only unto the wise. I herein imitating the examples of many wise philosophers who had done the like.'

" ' Sir Robert,' saith one, ' Lilly is yet *sub vestibulo*.'

" I proceeded further. Said I, ' having found, sir, that the city of London should be sadly afflicted with a great plague, and not long after with an exorbitant fire,* I framed these two hieroglyphics as represented in the book, which in effect have proved very true.'

" ' Did you foresee the year?' said one.

" ' I did not,' said I, ' or was desirous: of that I made no scrutiny.' I proceeded——

" ' Now, sir, whether there was any design of burning the city, or any employed to that purpose, I must deal ingenuously with you, that since the fire, I have taken much pains in the search thereof, but cannot or could not give myself any the least satisfaction therein. I conclude, that it was the only finger of God; but what instruments he used thereunto, I am ignorant.'

" The committee seemed well pleased with what I spoke, and dismissed me with great civility."

In his latter years, Lilly applied himself to the study of physic, and continued to practise that art, as well as astrology, at Hersham (where he had purchased an estate) till his death, which was occasioned by a paralytic attack, in 1681. He was

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* Our astrologer well knew how to " lie like truth." His *Monarchy or no Monarchy*, has an appendix of sixteen pages of wood-cuts, " representing in Ænigmatical Types, Formes, Figures, Shapes, the future condition of the English Nation and Commonwealth *for many hundred of yeares to come;* of which, *had the curtesie of the times deserved it*, the reader had seen an explanation." The graves and winding sheets are represented on the *eighth* page, and the burning city on the *thirteenth;* whereas, Lilly would have us believe, that the one was on the next side to the other, that they might tally with the Plague and the Fire, which occurred in 1665 and the following year.

interred in the chancel of the church at Walton, and his friend and dupe, the learned Elias Ashmole, placed over his remains "a fair black marble stone, which cost him six pounds, four shillings, and sixpence."

The number and extent of our extracts preclude our dwelling at any length on the merits or demerits of the departed Philomath. The simplicity and apparent candour of his narrative might induce a hasty reader of these *Memoirs* to believe him a well-meaning but somewhat silly personage, the dupe of his own speculations—the deceiver of himself as well as of others. But an attentive examination of the events of his life, even as recorded by himself, will not warrant so favourable an interpretation. His systematic and successful attention to his own interest—his dexterity in keeping on "the windy side of the law"—his perfect political pliability—and his presence of mind and fertility of resources when entangled in difficulties—indicate an accomplished impostor, not a crazy enthusiast. It is very possible and probable, that, at the outset of his career, he was a real believer in the truth and lawfulness of his art, and that he afterwards felt no inclination to part with so pleasant and so profitable a delusion: like his patron, Cromwell, whose early fanaticism subsided into hypocrisy, he carefully retained his folly as a cloak for his knavery. Of his success in deception, the preceding narrative exhibits abundant proofs. The number of his dupes was not confined to the vulgar and illiterate, but included individuals of real worth and learning, of hostile parties and sects, who courted his acquaintance and respected his predictions. His proceedings were deemed of sufficient importance to be twice made the subject of a parliamentary inquiry; and even after the Restoration—when a little more scepticism, if not more wisdom, might have been expected—we find him examined by a Committee of the House of Commons, respecting his fore-knowledge of the great fire of London. We know not whether it "should more move our anger or our mirth," to see an assemblage of British Senators—the cotemporaries of Hampden and Falkland—of Milton and Clarendon—in an age which roused into action so many and such mighty energies—gravely engaged in ascertaining the causes of a great national calamity, from the prescience of a knavish fortune-teller, and puzzling their wisdoms to interpret the symbolical flames, which blazed in the mis-shapen wood-cuts of his oracular publications.

As a set-off against these honours may be mentioned, the virulent and unceasing attacks of almost all the party scribblers of the day; but their abuse he shared in common with men, whose talents and virtues have outlived the malice of their cotemporaries, and

" Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow."

Butler, whose satire was " as broad and general as the casing air," could not overlook so conspicuous an object of ridicule, as *Erra Pater Lilly;* and, in his *Hudibras,* has cursed him with an immortality of derision and contempt. We cannot conclude this article better than with his witty account of *the cunning man, hight* SIDROPHEL,

" That deals in destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the moon sells;
To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair;
When brass and pewter hap to stray,
And linen slinks out of the way:
When geese and pullen are seduc'd,
And sows of sucking pigs are chous'd;
When cattle feel indisposition,
And need th' opinion of physician;
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
And chickens languish of the pip;
When yeast and outward means do fail,
And have no power to work on ale;
When butter does refuse to come,
And love proves cross and humoursome;
To him with questions * * * *
They for discov'ry flock, or curing.
* * * * * *
He had been long t'wards mathematics,
Opticks, philosophy, and staticks,
Magick, horoscopy, astrology,
And was old dog at physiology:
But, as a dog that turns the spit,
Bestirs himself, and plies his feet
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again;
And still he's in the self-same place,
Where at his setting out he was:
So, in the circle of the arts,
Did he advance his nat'ral parts;
Till falling back still, for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:
For as those fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but smatter:

Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His understanding still was clear,
Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Grosted.
* * * * * *
Do not our great *Reformers* use
This SIDROPHEL to forebode news?
To write of victories next year,
And castles taken yet i'th' air?
Of battles fought at sea, and ships
Sunk, two years hence, the last eclipse?
A total o'erthrow giv'n the KING
In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring?
And has not he point-blank foretold
Whatso'er the *Close Committee* would?
Made Mars and Saturn for the *cause*,
The Moon for *fundamental laws;*
The Ram, the Bull, and Goat, declare
Against the *Book of Common Prayer;*
The Scorpion take the *Protestation*,
And Bear engage for Reformation:
Made all the *royal stars* recant,
Compound, and take the covenant."

ART. IV.—Hawkins's *Origin of the English Drama,* 3 *vols.* 8*vo. Oxford,* 1773.

Dodsley's *Select Collection of Old Plays,* 12 *vols.* 12*mo.* 1744.

The Honorable Historie of Frier Bacon, and Frier Bongay, as it was plaid by her Majesties servants. Made by Robert Greene, *Maister of Arts. London, Printed for* Edward White, *and are to be sold at his shop, at the little North dore of Poules, at the signe of the Gun:* 1594.

A Looking Glasse for London and England. Made by Thomas Lodge, *Gentleman, and* Robert Greene, *in artibus magister. London, imprinted by* Bernard Alsop, 1617.

In undertaking to give a series of articles on the English Drama, as stated in our last number, it never entered into our contemplation to mention every name, or give an account of every production which appeared in our dramatic horizon, but merely to give so much as we conceived necessary, in a short space, to enable the reader to command a view of the gradual progress of this species of literature. They must not, there-

fore, be surprised to find we have omitted to notice some authors and their productions; we have not, for instance, given any specimen of the moralities indited by our early poet laureat, John Skelton, whose moral interlude of the *Nigramansir* was printed so early as 1504, by Wynkin de Worde; although the learned Erasmus, in his letter to King Henry the 8th, calls him, "Britannicarum Literarum lumen et decus." In this interlude the Devil is one of the principal dramatis personæ, and the audience (consisting of "the king* and other estatys,") were treated with a view of hell, and a dance between the devil and the *Nigramansir*. Of John Heywood, the epigrammatist, however, the favourite of Henry the 8th and Queen Mary, and the friend of Sir Thomas More, for the reasons stated in our last number, we propose to say a few words. He was the author of several interludes, the whole of which, except the Four P's, were printed in 1533; and that play, which is without date, was probably printed about the same time. The author entitles the last-mentioned production a very merry interlude of a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Poticary, and a Pedler;—it contains no plot or story, but the incidents are as follow:—the three first-named personages fall into a controversy as to the comparative worthiness of their respective callings,—a proposal is made that he who can tell the best lie shall "be waited on" by the others, and the Pedler is constituted judge of this whimsical exhibition of talent. Each of the polemics produces something appropriate to his profession.

The Pardoner says,

> "Nay, sirs, beholde, heer may ye see
> The great toe of the Trinitie.
> Who to this toe any money vowth,
> And once may role it in his mouth,
> All his life after, I undertake,
> He shall never be vext with the tooth-ake.
> *Poticary.* I pray you turn that relique about:
> Either the Trinity had the gout,
> Or els, because it is three toes in one,
> God made it as muche as three toes alone."

The Poticary is anxious to try his skill:

> "*Poticary.* Now if I wist this wishe no sin;
> I would to God I might begin.
> *Pardoner.* I am content that thou lie first.

* Henry 7th.

Palmer. Even so am I; now say thy wurst.
Now let us hear of all thy lyes,
The greatest lie thou maist devise.
And in the fewest woords thou can.
Poticary. Forsooth, you are an honest man.
Palmer. There said he muche, but yet no lie.
Pardoner. Now lie ye bothe, by our Lady.
Thou liest in boste of his honestie;
And he hath lyed in affirming thee.
Poticary. If we bothe lie, and you say true,
Then of these lies, your part adue.
And if you win, make none advaunt;
For you are sure of one il servant.
You may perceive by the woords he gave,
He taketh your maship but for a knave.
But who tolde truthe or lyed in deed,
That wil I knowe ere we proceed.
Sir, after that I first began
To praise you for an honest man,
Then you affirmed it for no lie:
Now, by your faith, speak even truly;
Thought you your affirmation true?
Palmer. Yea, mary, for I would you knew,
I think my self an honest man.
Poticary. What thought you in the contrary than?
Pardoner. In that I said the contrary,
I think from trouth I did not vary.
Poticary. And what of my woords?
Pardoner. I thought you lyed.
Poticary. And so thought I, by God that dyed.
Now have you twain eche for him self laid,
That one hath lyed, but bothe true said.
And of you twain none have denyed,
But both affirmed that I have lyed.
Now sith bothe ye the truthe confesse,
How that I lyed, doo, bear witnes,
That twain of us may soon agree,
And that the lyer the winner must be."

Finding, at length, that this wordy war would, at the rate the disputants were going on, have no end, the Pedler proposes that each of the three rivals in lying should tell a tale, on which he will in due form of law pronounce his judgement. The Poticary commences with a professional story of no very decent description—the Pardoner tells an infernal lie of his fetching

a woman from hell, whom the prince of that realm is very glad to be rid of; and the Palmer states, that of five hundred thousand women whom he had seen, he never in his conscience knew one out of patience. This excites an involuntary exclamation from every one of the party, as the most exorbitant lie that was ever invented, and he gains a triumphant victory. The Pardoner gives a humorous description of his satanic majesty's subjects.

> "The devil and I walked arme in arme,
> So far, til he had brought me thither,
> Where all the devils of hel together
> Stood in array, in such apparel
> As for that day there meetly fel.
> Their hornes wel gilt, their clawes full clene,
> Their tayles wel kempt, and, as I ween,
> With suthery butter their bodies anointed;
> I never saw devils so wel appointed.
> The maister devil sat in his jacket;
> And all the soules were playing at racket.
> None other rackets had they in hand,
> Save every soule a good fire brand;
> Wherwith they played so pretely,
> That Lucifer laughed merrily.
> And all the residue of the feends,
> Did laugh thereat ful wel like freends."

This, to be sure, is but a faint sketch of the regular comedy; but even this was something gained on the mysteries and moralities—it displays no discrimination of individual character—but there is some humour in the description of the peculiarities of the different professions of the personages, and some point and liveliness in the dialogue. This is the only interlude of our author which Langbaine had seen; and we much lament that we have not had the opportunity ourselves of seeing any other, as it has been repeatedly printed.

Heywood's interludes are worthy of notice, as the very first,* though rude and unshapely, skeleton of English comedy.

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* In the *Ancient British Drama*, Dr. Palsgrave's play of *Acolastus* is stated to have been the *first*, and is said to have been printed in 1529, and Ames, p. 166, is referred to. This play, however, is merely a translation, for the use of children, of a Latin play of William Fullonius, on the story of the Prodigal Son, "set forthe before the bourgesses of Hagen, in Holland," in that year, translated by Dr. P., and printed in 1540. See Ames by Herbert, 435; and Langbaine.

XUM

But the appearance of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, printed, according to Oldys, originally in 1551, and written by John Still, M.A., brings us to a yet more interesting period of dramatic history. This production, as our first regular comedy, is connected with such delightful associations—it opened such a new source of untried enjoyment, that it demands our attention on that ground alone, without reference to its merit—but it has merit, although purely of a ludicrous description. It displays considerable dramatic skill, and comic power. The humour, however, is coarse and low, and blemished with much grossness of expression. The dialogue is familiar and spirited, and the characters well supported: they consist of Diccon, the Bedlam, a cunning fellow, who lives upon stolen bacon and mischief—Hodge, a mere bumpkin—Gammer Gurton and Dame Chat, two brawling old wives—Mas Doctor Rat, an ignorant meddling parson, who would rather run the risk of a broken head than lose a tithe-pig—and the Baily, a passable person, who dispensed justice seasoned with mirth, and afterwards drank his halfpenny ale with the parties litigant.

We recollect, that on our first perusal of this old comedy, we were very much amused, and, in the course of it, indulged ourselves more than once in a hearty laugh. The plot turns upon the loss of the Gammer's only needle:

> "A little thing with an hole in the end, as bright as any siller,
> Small, long, sharp at the point, and straight as any piller."

This disaster happens whilst the dame is mending the breeches of Hodge, her man.—In the midst of the operation, Gib, the Cat, who is no unimportant personage in the play, disturbs the Gammer's serenity by making a furtive attempt on Hodge's milk.—The Gammer, in a passion, throws the beforementioned article of apparel at Gib, and that valuable instrument of female economy is lost. After a fruitless search in all imaginable places, Diccon, the Bedlam, a mischievous wag, undertakes to conjure up the Devil and make him discover to Hodge where the needle is. Hodge, however, dares not venture into the magic circle, but leaves Diccon with unequivocal tokens of bodily fear. The Bedlam, seeing this affair would afford some sport, straightway hies him to Dame Chat, and tells her how Gammer Gurton has accused her of stealing her cock: he next applies himself to the Gammer, and swears he saw Dame Chat pick up the needle at the Gammer's door. This brings the two old ladies together. The one accuses the other of stealing her goods, and from words they soon proceed to blows, in which Dame Chat comes off victorious. In this extremity, the Gammer applies for relief to the curate, Doctor Rat. Here, again, Diccon interposes, and

persuades the learned ecclesiastic to creep upon the silent hour of night into Dame Chat's house, when he will see her at work with the aforesaid needle. Meanwhile, Diccon gives Dame Chat notice that Hodge will that night pay an evil-intentioned visitation to her poultry. The dame accordingly prepares for his reception, and, instead of the needle, the Doctor meets with a door-bar, wielded by the masculine hand of the dame, (who conceives it to be Hodge,) to the almost total demolition of his skull. To the Baily, Gammer Gurton has now recourse; when, after a long argument, the author of the mischief is discovered, and enjoined a certain ceremony by way of expiation; and, as a preliminary, gives Hodge a smart thump on a part of his person, that, to the recipient's great discomfiture, leads to the detection of the invaluable needle, which it seems had been securely lodged in the necessary article of clothing on which the Gammer had been at work.

The legitimate end of comedy could not be contemplated in such a plan as this: there is, however, a very obvious and striking advance in the comic drama;—considering the state of which, at that period, the production we are now discussing manifests no small observation and discrimination of character. Hodge's preparation for the pursuit of the fugitive needle, and his attempt to elicit a friendly spark from Gib's eyes to light his candle, is described with great humour. The Gammer's boy says,

"Gog's cross, Gammer, if ye will laugh, look in but at the door,
And see how Hodge lieth tumblinge and tossing amids the floure,
Raking there, some fyre to find among the ashes dead,
Where there is not one sparke so big as a pin's head:
At last in a dark corner two sparkes he thought he sees,
Which were indeede nought else, but Gib our cat's two eyes.
Puffe, quod Hodge, thinking thereby to have fyre without doubt;
With that Gib shut her two eyes, and so the fyre was out;
And by and by them opened, even as they were before,
With that the sparkes appered even as they had done of yore;
And even as Hodge blew the fire as he did thinck,
Gib, as she felt the blast, straight began to winck;
Till Hodge fell a swering, as came best to his turn,
The fier was sure bewicht, and therefore would not burn:
At last Gib up the stayers, among the old posts and pins,
And Hodge he hied him after, til broke were both his shins:
Cursing and swering oths, were never of his making,
That Gib would fire the house, if that she were not taken."

The pugilistic scene between the two dames is given with

some spirit and comic effect; but, as the antagonists address each other in no very decent terms, we prefer quoting the following as a farther specimen of this play.

" *Tib.* Se, Gammer, Gammer, Gib our cat, cham afraid what she ayleth,
She stands me gasping behind the door, as though her winde her faileth;
Now let ich doubt what Gib should mean, that now she doth so dote.
Hodge. Hold hether, ichould twenty pound, your neele is in her throte.
Grope her, ich say, me thinks ich feels it; does not prick your hand?
Gammer. Ich can feel nothing.
Hodge. No? ich know that's not within this land
A muriner cat then Gib is, betwixt Tems and Tine,
Shase as much wit in her head almost as chave in mine.
Tib. Faith, shase eaten some thing, that will not easely down,
Whether she gat it at home, or abrode in the town,
Ich cannot tell.
Gammer. Alas! ich fear it be a crooked pin,
And then farewel Gib, she is undone, and lost save all the skin.
Hodge. 'Tis your neele, woman, I say; Gog's soul, give me a knife,
And chil have it out of her maw: or else chal lose my life."

The good old song, beginning " I can eat but little meat," is in this comedy.

About the year 1561 was written—*A lamentable Tragedy, full of pleasant mirth, conteyning the life of Cambises, King of Percia, from the beginning of his kingdome unto his death. His one good deed of execution, after that many wicked deeds and tirannous murders committed by and through him, and last of all his odious death by God's justice appointed. Doon in such order as followeth, by Thomas Preston.* We were in doubt for some time whether the writer had not a covert design in this comical tragedy, from an idea that absurdity could not seriously be carried to such a pitch by a master of arts of King's College, Cambridge; who, for his admirable performance in the Latin tragedy of *Dido*, and for his genteel and graceful disputation before Queen Elizabeth in 1564, was complimented with an annuity of twenty-pounds—or we should have thought some malicious wag had written it in Preston's name, with a view to deprive him of the pension his munificent queen had bestowed upon him for his graceful demeanor, did it not appear to have been written before she did this act of royal bounty. But on second thoughts we were inclined to think that it was indited by Master Thomas

Preston, in sad and sober earnest. In "the division of the partes" there are thirty-eight dramatis personæ, which are to be played by eight men. We have Venus and Small-habilitie—Huff and Murder—Ruff and Commons-cry—Execution, and Cupid; besides other equally delectable personages.

In the course of the piece, which is not divided into acts, Cambises orders a judge to be flayed alive; and to show a faithful counsellor, who had warned him against the vice of drunkenness, that he could in that state act with judgement and discretion, he gets drunk, has his counsellor's son tied up, sends an arrow into his breast, and then has the body opened, to show what an accurate aim he has taken at the heart. He subsequently murders his brother, and next his wife, for reproving his cruelty, and, lastly, runs his own sword into his side as he is getting on horseback. What a delightful bloody treat was this for an English audience, if it were ever presented to one—a Roman amphitheatre was nothing to it—it was a feast for a vampire. But it is charitable to suppose this Master Preston meant no great harm: for we find, from the stage directions, that the judge is only to be smitten on the neck with a sword, to signify his death, and afterwards is to be flayed with a false skin; and when the king's brother is to be slain, a little bladder of vinegar is to be spilled, instead of his heart's blood. It may farther be proper to inform the reader, that the greater part of this mischief is brought about by Ambidexter the Vice. The piece is written in long alexandrines. One quotation will be enough to show the reader the style in which it is written, which was not uncommon at that time.

"*King.* My queen, parpend, what I pronounce
I wil not violate;
But one thing which my hart makes glad,
I minde to explicate:
You knowe, in court up trained is
A lyon very yung,
Of one litter two whelps beside,
As yet not very strong;
I did request, one whelp to see,
And this yung lyon fight:
But lyon did the whelp convince
By strength of force and might;
His brother whelp, perceiving that
The lion was to good,
And he by force was like to see
The other whelp his blood,
With force to lion he did run
His brother for to help:

A wunder great it was to see
That friendship in a whelp.
So then the whelps between them both
The lion did convince;
Which thing to see before mine eyes
Did glad the hart of prince.
[*At this tale tolde, let the* Queene *weep.*"*

The tragedy of *Ferrex and Porrex*, acted before Queen Elizabeth in 1561, a spurious copy of which originally appeared under the title of *Gorboduc*, is generally considered as the first tragedy which appeared in the English language. It was the joint production of Thomas Norton and Thomas Sackville, afterwards Lord Buckhurst; the three first acts being ascribed to the former, and the remainder to the latter. This play has been much lauded, and we think far, very far, beyond its intrinsic merit; but it nevertheless possesses the extrinsic value of being the first piece which in plot, incident, and character, is entitled to the name of an English tragedy. Sir Philip Sidney says, it is "full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable morality, which it doth most delightfully teach." Rymer thinks it might have been a better direction to Shakspeare and Jonson, than any guide they had the luck to follow; and Pope praises it for the propriety of the sentiments and the perspicuity of the style.—It is written in blank verse, and divided into five acts, each of which is preceded by a dumb-show, typical of the ensuing act, and, except the last, concluded with a chorus. The incidents are described in the argument of the tragedy.

"Gorboduc, King of Britain, divided his realm in his life-time to his sons, Ferrex and Porrex: the sons fell to dissention: the younger killed the elder: the mother, that more dearly loved the elder, for revenge killed the younger: the people, moved with the cruelty of the fact, rose in rebellion, and slew both father and mother; the nobility assembled, and most terribly destroyed the rebels: and afterwards, for want of issue of the prince, whereby the succession of the crown became uncertain, they fell to civil war, in which both they and many of their issues were slain, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted."

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* This is supposed to be alluded to by Shakspeare when he introduces Falstaff, saying, "Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambises' vein."—*Hen.* 4. 1*st part.*

Of the nature of the dumb show, our readers will judge from that prefixed to the third act, which, as the shortest, we shall extract.

"First the musick of flutes began to play, during which came in upon the stage a company of mourners all clad in black, betokening death and sorrow to ensue upon the ill-advised misgovernment and dissention of brethren, as befell upon the murder of Ferrex by his younger brother. After the mourners had passed thrice about the stage, they departed, and the musick ceased."

This play is purely of a political character, and is filled with speeches on the advantages of union and the evils of civil dissention, of an immeasurable length, written undoubtedly with clearness and precision, but as dry and uninteresting as can well be conceived. There is no poetry that we can find, and but one burst of genuine passion in the whole play, and this is in the part attributed to Sackville.

"*Marcella.* O, where is ruth? or where is pity now?
Whither is gentle heart and mercy fled?
Are they exil'd out of our stony breasts,
Never to make return? Is all the world
Drowned in blood, and sunk in cruelty?
If not in women mercy may be found,
If not, alas, within the mother's breast,
To her own child, to her own flesh and blood;
If ruth be banish'd thence; if pity there
May have no place; if there no gentle heart
Do live and dwell, where should we seek it then;
Gorboduc. Madam, alas, what means your woful tale!
Marcella. O, silly woman, I; why to this hour
Have kind and fortune thus deferr'd my breath,
That I should live to see this doleful day?
Will ever wight believe that such hard heart
Could rest within the cruel mother's breast?
With her own hand to slay her only son?
But out, alas, these eyes beheld the same:
They saw the dreary sight, and are become
Most ruthful records of the bloody fact.
Porrex, alas, is by his mother slain,
And with her hand, a woful thing to tell,
While slumbering on his careful bed he rests,
His heart stabbed in with knife is reft of life.
* * * * * *
Arostus. O, damned deed.
Marcella. But hear his ruthful end:

The noble prince, pierc'd with the sudden wound,
Out of his wretched slumber hastily starts,
Whose strength now failing, straight he overthrew,
When in the fall his eyes even now unclos'd
Beheld the queen, and cry'd to her for help.
We then, alas, the ladies which that time
Did there attend, seeing that heinous deed,
And hearing him oft to call the wretched name
Of mother, and to cry to her for aid,
Whose direful hand gave him the mortal wound,
Pitying (alas, for nought else could we do)
His ruthful end, ran to the woful bed,
Despoiled straight his breast, and, all we might,
Wiped in vain with napkins next at hand
The sudden streams of blood that flushed fast
Out of the gaping wound. O, what a look!
O, what a ruthful, stedfast eye, methought
He fixed upon my face, which to my death
Will never part from me! when with a braid,
A deep set sigh he gave, and therewithal
Clasping his hands, to heav'n he cast his sight;
And straight pale death, pressing within his face,
The flying ghost his mortal corps forsook.

Arostus. Never did age bring forth so vile a fact!

Marcella. O hard and cruel hap, that thus assigned
Unto so worthy wight so wretched end:
But most hard cruel heart, that could consent
To lend the hateful destinies that hand,
By which, alas, so heinous crime was wrought.
O, queen of adamant! O, marble breast!
If not the favour of his comely face,
If not his princely cheer and countenance,
His valiant active arms, his manly breast,
If not his fair and seemly personage,
His noble limbs, in such proportion cast
As would have warpt a silly woman's thought;
If this mought not have moved thy bloody heart,
And that most cruel hand, the wretched weapon
Ev'n to let fall, and kiss him in the face,
With tears for ruth to reave such one by death:
Should nature yet consent to slay her son?
O mother, thou to murder thus thy child!
Ev'n Jove with justice must with lightning flames
From heaven, send down some strange revenge on thee.
Ah, noble prince, how oft have I beheld

Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling steed,
Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
And with thy mistress' sleeve ty'd on thy helm,
There charge thy staff to please thy lady's eye,
That bow'd the head-piece of thy friendly foe?
How oft in arms on horse to bend the mace?
How oft in arms on foot to break the sword?
Which never now these eyes may see again." *Act* IV. *Sc.* II.

This passage is given in Mr. Charles Lamb's excellent book of dramatic specimens, and, on that account, we should not have extracted it, had we really been able to find any thing else of equal merit as a specimen of this far-famed tragedy. It is matter of doubt whether such dull declamation as this play is filled with, or the extravagance and tumour of its immediate successors, are most tolerable.

About the same period, Mr. Richard Edwards produced his comedy of *Damon and Pithias*.* It is not divided into acts, and is written in rhymed couplets of different lengths, some of the lines extending to twenty-one syllables. It might have been reasonably expected, that the story would have elicited some touches of pathos, that the lofty devotedness of its heroes would have awakened some feeling of the beauty and grandeur of a friendship, which has stood like a rock in the flux of ages. But the author has produced a mere petrifaction. His attempts at humour are equally cold and hard. Several of our earliest dramatic writers, conscious of the feelings which certain situations ought to call forth, but without the power of passionate expression, were contented to make their characters express the propriety of their being very sorrowful or very angry, and their intention to be so, without exhibiting passion or feeling in the dialogue. The following quotation will illustrate our meaning. Pithias, being informed that Damon has been put in prison and condemned to die, exclaims,

" *Pithias.* Ah, wofull Pithias! sith now I am alone,
What way shall I first beginne to make my mone?
What wordes shall I fynde apt for my complaint?
Damon, my friend, my joy, my lyfe, is in perrill, of force I must now faint.
But oh musick, as in joyfull tunes thy merry notes I did borrow,
So now lend mee thy yernfull tunes, to utter my sorrow.

This play, without any very heinous defects, is sufficiently

* Acted before 1566.

dull. The author also wrote a comedy in two parts, called *Palemon and Arcite*, which was acted in Christ-church Hall, Oxford, in 1566, before Queen Elizabeth, who sent for the author, and promised to reward him for his pains.* Wood informs us, that this play was rehearsed before the Queen's arrival, in the presence of certain courtiers, who thought it much superior to *Damon and Pithias*, and some of them went so far as to say, that if the author wrote any more plays, he would certainly run mad. We have never seen this play, which does not appear to have been printed, but, judging from the one we have been noticing, we should think Mr. Edwards the last person in the world to fall into this extremity. We see no symptoms of such sensitive feelings—nothing of "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling." We learn, from the same authority, that the cry of hounds was so admirably performed, as to deceive the young schollars in the remoter parts of the stage, who imagined there was a real chase, to the great admiration of the Queen. Puttenham describes him as eminent for comedy and interlude, and it appears, from the prologue to *Damon and Pithias*, that he had written things of a less grave description. Some of his poems, probably those alluded to, were published after his death in the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*.

In the British Museum is *A new tragicall comedie of Apius and Virginia, wherein is lively expressed a rare example of the virtue of chastitie by Virginia's constancy, in wishing rather to be slaine at her owne father's hands, then to be deflowred of the wicked Judge Apius. By R. B. Imprinted at London by William How, for Richard Jhones*, 1575." Bl. letter.

It will be sufficient to quote from this old drama the speech of Haphazard to Apius.

> "Well then, this is my counsel, thus standeth the case,
> Perhaps such a fetche as may please your grace—
> There is no more wayes, but hap or hap not,
> Either hap or else haplesse, to knit up the knot—
> And if you will hazard to venter what falls,
> Perhaps that Haphazard will end all your thralls."

The *Promos and Casandra* of George Whetstone, printed in 1578, contains the rough sketch of the plot of Shakspeare's *Measure for Measure*, borrowed from an Italian novel. It deserves mention on no other account.

Robert Greene, the next dramatic author we shall notice, was born probably about 1560; he was educated at Cambridge,

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* Edwards died the same year.

and "travelled early," says Oldys, "with some wild company, to Italy and Spain"—he took his degree of Master of Arts in 1583, and was, in the following year, presented to a vicarage in Essex, which he shortly afterwards resigned. It is conjectured, that about this time he married. His wife, an amiable woman, by whom he had an only son, he deserted for the embraces of a prostitute, and lived, for several years in London, a debauched and irregular life. By his licentious and expensive habits, his property was dissipated, and he was reduced to the necessity of writing for a subsistence. He is said to have been the first author who wrote for bread. It is but justice to mention, that Wood says "he wrote to maintain his wife," adding, however, "and that high and loose course of living which poets generally follow." A full measure of obloquy has been heaped upon the head of Greene, partly derived from his own works, and much from the representations of his inveterate enemy, Gabriel Harvey, whom, in his character of an almanack-maker, he had ridiculed. Wood describes Harvey to have brutally trampled upon the dead body of this unfortunate poet, in the grave. His works are very voluminous, and several of a penitential and warning character; for, having learned from his former associates the various arts of cosenage, then termed cony-catching, he was enabled to expose them with effect in his works. We extract from our author's *Groats-worth of wit, bought with a million of repentance*," his address to his cotemporaries and friends, Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele; as it is a curious passage, and illustrative of our present object.

"To those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisedome to prevent his extremities.

"Wonder not, for with thee* will I first beginne, thou famous grace of tragedians, that Greene, who hath said with thee (like the fool) in his heart, 'There is no God,' should now give glory unto his greatnesse: for penetrating is his power, his hand lies heavy upon me. Why should thy excellent wit, his gift, be so blinded that thou shouldest give no glory to the Giver? O swinish folly! what are his rules but mere confused mockeries, able to extirpate, in small time, the generation of mankinde. I know the least of my demerits merit this miserable death; but wilfull striving against knowne truth, exceedeth all the terrors of my soule. Defuse not (with me) till this last poynt of extremity; for little knowest thou, how in the end thou shalt be visited.

"With thee I joyne young Juvenal, that biting satyrist,† that lastly with mee together writ a comedy. Sweet boy, might I advise

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* Chr. Marlowe. † Thos. Lodge.

thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words. Inveigh against vaine men, for thou canst doe it, no man better; no man so well: thou hast a liberty to reprove all; and name none: for one being spoken to, all are offended; none being blamed, no man is injured. Stop shallow water, still running, it will rage; tread on a worme, and it will turne: then blame not schollers who are vexed with sharpe and bitter lines, if they reprove thy too much liberty of reproofe.

"And thou* no lesse deserving than the other two; in some things rarer, in nothing inferiour; driven (as my selfe) to extreme shifts, a little have I to say to thee: and were it not an idolatrous oath, I would swear by sweet St. George, thou art unworthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so meane a stay. Base-minded men, all three of you, if by my misery yee bee not warned: for unto none of you (like me) sought those burs to cleave; those puppets (I mean) that speak from our mouths; those anticks, garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding; is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his tyger's heart, wrapt in a player's hyde, supposes he is as wel able to bombast out a blank verse, as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is, in his owne conceit, the onely *Shake-scene*† in a country.

"But now returne I againe to you three, knowing my misery is to you no newes: and let me heartily entreat you to be warned by my harmes. Delight not (as I have done) in irreligious oaths, despise drunkenness, flie lust, abhor those epicures whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your eares; and when they sooth you with termes of mastership, remember Robert Greene (whom they have often flattered) perishes for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many light tapers, that are with care delivered to all of you to maintaine: these, with wind-puft wrath may be extinguished, with drunkenness put out, with negligence let fall. The fire of my light is now at the last snuffe. My hand is tyred, and I forced to leave where I would begin. Desirous that you should live, though himself be dying; ROBERT GREENE."

This appears to have been written by Greene, when his heart was steeped in sorrow. The parting letter to his wife, also, indicates a deep feeling of contrition and remorse.

"The remembrance of many wrongs offered thee, and thy unreproved virtues, add greater sorrow to my miserable state than I can utter, or thou conceive; neither is it lessened by consideration of thy absence, (tho' shame would let me hardly behold thy face) but exceed-

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* Geo. Peele.

† Shakspeare. See Malone's Chronological Order of his Plays.

ingly aggravated, for that I cannot as I ought to thy ownself reconcile myself, that thou might'st witness my inward woe at this instant, that hath made thee a woful wife for so long a time. But equal heaven has denied that comfort, giving at my last need, like succour as I have sought all my life, being in this extremity as void of help, as thou hast been of hope. Reason would, that after so long waste, I should not send thee a child to bring thee charge; but consider he is the fruit of thy womb, in whose face regard not the father, so much as thy own perfections: he is yet green, and may grow strait, if he be carefully tended, otherwise apt enough to follow his father's folly. That I have offended thee highly, I know; that thou canst forgive my injuries, I hardly believe; yet I perswade myself, that if thou sawest my wretched estate, thou couldst not but lament it, nay certainly I know, thou wouldst. All thy wrongs muster themselves about me, and every evil at once plagues me; for my contempt of God, I am contemned of men; for my swearing and forswearing, no man will believe me: for my gluttony I suffer hunger; for my drunkenness, thirst; for my adultery, ulcerous sores. Thus God hath cast me down that I might be humbled, and punished for example of others; and though he suffers me in this world to perish without succour, yet I trust in the world to come, to find mercy by the merits of my Saviour, to whom I commend thee, and commit my soul.

Thy repentant husband,
For his disloyalty,
ROBERT GREENE."*

He is said to have died of a surfeit in 1592, a death conformable with the riotous indulgence of his life. Harvey, whose enmity ceased not with the death of our author, wrote the following epitaph on him.

" Ille ego, cui risus, rumores, festa, puellæ,
Vana libellorum scriptio, vita fuit:
Prodigus ut vidi vir, æstatemque furoris,
Autumno, atque hyemi, cum cane dico vale.
Ingenii bullam; plumam artis, fistulam amandi;
Ecquæ non misero plangat avena tono?"†

Poor Greene! whilst we lament his errors, we may be allowed to sympathise with his sufferings and penitence, and drop a tear over the aberration of genius, which, like "certain stars, shoots madly from its sphere." We confess we have always felt a deep interest in his unfortunate story—we have sighed to see the glory of intellect thus dimmed and obscured. But to return to the more immediate object of this article.

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* This is said, by Nash, to be a forgery.

† *Berkenhout's Biog. Lit.* p. 390.

Although our author wrote several plays, we are not aware that an account has been given of any of them, whilst his prose works have been sought for with great care. The first play we shall notice is *The honourable history of frier Bacon and frier Bongay*. It is founded on the popular subject of the magic skill of frier Bacon. The incidents are as follow:—Prince Edward (afterwards Edward the first) having, whilst hunting in Suffolk, become enamoured of Margaret, the daughter of one of his father's keepers, celebrated through the country for her beauty, sends Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, in the disguise of a farmer, to court her for him.—Lacy himself falls in love with the maid, and she, at the same time, regards him with a favourable eye. Meanwhile, the prince, doubtful of the success of Lacy's mission, resorts to the famous friar Bacon, at Oxford, for advice and assistance. The friar, by the power of his art, makes the Earle and Margaret palpable to the vision of the prince, who beholds them at the moment they are about to be united by friar Bongay; who, spell-bound by Bacon, suddenly becomes speechless, and is whisked off to Oxford by one of Bacon's spirits. The prince hastens to Fresingfield, to revenge himself on his faithless courtier, to whom, however, he becomes reconciled, and consents to his marriage with Margaret. The king having, also, arrived at Oxford, with the King of Castile, and Elinor his daughter, Lacy writes to the maid of Fresingfield, feigning a forced marriage with a Spanish lady, to try her affection; a circumstance which Margaret takes so much to heart, that she has determined to retire to a convent and take the veil, when Lacy arrives and persuades her not to relinquish the love of man entirely for that of heaven. The royal visitors are entertained with an exhibition of the surprising influence of friar Bacon over the world of spirits, and depart for Windsor, where the prince is united to the Spanish princess, and the Lincoln Earl to Margaret on the same day.

The supernatural parts of this play are vastly inferior in power to the *Doctor Faustus* of his friend Marlowe. It excites no terror, but has rather the appearance of the *hocus pocus* of a common conjuror. With some extravagance, it possesses a few touches of feeling and occasional beauty of imagery. It appears from the preface to *Perimedes, the Blacksmith*, that his blank verse had been censured, because he could not make it "jet upon the stage in tragicall buskins, every word filling the mouth like the faburden of Bo-Bell." But, though generally inferior to both Peele and Marlowe, it is not deficient in harmony.

Prince Edward describes Margaret in the following terms:

"*Edward.* I tell thee, Lacie, that her sparkling eyes
Do lighten forth sweet Love's alluring fire:

And in her tresses she doth fold the looks
Of such as gaze upon her golden haire;
Her bashfull white, mixt with the morning's red,
Luna doth boast upon her lovely cheekes;
Her front is beautie's table, where she paints
The glories of her gorgious excellence:
Her teeth are shelves of pretious Margarites,
Richly enclos'd with ruddie curroll cleues.
Tush, Lacie, she is beautie's overmatch,
If thou survaist her curious imagerie."

The following scene discloses an interesting situation.—Greene had found the right vein, although he does not go very deep into it.

"*Edward.* I tell thee, Peggie, I will have thy love,
Edward or none shall conquer Margret.
In frigats bottom'd with rich Sethin planks,
Topt with the loftie firs of Libanon,
Stem'd and incast with burnisht ivorie,
And overlaid with plates of Persian wealth,
Like Thetis shalt thou wanton on the waves
And draw the dolphins to thy lovely eyes,
To daunce lavoltas in the purple streames.
Sirens with harpes and silver psalteries
Shall waight with musicke at thy frigat's stem,
And entertaine fair Margret with her laies;
England and England's wealth shall wait on thee,
Brittaine shall bend unto her princes' love,
And doe due homage to thine excellence,
If thou wilt be but Edward's Margret.
Margret. Pardon, my lord, if Jove's great roialtie
Send me such presents as to Danaë;
If Phœbus, tied in Latona's webs,
Came courting from the beautie of his lodge,
The dulcet tunes of frolicke Mercurie,
Not all the wealth heaven's treasurie affords
Should make me leave lord Lacie or his love.
Edw. I have learn'd at Oxford then this point of schooles,
Abbata causa, tollitur effectus.
Lacie the cause that Margret cannot love,
Nor fix her liking on the English prince!
Take him away, and then effects will faile.
Villaine! prepare thyself, for I will bathe
My poinard in the bosum of an earle.
Lacie. Rather than live and misse fair Margret's love,

Prince Edward, stop not at the fatall doome,
But stabb it home, end both my loves and life.
Marg. Brave Prince of Wales, honour'd for royal deeds,
'Twere sinne to staine fair Venus' courts with blood,
Love's conquest ends, my lord, in courtesie;
Spare Lacie, gentle Edward, let me die.
For so both you and he doe cease your loves.
Edw. Lacie shall die as traitor to his lord.
Lacie. I have deserved it; Edward, act it well.
Marg. What hopes the prince to gaine by Lacie's death?
Edw. To end the loves 'twixt him and Margret.
Marg. Why thinks king Henrie's sonne that Margret's love
Hangs in the uncertaine ballance of proud time,
That death shall make a discord of our thoughts;
No, stab the earle, and, fore the morning sun
Shall vaunt him thrice over the loftie east,
Margret will meet her Lacie in the heavens.
Lacie. If ought betides to lovely Margret,
That wrongs or wrings her honour from content,
Europe's rich wealth nor England's monarchie
Should not allure Lacie to outlive;
Then, Edward, short my life and end her love.
Marg. Rid me, and keepe a friend worthe many loves.
Lacie. Nay, Edward, keepe a love worthe many friends.
Marg. And, if thy mind be such as fame hath blazde,
Then, princely Edward, let us both abide
The fatal resolution of thy rage;
Banish thou fancie and embrace revenge,
And in one toombe knit both our carkases,
Whose hearts were linked in one perfect love.
Edw. Edward, art thou that famous prince of Wales
Who, at Damasco, beat the Sarasens,
And brought'st home triumph on thy launce's point?
And shall thy plumes be pull'd by Venus down?
Is it princely to dissever lovers' leagues,
To part such friends as glorie in their loves?
Leave, Ned, and make a vertue of this fault,
And further Peg and Lacie in their loves;
So, in subduing fancie's passion,
Conquering thyself, thou getst the richest spoile.—
Lacie, rise up; fair Peggie, heere's my hand,
The Prince of Wales hath conquer'd all his thoughts,
And all his loves he yeelds unto the earle;
Lacie, enjoy the maid of Fresingfield,
Make her thy Lincolne countesse at the church;

And Ned, as he is true Plantagenet,
Will give her to thee franckly for thy wife.
Lacie. Humbly I take her of my soveraigne,
As if that Edward gave me England's right,
And richt me with the Albion diadem.
Marg. And doth the English prince mean true?
Will he vouchsafe to cease his former loves,
And yeeld the title of a country maid
Unto Lord Lacie?
Edw. I will, fair Peggie, as I am true lord.
Marg. Then, lordly sir, whose conquest is as great,
In conquering love, as Cæsar's victories,
Margret, as mild and humble in her thoughts
As was Aspasia unto Cirus' selfe,
Yeelds thanks, and next Lord Lacie doth inshrine
Edward, the second secret in her heart."

Bacon, worn out with watching the brazen head which he had framed, enjoins his scholar to supply his place, and awaken him at the propitious moment of its speaking.

" *Bacon.* Miles, thou knowest that I have dived into hell,
And sought the darkest palaces of fiendes,
That with my magic spells great Belcephon
Hath left his lodge and kneeled at my cell;
The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,
And three-form'd Luna hid her silver looks,
Trembling upon her concave contenent,
When Bacon red upon his magick booke;
With seven years' tossing nigromanticke charmes,
Poring upon darke Hecat's principles,
I have fram'd out a monstrous head of brasse,
That, by the inchanting forces of the devil,
Shall tell out strange and uncoth aphorismes,
And girt faire England with a wall of brasse.
Bongay and I have watcht these threescore dayes,
And nowe our vitall spirites crave some rest:
If Argus liv'd and had his hundred eyes,
He could not overwatch Phobeter's night.
Now, Miles, in thee rests Frier Bacon's weale—
The honour and renown of all his life,
Hangs in the watching of this brazen-head:
Therefore, I charge thee, by the immortall God
That holds the soules of men within his fist,
This night thou watch; for e'er the morning star
Sends out his glorious glister on the north,
The head will speake; then, Miles, upon thy life

Wake me, for then by magicke art I'le worke
To end my seven yeares' task with excellence:
If but a winke but shut thy watchfull eye,
Then, farewell Bacon's glory and his fame."

The head at length finds a tongue—it speaks, "time is"—Miles thinks this too insignificant a speech for which to disturb his master;—again it is heard, "time was"—Miles waits for something more;—the head exclaims, "time's past"—a horrible noise succeeds, the head is dashed to pieces, and the friar awakes to see his hopes of fame crumbled in the dust, with the object of his seven years' labour.—In consequence of this failure, and the tragical effect of one of his magical representations, the friar becomes penitent, and abandons the black art.

Margaret, when about to retire to a nunnery, thus tenderly bids adieu to her young hopes, with "sweet reluctant amorous delay."

"*Marg.* Now, farewell, world, the engin of all woe!
Farewell to friends and father,—welcome, Christ!
Adew to daintie robes; this base attire
Better befits an humble minde to God,
Than all the show of rich abilliments.
Love, oh! love, and with fond love, farewell!
Sweet Lacie, whom I loved once so deare,
Ever be well, but never in my thoughts,
Least I offend to think on Lacie's love;
But even to that as to the rest, farewell."

The play of *A Looking Glasse for London* was written by Thomas Lodge, in conjunction with Greene. The subject is the abominations of Nineveh, which, by means of a monologue, spoken by the prophet "Oseas," in the nature of a chorus, is made applicable to London. On this foundation, the writers have framed a sort of drama, which they have peopled with divers insane persons. Indeed, we never met with any thing more outrageously extravagant than the greater part of it. The style, which is abundantly metaphorical, is in the most vile and perverted taste. The comic parts are infinitely the best, and are by no means contemptible.

The following is the only sober piece of blank verse we could find, which is not without a touch of feeling. A son having, on his elevation to a place of dignity, disowned his parents, the mother appeals to Rasni, the king.

"*Samia.* O, politicke in sinne and wickednesse,
Too impudent for to delude thy prince;
Oh, Rasni, this same wombe brought him forth,

This is his father, worne with care and age,
This is his brother, poor unhappy lad,
And I, his mother, though contemn'd by him,—
With tedious toyle we got our little good,
And brought him up to schoole with mickle charge.
Lord, how we joy'd to see his towardnesse;
And to ourselves we oft in silence sayde,
This youth, when we are old, may succour us.
But now prefer'd and lifted up by thee,
We quite destroy'd by cursed usurie,
He scorneth me, his father, and this child."

From the comic parts of the drama, we extract the following short scene as a specimen.

"*Clowne.* Why, but heare you mistresse, you know a woman's eyes are like a paire of pattens, fit to save shoo-leather in summer, and to keepe away the colde in winter; so you may like your husband with the one eye, because you are marryed, and mee with the other, because I am your man. Alasse, alasse, thinke, mistresse, what a thing love is; why, it is like to an ostry-faggot, that once set on fire, is as hardly to be quenched, as the bird crocodill driven out of her neast.

Wife. Why, Adam, cannot a woman winke but shee must sleep: and can shee not love, but shee must crie it out at the crosse? know, Adam, I love thee as myselfe, now that wee are together in secret.

Clowne. Mistresse, these words of yours are like a foxe-tayle, placed in a gentlewoman's fanne, which, as it is light, so it giveth life. Oh, these wordes are as sweete as a lilly, whereupon, offering a *borachio* of kisses to your unseemely personage, I entertaine you upon further acquaintance.

Wife. Alasse, my husband comes.

Clowne. Strike up the drum, and say no words but mum.

Smith. Syrrah you, and you houswife, well taken together, I have long suspected you, and now I am glad I have found you together.

Clowne. Truly, sir, and I am glad I may doe you any way pleasure, either in helping you or my mistresse.

Smith. Boy, here, and knave, you shall know it straight, I will have you both before the magistrate, and there have you severely punished.

Clowne. Why then, maister, you are jealous?

Smith. Jealous, knave, how can I be but jealous to see you ever so familiar together? Thou art not onely content to drinke away my goods, but to abuse my wife,

Clowne. Two good qualities, drunkennesse and letchery; but, maister, are you jealous?

Smith. Yea, knave; and that thou shalt knowe it ere I passe, for I will beswindge thee while this roape will hold.

Wife. My good husband, abuse him not, for he never proffered you any wrong.

Smith. Nay, woman, and thy part shall not be behinde.

Clowne. Why, suppose, maister, I have offended you, is it lawful for the maister to beat the servant for all offences?

Smith. I, marry is it, knave.

Clowne. Then, maister, will I prove by *lodgicke*, that seeing all sinnes are to receyve correction, the maister is to be corrected of the man: and, sir, I pray you, what greater sinne is than jealousie? 'tis like a mad dogge, that for anger bites himselfe. Therefore, that I may do my duty to you, my good maister, and make a white sonne of you, I will beswinge jealousie out of you, as you shall love me the better while you live.

Smith. What, beat thy master, knave?

Clowne. What, beat thy man, knave? I, maister, and double beate you, because you are a man of credite; and therefore have at you, the fayrest of forty pence.

Smith. Alasse, wife, helpe, helpe, my man kils me.

Wife. Nay, even as you have baked, so brue; jealousie must be driven out by extremities.

Clowne. And that will I doe, mistresse.

Smith. Hold thy hand, Adam, and not onely I forgive and forget all, but I will give thee a good farme to live on.

Clowne. Bee gone, peasant, out of the compasse of my further wrathe, for I am a corrector of vice; and at night I will bring home my mistresse.

Smith. Even when you please, good Adam.

Clowne. When I please; marke thy words, tis a lease paroll, to have and to hold; thou shalt be mine for ever; and so let's goe to the alehouse." [*exeunt.*

The authors we have been considering possess not, it must be confessed, magicians' wands to move our feelings to any point they list. They do not display any deep insight into the mysteries of the heart, whose sweet affections they hardly touch,—neither is there any strong exhibition of the stormy conflicts of the mind, nor yet any deep vein of impassioned poetry. We see things as in "a glass, darkly." But we must not forget that the drama was then in its nonage, nor expect that infancy will produce the fruits of maturity. For, although Greene, as well as Kyd, Lilly, Peele, and Marlowe, were living at the time when Shakspeare began his dramatic career, they preceded him as writers for the stage, from which they departed just as he appeared.

ART. V. *The Miscellaneous Works, in Verse and Prose, of* Sir Thomas Overbury, Knt. *with Memoirs of his Life. The tenth edition. London,* 1754.

This little volume contains the remains of the unfortunate Sir Thomas Overbury, "one of the most finished gentlemen

about the court" of James I. who fell a victim, as is well known, before the ungovernable passions of the Countess of Essex. The murder of this accomplished man is one of the most disgraceful passages of the history of England; but as the tragical story is always related there, we shall turn our attention from so gloomy a subject to the agreeable little volume before us. The sympathy which was universally felt for his melancholy fate is demonstrated by the first forty pages, which consist of elegies and tributes of grief and admiration from all quarters, "on the untimely death of Sir Thomas Overbury, poisoned in the Tower," and on his poem the "Wife," with manifold regrets that she "had grown husbandless of late." The only "Verse" by Sir Thomas Overbury himself, in the book, are his famous poem termed the "Wife," a smaller one on the "Choice of a Wife," and two or three elegies. The "Wife" is a didactic poem, and though the precepts which it gives are certainly not of a kind which the reader feels disposed to dispute, they have truly very little to recommend them, being far from remarkable for their ingenuity, and certainly not set off by any charms of poetical grace or ornament. Our rage for reviving the forgotten does not extend so far as to inflict upon our readers many passages, containing nothing better than injunctions to disregard beauty, which, as Sir Thomas observes, is but "skin deep," and to prefer good, which "is a fairer attribute than white," expressed in a dry style and crabbed versification, though they may be on so universally interesting a subject as the Choice of a Wife. Nevertheless, there are some passages in this little poem which, if they are not of themselves worthy of being quoted, will at least serve as specimens of a composition which has been no small favourite in its day.

The following verses, though they may contain no sentiment of a very striking description, are written with some force of expression.

"So fair, at least, let me imagine her,
That thought to me is truth: opinion
Cannot, in matter of opinion, err:
With no eyes shall I see her, but mine own,
And as my fancy her conceives to be,
E'en such my senses both do feel and see.

The face we may the seat of beauty call,
In it the relish of the rest doth lie;
Nay e'en a figure of the mind withal,
And of the face the life moves in the eye.
No things else, being two, so like we see,
So like that these, two but in number be.

Beauty in decent shape and colours lies,
Colours the matter are, and shape the soul;
The soul, which from no single part doth rise,
But from the just proportion of the whole;
And is a meer spiritual harmony
Of ev'ry part, united in the eye.

Love is a kind of superstition,
Which fears the idol which itself hath fram'd;
Lust a desire, which rather from his own
Temper than from the object is inflam'd."

He thus expresses his opinion on the due portion of learning to be allowed in women; an important question, which doubtless is not unfrequently debated in the minds of all those who take an interest in the education of the female mind. Sir Thomas, it will be observed, is of the old school; and we fear the term "domestic charge" is obnoxious to unpleasant commentaries in these days, when cookery books and needleworks are not, as in the "olden time," the study and pursuits of our ladies of beauty and fashion.

"Give me next good, an understanding wife,
By nature wise, not learned by much art:
Some knowledge on her side, will all my life
More scope of conversation impart;
Besides her inborn virtue fortify,
They are most firmly good, that best know why.

A passive understanding to conceive,
And judgement to discern, I wish to find:
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leave,
Learning and pregnant wit in womankind.
What it finds malleable maketh frail,
And doth not add more ballast, but more sail.

Domestic charge doth best that sex befit,
Contiguous bus'ness, so to fix the mind,
That leisure space for fancies not admit,
Their leisure 'tis corrupteth womankind;
Else, being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to heav'n a shorter cut than we.

Books are a part of man's prerogative,
In formal ink they thoughts and voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make time present travel that of old.

Our life fame pierceth longer at the end,
And books it farther backward do extend."

The small poem on the "Choice of a Wife" is in a lighter style, and composed in a more flowing versification. Take the following specimen.

"If I were to chuse a woman,
As who knows but I may marry,
I would trust the eye of no man;
Nor a tongue that may miscarry;
For, in way of love and glory,
Each tongue best tells his own story.

First, to make my choice the bolder,
I would have her child to such,
Whose free virtuous lives are older
Than antiquity can touch;
For 'tis seldom seen that blood
Gives a beauty great and good.

Yet an antient stock may bring
Branches, I confess, of worth,
Like rich mantles, shadowing
Those descents that brought them forth;
Yet such hills, tho' gilded show,
Soonest feel the age of snow.

Such a one as, when she's woo'd,
Blushes not for ill thoughts past;
But so innocently good,
That her dreams are ever chast;
For that maid that thinks a sin,
Has betray'd the fort she's in.

In my visitation still,
I would have her scatter fears,
How this man and that was ill,
After protestations tears;
And who vows a constant life,
Crowns a meritorious wife."

It is not, however, on the poetry, if it may be so called, of Overbury, that his reputation must be founded—it is the remainder of the volume, "the Characters or witty Descriptions of the Properties of sundry Persons," which display the fertile and ingenious character of his mind. From these we intend to

make some extracts, which will we hope give a value and interest to this article. The book itself is seldom read, and not, on the whole, entertaining; but there are portions of it, and numerous portions too, which we think will impress the reader with a high opinion of the author's talent for observation, and his power of witty contrast and felicitous, though sometimes obscure, expression. No good heart can read the following beautiful picture of a "fair and happy milk-maid," without inwardly moaning over the fate of the gentle and accomplished man that conceived it. We hardly know of any passage in English prose, and that is saying no little, which inspires the mind of the reader with so many pleasing recollections, and which spreads so calm and purifying a delight over the spirit, as it broods over the idea of the innocent girl whose image Sir Thomas has here bodied forth:—"It will scent all the year long of June, like a new-made hay-cock."

A Fair and Happy Milkmaid

Is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all *face-physic* out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions: nature hath taught her too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises therefore with Chanticlere, her dame's cock, *and at night makes the lamb her curfu.* In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glore or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golded ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair, and in chusing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is *still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones*; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she

dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in the spring time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet."

The character of "A Serving-Man" is of a very different cast from the last, but is very amusing.

A Serving-Man

"Is a creature, which, though he be not drunk, is not his own man. He tells, without asking, who owns him, by the superscription of his livery; his life is, for ease and leisure, much about *gentleman-like*. His wealth, enough to suffice nature, and sufficient to make him happy, if he were sure of it, for he hath little, and wants nothing; he values himself higher or lower as his master is; he hates or loves the men as his master doth the master. He is commonly proud of his master's horses or his Christmas; he sleeps when he is sleepy, is of his religion only; the clock of his stomach is set to go an hour after his. He seldom breaks his own cloaths. He never drinks but double, for he must be pledged; nor commonly without some short sentence nothing to the purpose, and seldom abstains till he comes to be a-thirst. His discretion is to be careful for his master's credit, and his sufficiency to marshal dishes at a table, and carve well. His neatness consists much in his hair and outward linnen. His courting language, visible * * * jests, and against his matter fails, he is always ready furnished with a song. His inheritance is the chamber-maid, but often purchaseth his master's daughter, by reason of opportunity, or for want of a better; he always cuckolds himself, and never marries but his own widow; his master being appeased, he becomes a retainer, and entails himself and his posterity upon his heir males for ever."

The "Noble Spirit" is in a noble style—a character of true philosophical elevation, which could have been composed by no one who did not "speak what the spirit within him dictated."

A Noble Spirit

"Hath surveyed and fortified his disposition, and converts all occurrences into experience, between which experience and his reason there is marriage, the issue are his actions. He circuits his intents, and seeth the end before he shoots. Men are the instruments of his art, and there is no man without his use; occasion incites him, none enciteth him, and he moves by affection, not for affection; he loves glory, scorns shame, and governeth and obeyeth with one countenance, for it comes from one consideration. He calls not the variety of the world chances, for his meditation hath travelled over them, and his eyes, mounted upon his understanding, seeth them as things underneath. He covers not his body with delicacies, nor excuseth these

delicacies by his body, but teacheth it, since it is not able to defend its own imbecility, to shew or suffer. He licenceth not his weakness to wear fate, but knowing reason to be no idle gift of nature, he is the steers-man of his own destiny. Truth is his goddess, and he takes paines to get her, not to look like her; he knows the condition of the world, that he must act one thing like another, and then another; to these he carries his desires, and not his desires him, and sticks not fast by the way, (for that contentment is repentance) but knowing the circle of all courses, of all intents, of all things, to have but one center or period, without all distraction he hasteth thither, and ends there as his true natural element. He doth not contemn fortune, but not confess her; he is no gamester of the world, (which only complain and praise her) but being only sensible of the honesty of actions, contemns a particular profit as the excrement or scum. Unto the society of men he is a sun, whose clearness directs their steps in a regular motion. When he is more particular, he is the wise man's friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him, and he feels age more by the strength of his soul than the weakness of his body. Thus feels he no pain, but esteems all such things as friends, that desire to file off his fetters, and help him out of prison."

"A Melancholy Man" is also drawn in a masterly manner.

A Melancholy Man

"Is a strayer from the drove, one that nature made sociable because she made him a man, and crazed disposition hath altered, unpleasing to all, as all to him; straggling thoughts are his content, they make him dream waking, there's his pleasure. His imagination is never idle, it keeps his mind in a continual motion, as the poise the clock; he winds up his thoughts often, and as often unwinds them. Penelope's web thrives faster; he'll seldom be found without the shade of some grove, in whose bottom a river dwells; he carries a cloud in his face, never fair weather; his outside is framed to his inside, in that he keeps a decorum, both unseemly. Speak to him, he hears with his eyes, ears follow his mind, and that's not at leisure. He thinks of business, but never does any; he is all contemplation, no action; he hews and fashions his thoughts as if he meant them to some purpose, but they prove unprofitable as a piece of wrought timber to no use. His spirits and the sun are enemies, the sun bright and warm, his humour black and cold. Variety of foolish apparitions people his head, they suffer him not to breathe, according to the necessity of nature, which makes him sup up a draught of as much air at once, as would serve at thrice. He denies nature her due in sleep, and over pays her in watchfulness; nothing pleases him long but that which pleases his own fancies, they are the consuming evils, and evil consumptions that consume him alive. Lastly, he is a man only in shew, but comes short of the better part, a whole reasonable soul, which is man's chief pre-eminence and sole mark from creatures sensible."

"The Sailor" is very humorous, and also very curious, as shewing the immutable nature of the effects of his mode of life. A "Fine Gentleman," or "An Amorist," of the days of James the First, is neither the man of fashion nor the lover of modern times; but the mariner who fought and conquered under Drake or Frobisher, is the same being that fought and conquered under Nelson or Howe.

A Sailor

"Is a pitched piece of reason caulked and tackled, and only studied to dispute with tempests. He is part of his own provision, for he lives ever pickled; a fair wind is the substance of his creed, and fresh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for he is ever climbing out of sight; as naturally he fears, for he is ever flying; time and he are every where, ever contending who shall arrive first; he is well winded, for he tires the day, and outruns darkness; his life is like a hawk's, the best part mewed, and if he lives till three coats, is a master. He sees God's wonders in the deep, but so as they rather appear his play-fellows, than stirrers of his zeal; nothing but hunger and hard rocks can convert him, and then but his upper deck neither, for his hold neither fears nor hopes; his sleeps are but reprievals of his dangers, and when he awakes 'tis but next stage to dying: his wisdom is the coldest part about him, for it ever points to the north, and it lies lowest, which makes his valour every tide o'erflow it. In a storm 'tis disputable, whether the noise be more his or the elements, and which will first leave scolding? on which side of the ship he may be saved best? whether his faith be starboard faith, or larboard, or the helm at that time not all his hope of heaven? his keel is the emblem of his conscience, till it be split he never repents, then no farther than the land allows him. His language is a new confusion, and all his thoughts new nations: his body and his ship are both one burthen, nor is it known who stows most wine or rowls most, only the ship is guided, he has no stern; a barnacle and he are bred together, both of one nature, and, 'tis fear'd, one reason; upon any but a wooden horse he cannot ride, and if the wind blows against him he dare not, he swarms up to his seat as to a sail yard, and cannot sit unless he bear a flag-staff; if ever he be broken to the saddle, 'tis but a voyage still, for he mistakes the bridle for a bowling, and is ever turning his horse tail; he can pray, but 'tis by rote, not faith, and when he would he dares not, for his brackish belief hath made that ominous. A rock or a quicksand pluck him before he be ripe, else he is gathered to his friends at Wapping."

This is the conclusion of "the Soldier," which, like the most of this ingenious work, is too much infected with that love of conceit, so fatal to most of the writers in the reign of the pedantic James.

"In charity he goes beyond the clergy, for he loves his greatest enemy best, much drinking. He seems a full student, for he is a

great desirer of controversies; he argues sharply, and carries his conclusion in his scabbard; in the first refining of mankind this was the gold; his actions are his ammel;* his allay, (for else you cannot work him presently) continual duties, heavy and weary marches, lodgings as full of need as cold diseases, no time to argue but to execute; line him with these, and link him to his squadrons, and he appears a most rich chain for princes."

"The Tinker" is sufficiently amusing, and, to those who class the "art of punning" high in the scale of mental accomplishments, will be thought valuable.

A Tinker

"Is a moveable, for he hath no abiding in one place; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his choleric nature. He seems to be very devout, for his life is a continual pilgrimage, and sometimes in humility goes barefoot, therein making necessity a virtue. His house is as ancient as *Tubal Cain's*, and so is a renegade by antiquity, yet he proves himself a gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back; or a philosopher, for he bears all his substance about him. From his art was music first invented, and therefore is he always furnished with a song, to which his hammer keeping tune, proves that he was the first founder of the kettle drum. Note, that where the best ale is, there stands his music most upon crotchets. The companion of his travels is some foul sun-burnt quean; that, since the terrible statute, recanted gypsyism, and is turned pedlaress. So marches he all over England with his bag and baggage; his conversation is irreproveable, for he is ever mending. He observes truly the statutes, and therefore had rather steal than beg, in which he is irremoveably constant, in spite of whips or imprisonment, and so strong an enemy to idleness, that in mending one hole, he had rather make three than want work; and when he hath done, he throws the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraceth naturally ancient customs, conversing in open fields and lowly cottages; if he visit cities or towns, 'tis but to deal upon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which, with canting, proves him a linguist. He is entertained in every place, but enters no farther than the door, to avoid suspicion. Some would take him to be a coward, but, believe it, he is a lad of mettle; his valour is commonly three or four yards long, fastened to a pike in the end for flying off. He is very provident, for he will fight with but one at once, and then also he had rather submit than be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he 'scape Tyburn and Banbury he dies a beggar."

Take "the Taylor," which is in the same strain, and which, together with "the Tinker," will make a pretty pair of mechanical portraits.

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* An old word for enamel.

A Taylor

" Is a creature made up of shreds, that were pared off from Adam, when he was rough cast; the end of his being differeth from that of others, and is not to serve God, but to cover sin; other men's pride is his best patron, and their negligence a main passage to his profit. * * * * * * He handleth the Spanish pike to the hazard of many poor Egyptian vermin, and in show of his valour, scorneth a greater gauntlet than will cover the top of his middle finger; of all weapons he most affecteth the long bill, and this he will manage to the great prejudice of a customer's estate; his spirit, notwithstanding, is not so much as to make you think him a man; like a true mongrel, he neither bites nor barks but when your back is towards him. His heart is a lump of congealed snow; *Prometheus* was asleep while it was making; he differeth altogether from God, for with him the best pieces are still marked out for damnation, and without hope of recovery shall be cast down into hell; he is partly an alchymist, for he extracteth his own apparel out of other men's clothes, and, when occasion serveth, making a broker's-shop an alembick, can turn your silks into gold, and having furnished his necessities, after a month or two, if he be urged unto it, reduce them again to their proper substance. He is in part likewise an arithmetician, cunning enough in multiplication and addition, but cannot abide subtraction; *summa totalis* is the language of his Canaan, and *usque ad ultimum quadrantem*, the period of his charity. For any skill in geometry, I dare not commend him, for he could never yet find out the dimensions of his own conscience; notwithstanding he hath many bottoms, it seemeth this is always bottomless."

" The Prisoner" is likewise filled with this same kind of wit, which, when it does not lose itself in its quaintness, is very amusing. This is the beginning of it:

A Prisoner

" Is one that hath been a monied man, and is still a very close fellow; whosoever is of his acquaintance, let them make much of him, for they shall find him as fast a friend as any in England; he is a sure man, and you know whereto find him. The corruption of a bankrupt is commonly the generation of this creature, he dwells on the backside of the world, or in the suburbs of society, and lives in a tenement which he is sure none will go about to take over his head."

The " Noble and Retired Housekeeper" is another lofty picture of a high character, in the same style as the " Noble Spirit." It is pleasant to think that among our nobility we have always had originals for a picture like the following.

A Noble and Retired Housekeeper

" Is one whose bounty is limited by reason, not ostentation, and to make it last, he deals it discreetly as we sow the furrow, not by the

sack, but by the handful. His word and his meaning never shake hands and part, but always go together. He can survey good and love it, for he loves to do it himself, for its own sake, not for thanks. He knows there is no such misery as to outlive a good name, nor no such folly, as to put it in practice. His mind is so secure, that thunder rocks him to sleep, which breaks other men's slumbers; nobility lightens in his eyes, and in his face and gesture is painted the God of hospitality. His great houses bear in their front more durance than state, unless this add the greater state to them, that they promise to out-last much of our new fantastical building. His heart grows old no more than his memory, whether at his book, or on horseback: he passes his time in such noble exercise; a man cannot say any time is lost by him, nor hath he only years to approve he hath lived till he be old, but virtues. His thoughts have a high aim, though their dwelling be in the vale of an humble heart, whence, as by an engine (that raises water to fall, that it may rise higher) he is heightned in his humility. The Adamant serves not for all seas, but his doth, for he hath, as it were, put a gird about the whole world, and sounded all her quicksands. He hath his hand over fortune, that her injuries, how violent or sudden soever, do not daunt him; for whether his time call him to live or die, he can do both nobly; if to fall, his descent is breast to breast with virtue, *and even then, like the sun near his set, he shows unto the world his clearest countenance.*"

Sir Thomas Overbury seems to have had a high regard for the profession of an actor, and, if we mistake not, there are marks in the following portrait of his having taken it from personal observation.—Probably, like many other accomplished men, from the time of Cicero, he sought the society of a set of men whose occupation, to excel in it, requires the cultivation of the most attractive graces, both of mind and body, and is of a nature to cast a romantic and elevated tinge over the character.

An excellent Actor.

" Whatsoever is commendable in the grave orator, is most exquisitely perfect in him; for by a full and significant action of body, he charms our attention; sit in a full theatre, and you will think you see so many lines drawn from the circumference of so many ears, while the actor is the center. He doth not strive to make nature monstrous, she is often seen in the same scene with him, but neither on stilts nor crutches; and for his voice, 'tis not lower than the prompter, nor louder than the foil and target. By his action he fortifies moral precepts with example, for what we see him personate, we think truly done before us; a man of a deep thought might apprehend the ghosts of our ancient heroes walked again, and take him (at several times) for many of them. He is much affected to painting, and 'tis a question, whether that makes him an excellent player, or his playing an exquisite painter. He adds grace to the poet's labours; for what in the

poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and music. He entertains us in the best leisure of our life, that is between meals, the most unfit time for study or bodily exercise. The flight of hawks and chace of wild beasts, either of them are delights noble; but some think this sport of men the worthier, despight all calumny. All men have been of his occupation; and, indeed, what he doth feignedly, that do others essentially. This day one plays a monarch, the next a private person. Here one acts a tyrant, on the morrow an exile; a parasite this man to night, to-morrow a precisian, and so of divers others. I observe, of all men living, a worthy actor in one kind is the strongest motive of affection that can be; for when he dies, we cannot be persuaded any man can do his parts like him. But to conclude, I value a worthy actor, by the corruption of some few of the quality, as I would do gold in the ore; I should not mind the dross, but the purity of the metal."

Coupling this admirable character of the "Franklin," with that of the "Milkmaid," we may conclude that Sir Thomas Overbury had a keen taste for the pleasures of a rural life—but whether he had an opportunity of indulging it, we are unable to judge, from the scanty particulars which are left of his short life.

A Franklin.

"His outside is an ancient yeoman of England, though his inside may give arms (with the best gentleman) and never see the herald. There is no truer servant in the house than himself. Though he be master, he says not to his servants, go to field, but let us go; and with his own eye, doth both fatten his flock, and set forward all manner of husbandry. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little; his own fold yields him both food and raiment, he is pleased with any nourishment God sends, whilst curious gluttony ransacks, as it were, Noah's ark for food, only to feed the riot of one meal. He is never known to go to law; understanding, to be law-bound among men, is like to be hide-bound among his beasts; they thrive not under it, and that such men sleep as unquietly, as if their pillows were stuft with lawyers' pen-knives. When he builds, no poor tenant's cottage hinders his prospect; they are, indeed, his alms-houses, though there be painted on them no such superscription. He never sits up late, but when he hunts the badger, the vowed foe of his lambs; nor uses he any cruelty, but when he hunts the hare; nor subtilty, but when he setteth snares for the snipe, or pitfals for the black-bird; nor oppression, but when in the month of July, he goes to the next river and sheers his sheep. He allows of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead any thing bruised, or the worse for it, though the country lasses dance in the church-yard after even song. Rock-monday, and the wake in summer, shrovings, the wakeful ketches on Christmas-eve, the hoky, or seed-cake, these he yearly keeps, yet holds them no relics of popery. He is not so inquisitive after news derived from the privy-closet, when the finding an eiery of hawks in

his own ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good strain, are tidings more pleasant and more profitable. He is lord paramount within himself, though he hold by never so mean a tenure, and dies the more contentedly, (though he leave his heir young) in regard, he leaves him not liable to a covetous guardian. Lastly, to end him; he cares not when his end comes; he needs not fear his audit, for his *quietus* is in heaven."

At the end of this numerous gallery of portraits, the author gives you "a Character of a Character," which, says he,

"To square out a character by our English level, is a picture (real or personal) quaintly drawn in various colours, all of them heightned by one shadowing.

"It is a quick and soft touch of many strings, all shutting up in one musical close: it is wit's descant on any plain song."

It is needless to tell the reader, after the many specimens we have given, that this is a very accurate definition of the author's own "Characters." They are, in truth, "a quick and soft touch of many strings," and do altogether discourse most excellent music. This description of writing is very old, as old as Theophrastus; and though many similar writers have given more true and verisimilar portraits of the characters they drew, we do not think one of this numerous race of authors has produced more amusing, ingenious, and, in some cases, more beautiful compositions of the kind, than some of those we have quoted. It unfortunately happens, that the vice of the times, the love of conceit, shews itself too conspicuously, and that the change of manners has rendered the language of too many parts totally unfit to meet a modern ear.

The book concludes with a few pages of lively matter, which the author terms "News from any Whence, or old Truth under a Supposal of Novelty." We give a specimen or two.

News from Court.

"It is thought here, that there are as great miseries beyond happiness, as on this side it, as being in love. That truth is every man's by assenting; that time makes every thing aged, and yet itself was never but a minute old. That, next sleep, the greatest devourer of time is business, the greatest stretcher of it, passion; the truest measure of it, contemplation. To be saved, always is the best plot; and virtue always clears her way as she goes. Vice is ever behind hand with itself. That wit and a woman are two frail things, and both the frailer by concurring."

From the Bed.

"That the bed is the best rendezvous of mankind, and the most necessary ornament of a chamber. That soldiers are good antiquaries

in keeping the old fashion, for the first bed was the bare ground. That a man's pillow is his best counsellor. That Adam lay in state when the heaven was his canopy. That the naked truth is, Adam and Eve lay without sheets."

ART. VI. *The Athenaid, a Poem in Thirty Books.** *By* Richard Glover. 3 *vols.* 12*mo.* 1788.

It is proverbially the fate of those, who have been too highly or too exclusively extolled in their own day, to be unduly depreciated in the age which succeeds them; and this may serve to account for the churlish measure of praise, which is usually dealt to the poets of the school of Queen Anne by critics of the present day. We confess that we see no adequate motive for such jealous parsimony. Their reign is decidedly gone by; no danger is to be apprehended to the taste of the "reading public," from their writings; the revival of the critical system, under which they flourished, is as little to be dreaded as the restoration of the Stuarts; we can now afford to canvas their merits dispassion-

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* The following remarks are from the pen of a well-known critic in the *Quarterly Review.*—"The *Athenaid,* which could not be included in Anderson's collection, is contained in this, *(Chalmers's Poets.)* It ought always to accompany the *Leonidas.* Mr. Chalmers censures it, because, he says, the events of history are so closely followed as to give the whole the air of a poetical chronicle. To this opinion we may oppose the fact of having ourselves repeatedly perused it in early youth, for the interest which the story continually excited. Glover endeavoured to imitate the ancients, but wanted strength to support the severe style which he had chosen. He has, however, many and great merits; this especially among others, that instead of treading in the sheep-track wherein the writers of modern epics, till his time, *servum pecus,* had gone one after the other, he framed the stories of both his poems according to their subject, without reference to any model, or any rule but that of propriety and good sense." *Quart. Rev.* vol. xi. p. 498—9. The critic triumphs unmercifully over Mr. Chalmers's assertion (if, indeed, it is not adopted by him from some former writer) that "Glover thought that iambic feet only should be used in heroic verse, without admitting any trochaic:" without, however, undertaking to defend this proposition, we may observe, that Glover appears to have had an objection to the frequent use of the trochee (if the term may be used) in heroic blank verse; as may be seen, by comparing any passage of either of his poems with one of equal length from *Paradise Lost.* The reviewer has not noticed the omission of Glover's two dramatic works, in a collection which contains Mickle's *Siege of Marseilles.*

XUM

ately, and to adjudge them their deserved honours. Even when principles of any kind have been firmly established in an individual mind, temporary reactions will sometimes take place; and, for our own parts, confirmed as we are in our attachment to what has been vaguely termed the "new school," the polished poets of a century back still retain a strong hold on the more earthly part of our imaginations. Their remembrance is connected with the associations of childhood; and there are times, when their mellow and equable beauties harmonize more with the tone of our minds, than the higher excellencies of their illustrious rivals. Their merits, though of an inferior order, were exclusively their own; " habeant secum, serventque sepulchro."

With this school, however, the author, with whom we have now to deal, had only some qualities in common. The life and character of Richard Glover are too well known for us to dwell upon them. His *Leonidas* acquired extraordinary popularity in its day, and appears, like the pseudo-Ossian, to have obtained a higher, or, at least, a more lasting reputation on the continent, than in its own country; where, however, it still retains its rank as an English classic. We cannot consent to call this a party poem; although the author may have had a party view in publishing it. It was " the plan that pleased his childish thought;" and its elaborate construction ill assorts with the notion of a work written for a temporary purpose. We speak of it from recollection, having never perused it since those early days in which faults, of the kind which it contains, are less discernible, and beauties more striking; and, on this account, our judgement of it may perhaps be more favourable than it would otherwise have been. Of those, however, who have read it, many, we think, will agree with us in esteeming it a work of considerable merit. We do not mean to discuss the justice of Aristotle's code, or the propriety of adhering to the traditional rules of heroic poetry; but it must be allowed, that a genuine classical epic is a fine and stately thing. To deserve this title, there must be a large display of invention and art in the construction of the story, a grandeur of design, and a sustained dignity of manner; and human genius cannot occupy itself long and laboriously on one great and undivided design, without producing something worthy to endure. To this praise, Glover is fully entitled. The tameness of his manner, and his want of power, were, indeed, capital faults; but, in the general structure of the story, in the peopling of it with incidents and characters, and in the strain of feeling which he has diffused through the whole, he has displayed talents of no despicable order. He was, besides, in love with his subject, and with the manner which he had chosen. There is, indeed, observable in the poets of that age, which

serves as a connecting link between the school of Queen Anne and the singular generation of writers immediately preceding the French revolution, an attachment to Grecian models, and a propensity to Grecian principles. This was not to be wondered at in the country which had, in the century preceding, produced Milton. An enthusiasm for antiquity, and a patriotism and a love of freedom, pretty much of the antique stamp, pervade his works. Even in the opening lines of *Comus*, we can fancy we see the youthful poet "delighting to honour" his native country, by commemorating its localities in the very manner and forms of a Greek *prologus*, explaining the scene of the drama. And his example, forgotten for a while during the prevalence of adverse tastes and principles, might seem to have taken root in the heart of English literature, and produced its fruit in a following age. We need only refer to Akenside, who, with a fine talent for poetical declamation, and a fancy singularly barren, united a zeal, perhaps more than measured, for classical antiquity; Armstrong, whose poetical powers are underrated, and whose didactic poem is an elegant piece of art, constructed on the ancient model; the deeper inspiration of Collins; and the various merits of Gray, Mason, and the writer now before us. In treating a Grecian subject, he has adopted, and not without considerable success, the manner of a Grecian poet. And this species of imitation, while it is wanting in the requisite air of freshness, has a charm of its own, similar to that which we perceive in modern Latin or Greek poetry, when well executed, and which arises from the combination of classical recollections, with the *domestic* feeling which we experience in reading the works of our own language; a combination which, indeed, diminishes in degree, both the species of pleasure alluded to, but which superadds to them the pleasure of contrast. The subject, also, was laid in his favourite times, and among his favourite heroes. His mind was full of those towering ideas of Grecian virtue which we imbibe in our boyhood, and which manhood, assisted by the clearer lights of the present age, discovers to be more or less exaggerated. In stating the existence of these splendid misconceptions, we pretend not to determine the question, whether their prevalence has been beneficial in its effects, or the contrary, however much we might be ourselves inclined to think that truth, wherever truth is attainable, will finally be found more useful, more sublime, more consolatory, more combining all the elements of excellence, than error. It may be a melancholy task, to "gather up the fragments which remain"—to construct anew our theories of Grecian patriotism and integrity. To rise above the weakness of giving up all, because much is lost—to remember, that whatever may have been the crimes, or vices, or errors, of their advocates, liberty, and social order, and

public weal, are still inherently and inalienably precious—that no submission to truth can be slavery, and that where she is, there should we be, watching for the least glimpse of light from her countenance, and not weakly turning our eyes from the beam, because it discovers to us unaccustomed objects—all this may be difficult, but it is the manlier and more worthy part. But we are wandering beyond the limits of our subject.

Filled with these lofty imaginations, Glover transferred them, in all their vigour, to his poem of *Leonidas*. We are there introduced to a generation of *pattern-men*—a whole nation of paragons, uniting all that Plutarch or Montesquieu ever imagined of republican virtue, with the adventurous enterprise and romantic passion of chivalry, and the delicacies and proprieties of modern politeness. And when, after admiring the triple iris of virtues and graces with which they appear thus encircled, we turn to the authentic records of the times, and there discover the generations immediately preceding and following to have been mere mortals like ourselves, we are tempted to inquire from what superlunar Utopia they could have dropped, or by what unrecorded convulsion of nature they were, at last, swept from the face of the earth. They stand insulated in history, like the day of Joshua: "there was no day like that before it, nor after it." Still the illusion is a magnificent one, and it is nobly sustained. We are never suffered for a moment to escape "into the light of common day." It is a complete moral fairy-land; and the fiction is as consistent with itself as the "speciosa miracula" of *Peter Wilkins*, or any other well-imagined tale of physical wonders. All the accompaniments of the scene harmonize with it, and actions, events, descriptions, scenery, conspire to promote the grand moral effect. The powers of the author are particularly visible in the management of the catastrophe. It has been a disputed point among critics, whether the final event of an epic poem ought, of necessity, to be a fortunate one: if the rule be of any value, Glover has more truly honoured it in the nominal breach, than many other poets in the observance. We are never even tempted to contemplate the fall of the self-devoted band of heroes in any other light than as a triumph. We see them calmly and cheerfully undertaking the sacrifice, and awaiting the event with eagerness. And the whole preparation for the catastrophe is so managed, as, like a magnificent vestibule, to excite expectations of something more grand and glorious within. The whole of the eleventh book is particularly admirable. The placid beauty of Leonidas's countenance in his last short sleep, and the affectionate reverence with which Agis gazes on it ere he awakens him; his relation of his dream, and the solution of it by Megistias; the leisurely description of the hero's shield; the solemn sacrifice, offered by the little band of pa-

triots among the rocks and shades of Œta; the final address of Leonidas to his army; the extinction of the sacrificial brands, and the march of the troops, in utter silence, towards the camp of the Persians—all this succession of solemn and affecting circumstances is eminently calculated to elevate the mind of the reader, and to banish all thoughts, except those of admiration and exulting hope. The final conflict itself, in which they perish, is preceded by the conflagration of the Persian camp, the flight of Xerxes, and the slaughter of thousands; the "solemn dirge of praise," sung by Melissa and her attendant nymphs in the interval between the first successes, and the approach of Hyperanthes to the rescue, seems like a preluding hymn to victory; and when, after witnessing their latest exploits, we see them fall, one by one, amidst heaps of slaughtered enemies,—knowing, as we do, that they have purchased, by their blood, the deliverance of their country, and that deliverance an almost immediate one, we rise with a feeling of acquiescence deeper than that resulting from the recital of the most signal victory. We had intended to say something of the characters in this poem, the intermixture of private adventure, and other features of the work; but, as the beauties and faults of *Leonidas* have been frequently the subject of criticism, and as much of what we have to say on these heads applies equally to the *Athenaid*, we shall consult our time and limits by passing on to the proper subject of this article.

The *Athenaid* was intended as a sequel to *Leonidas*, and embraces the remainder of the Persian war, from the death of Leonidas to the battle of Platæa. It was the work of the author's old age, and its defects are, in part, attributable to the circumstance of its not having received his finishing hand. In this latter performance, accordingly, the abilities of the author show themselves more matured, and his peculiar propensities more fully developed.

Glover was, undoubtedly, not a first-rate poet; yet his powers were very far from contemptible, and he employed his *peculium* of talent to about as much advantage as it was capable of. His choice of subjects was singular; and although they want the subordinate grace of novelty, they possess the advantage of addressing themselves strongly to our youthful associations. The struggle of Greece with Persia is the first portion of profane story, in which we feel what may be called a perfect historical interest; its battles are the earliest of which the names are familiar to our recollections; and standing as it does among the remoter events of ancient times, yet without the precincts of the fabulous age, it combines the charm of antiquity with the interest of undoubted reality. Even the very names of places and persons have a musical sound in the song of the

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poet, " weak master though he be." Of his fertility in the invention of incidents, and his skill in compiling a story, we have already spoken; he has likewise acted judiciously in dramatising a great part of his poem, in which he appears to have followed his favourite, Homer*.

The characters in the *Athenaid* are almost innumerable. Perhaps it may give some idea of the writer's skill in delineating them, to observe, that they appear more to advantage as a body, than individually. He has made excellent use of the powers of contrast and variety; but of particular personages we have only a general idea. This was, indeed, all that the author himself possessed. We cannot mistake Agis for Leonidas, or Aristides for Cimon; but we have only a vague notion of the individuals themselves. Still we know them—though not familiarly; and we are interested for them all, because the author himself is interested for them. He seems, however, to be in perpetual apprehension, lest they should be mistaken for other than they are—and, accordingly, he is perpetually inculcating that Aristides is just, Medon brave, Mardonius generous, but rash, &c. His heroes are always doing something to display their peculiar qualities: Themistocles, for instance, is perpetually showing off either his valour or his policy; and in the absence of that intuitive knowledge of human nature, by which the author might have been enabled to depict, with truth and life, the union of these two qualities in an individual mind, he resorts to inartificial expedients, which sometimes disgust, and sometimes amuse. Thus, Themistocles is made to hesitate, whether he shall risk his own life to save that of an endangered princess, on the consideration of his own importance to the Grecian cause—happily, his feelings of gallantry, and the thought, " would Aristides thus hesitate?" decide his measures before the moment of rescue is past. Glover has acted judiciously, in transferring no small share of interesting qualities to the Persian part of the dramatis personæ. Masistius, the friend and mentor of Mardonius, is obviously a favourite of the poet; and the regret of the latter for the loss of his friend, though depicted by an infinitely less powerful hand, has a moral interest, and does not appertain to the sorrows of Achilles for Patroclus. We could, also, dwell on the numerous female characters; the passion of Acanthe for Themistocles,

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* We are told, that he was also a great admirer of Ariosto, whom he preferred to Tasso. The influence of the French novels of his time (those of the school of Scuderi) may be traced in some parts of his poems; as in the episode of Teribazus and Ariana.

> " Such love as goddesses for heroes feel,
> As Thetis felt for Peleus;"

the patriotic and conjugal attachment of Amarantha; the free and graceful simplicity of Ariphilia, the young priestess—

> " A damsel bright and bold of eye,
> Yet did a maiden modesty adorn
> Her fearless brow;"

the more majestic form of Eudora; the affectionate admiration of Timothea for her illustrious consort; and the happy loves of Hyacinthus and Cleora—but, we must forbear. The admirers of *Leonidas*, however, may be gratified by hearing that several of the principal characters of that work re-appear in the *Athenaid*. Such are Artemisia, Melibœus, Medon, and others.

The great variety of private adventures which is interwoven with the history, forms one of the most remarkable characteristics of this poem. To some of these we have alluded. They form an excellent relief from the tumults and violent passions of the main action. There is something peculiarly delightful in the spectacle of the hero reposing from the labours of war and counsel, in the enjoyments of home, during the short respite from glorious exertion; and the social feast, the wedding, or the friendly interview, occupying the intermediate space between past victory and future enterprize.

> " Blithest of all the sun's glad beams,
> When between storm and storm he gleams."

This effect is assisted by the frequent recurrence of description, whether of natural scenery, works of art, or other objects. In these last there is a minute accuracy, and a plain and equable beauty, which is not unpleasing. Glover, being chiefly confined in a city, by his employment*, seems to have but a sort of suburban feeling for the beauties of nature; and his occasional sketches of morning and evening assort with the general tone of the poem, like the " sylva inter columnas" of Horace, or the mignonette and " sprigs of mournful mint" in the citizen's window, as described by Cowper. His similes are among his best performances; they are generally happy and original, not excepting those founded on mythological subjects. The following, on Aristides's acceptance of a piece of armour,

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* " He write an epic poem, who never saw a mountain!" was the exclamation of Thomson, on the publication of *Leonidas*. Glover was a Hamburgh merchant.

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presented to him by the wife of Themistocles, we consider very good:

> " In smiles, like Saturn at the tribute pure
> Of fruits and flow'rs in singleness of heart
> Paid by religion of the golden age,
> Timothea's gift the righteous man receives."

We have made a collection of a few more, of rather a different kind, which will give the reader a favourable impression of Glover's talent of illustration. We must, however, state that these little specimens occur with long and dreary intervals of prosaic composition between them. Some of them will not, perhaps, be considered as written in the purest taste; yet, in general, they are very well executed, and, at any rate, afford examples of the power of description which fell to our author's share.

The change in the countenance of the herald, who had brought proposals from Xerxes to the Chalcidian senate, produced by the entrance of Themistocles, is thus compared:

> " As at the aspect of a single cloud,
> Known by the trembling seamen to contain
> Destructive blasts, the sail he swiftly furls
> With anxious wish for shelter in the lee
> Of some still shore; the herald thus relax'd
> His alter'd features. Arrogance abash'd
> Foreboded ruin from that mighty arm,
> In vigour brac'd by unexpected health.
> In act to speak, the hero stretch'd his hand,
> To fear and impotent distress he seem'd
> Extending refuge, like a poplar tall,
> Whose grateful branches cool the green descent
> To some pellucid fountain, where his course
> Th' o'erweary'd passenger suspends, to slake
> His eager thirst beneath such friendly shade."

Besides the beautiful simile in the ensuing passage, there is some spirited versification.

> " A sudden trumpet strikes his ear; he sees
> Masistius nigh. So breaks the polar star
> Through night's unrav'ling canopy of clouds
> On some bewilder'd sailor, to correct
> His erring course. Amidst a warm embrace
> Began Mardonius: ' O, in season come,

Thou more than half myself! my strength decays,
My talents languish, ev'n my honour sleeps,
When thou art far.' Masistius calm replies:
'I have compos'd Pallene's late revolt
Through all the district; Potidæa's walls
Alone resisted; from whose small domain
O'erflowed with tides, the army I withdrew.
I come, Mardonius, not to hear a tale
Of languid talents, or of strength decay'd,
Much less of honour sleeping in thy breast,
When I am absent. Honour on a rock
Immoveable is fixed; its solid base
The billowy passions beat in vain, nor gusts
Of fortune shake; support from none it wants,
Firm in itself.' "

There are two good comparisons in this passage:

" Now Sparta's wide encampment on the right
Was formed; sedate and silent was the toil,
As is the concourse of industrious ants,
In mute attention to their public cares.
Extending thence, successive states erect
Their standards. On the left, their num'rous tents
Th'Athenians pitch. In labour not unlike
The buzzing tenants of sonorous hives,
Loquacious they and lively cheer the field,
Yet regularly heed each signal giv'n
By staid commanders. Underneath a fringe
Of wood, projecting from Cithæron's side,
Ascends the chief pavilion. Seated there
Is Aristides at a frugal board,
An aged menial his attendant sole."

Themistocles, exulting at the restoration of Athens, to be brought about by his means, makes use of the following magnificent image. The genius of Glover, generally buried under the rubbish of dull chronicle, occasionally bursts forth in bright passages like this, which repay the patient reader for his perseverance.

" Superb, her structures shall proclaim
No less a marvel, than the matchless bird
The glory of Arabia, when, consum'd
In burning frankincense and myrrh, he shows
His presence new, and op'ning to the Sun

Regenerated gloss of plumage, tow'rs,
Himself a species. So shall Athens rise
Bright from her ashes, mistress sole of Greece.
From long Piræan walls her winged pow'r
Shall awe the Orient and Hesperian worlds."

Sicinus addresses Themistocles in these lovely lines:—

"O! thou transcendant, thou stupendous man,
From thy Timothea moderation learn,
Which, like the stealing touch of gentle time
O'er canvas, pencil'd by excelling art,
Smooths glaring colours, and imparts a grace
To mightiest heroes. Thus their dazzling blaze
Of glory soft'ning, softens envy's eye."

The obstinacy of Amompharetus is thus forcibly pourtrayed:

"His ready phalanx from the lines he draws,
Wing'd with his horse and bowmen; yet his course
Suspends at Sparta's camp. There sullen, fix'd
Like some old oak's deep-rooted, knotted trunk,
Which hath endur'd the tempest-breathing months
Of thrice a hundred winters, yet remains
Unshaken, there, amidst his silent troop,
Sat Amompharetus."

Mardonius is thus contrasted with Themistocles:

"Stern he ends;
In open fight th'Athenian to confront,
Magnanimous he burns; his heated soul
Yields to delusion of that subtle chief,
Wise like the serpent gliding through a brake,
When his empoison'd jaws in silence steal
On some incautious woodman, who, on toil
Intent, exerts his brawny strength, nor deems
A foe is nigh."

We conclude our string of comparisons with the following very animated picture:

"Two more the gen'rous horse, uprearing, dash'd
Maim'd and disabled to the ground; the last
His teeth disfigur'd and his weight oppress'd.
As some tall-masted ship, on ev'ry side
Assailed by pinnaces and skiffs, whose strength

Is number, drives her well-directed prow
Through all their feeble clusters; while her chief
Elate contemplates from her lofty deck
The hostile keels upturn'd, and floating dead,
Where'er she steers victorious; so the steed
Nisæan tramples on Laconian slain,
Triumphant so Mardonius from his seat
Looks down."

Of the general strain of feeling and principle we need say little; in its mixture of the high-minded and heroic with the tender and domestic, it bears some resemblance to the epic works of Southey, to which it approximates also in a certain bareness of style. The tameness, indeed, of the manner, and its want of vigour and depth, constitute the grand defect of the poem. We never feel ourselves raised above a moderate degree of composed elevation. There are numerous situations of which a poet of a higher order might have availed himself—and the thought frequently occurs to us, how admirable a *substratum* this or that incident would form for imagery or sentiment. A good painter, taking his subjects from such a work, might breathe into them a life unknown to the original; and a translator of genius would, perhaps, improve it in a much finer poem. Such as the work is, however, we are able to make a considerable number of extracts, which, collected into one point of view, as they are here, will, we think, not only gratify the lover of poetry, but save him the pain and trouble of making his way through the whole thirty books.

Timon, distracted by the violation of his daughter, starting from a broken slumber, thus exclaims, in this fine burst of impassioned poetry, "he has seen her:"

" 'Ah! I have seen my daughter,' he replies,
'Have seen her twice!'—'Where seen her?' all distress'd,
Th' Athenian questions.—'On a rock she stood,
A naked rock,' the parent wild exclaims;
'Unloos'd her zone, dishevell'd was her hair;
The ravisher was nigh. On sight of me,
Who no assistance from the shore could reach,
"O father, father! I am sham'd, deflower'd,
But here will end my sorrows and disgrace;"
She said, and plung'd precipitate. I saw
Her body swallow'd by the greedy surge,
Unwept, depriv'd of sepulture, to float.'
'Illusion all!' the bard consoling spake;
'The phantom offspring of distemper'd sleep.'

'A second time,' the frantic sire pursues,
'Did Amarantha meet my aching sight;
Then, like an eastern concubine attir'd,
Her head was blazon'd with barbaric gems;
With golden gloss her wanton garment wav'd:
With her despoiler hand in hand she walk'd,
Disclaim'd her father, and her father's gods.
Oh, then I wished her on the waves again,
To parch in winds, or sate some vulture's beak!'"

The appearance of the spirit of the deified Leonidas, with his attendant heroes, to the poet Æschylus (one of the prominent characters) is thus described:

"To closing day
He bade farewell, and hail'd th' ascending stars
In music long continued: till the stream
With drowsy murmur won his eye to sleep,
But left his fancy waking. In a dream
The god of day, with full meridian blaze,
Seem'd to assume his function o'er the skies;
When, lo! the earth divided: through the cleft
A gush of radiance dimm'd the noon-tide sun.
In structure all of diamond, self-pois'd,
Amid redundant light a chariot hung
Triumphal. Twelve transparent horses breath'd
Beams from their nostrils, dancing beams of day
Shook from their manes. In lineaments of man,
Chang'd to immortal, there the mighty soul
Of Sparta's king apparent shone.
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * Round in cars
Of triumph too arrang'd, the stately forms
Of those whom virtue led to share his doom,
And consecrate Thermopylæ to fame.
* * Their shields
Broad like Minerva's ægis: from their helms
An empyreal brightness stream'd abroad:
Ineffable felicity their eyes,
Their fronts the majesty of gods display'd."

The following, from the second book, is a highly wrought picture of a classical kind of beauty:

"Lo! the gate is thrown
Abroad; the priestess, lovely in her shape

As virgin Thetis to the nuptial arms
Of Peleus led, more blooming than the flow'rs
Beneath her decent step, descends the slope:
A matron staid, behind her, solemn treads:
Close to her side, in radiant arms, a youth,
Who like a brother of the Graces moves.
His head, uncas'd, discovers auburn locks
Curl'd thick, not flowing; his sustaining hand
She, rosy-finger'd, to her own admits.
He seem'd Apollo, not with martial fires
Such as on Titan's race he darted keen,
But with th' enamour'd aspect which he wore
When Clymene he won, or Daphne woo'd:
She Cynthia, not a huntress, when the chase
Of rugged boars hath flush'd her eager cheek,
But gently stooping from an argent cloud,
Illumining mount Latmus, while she view'd
Her lov'd Endymion, by her magic pow'r
Entranc'd to slumber."

The opening of the fourth book, which describes the march of the multitude of the army of Xerxes, is executed with a considerable degree of barbaric magnificence.

"Now trumpets, clarions, timbrels, mix their sounds;
Harsh dissonance of accents, in the shouts
Of nations gather'd from a hundred realms,
Distract the sky. The king his march renews
In all his state, collected to descend
Precipitate on Athens; like the bird
Of Jove, who, rising to the utmost soar
Of his strong pinions, on the prey beneath
Directs his pond'rous fall. Five thousand horse,
Caparison'd in streak'd or spotted skins
Of tigers, pards, and panthers, form'd the van;
In quilted vests of cotton, azure-dyed,
With silver spangles deck'd, the tawny youth
Of Indus rode; white quivers loosely cross'd
Their shoulders; not ungraceful in their hands
Were bows of glist'ning cane; the ostrich lent
His snowy plumage to the tissued gold
Which bound their temples.
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

In order next the Magi solemn trod.
Pre-eminent was Mirzes; snowy white

Their vestments flow'd, majestically pure,
Rejecting splendour; hymning as they mov'd,
They sung of Cyrus, glorious in his rule
O'er Sardis rich, and Babylon the proud;
Cambyses, victor of Egyptian Nile;
Darius, fortune-thron'd; but flatt'ry tun'd
Their swelling voice to magnify his son,
The living monarch, whose stupendous piles
Combin'd the Orient and Hesperian worlds,
Who pierc'd mount Athos, and o'erpower'd in fight
Leonidas of Sparta. Then succeed
Ten coursers whiter than their native snows
On wintry Media's fields; Nicæan breed,
In shape to want no trappings, none they wore
To veil their beauty; docile they by cords
Of silk were led, the consecrated steeds
Of Horomazes. * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
Now th' imperial standard wav'd;
Of sanders wood the pedestal, inscrib'd
With characters of magic, which the charms
Of Indian wizards wrought in orient pearl,
Vain talisman of safety, was upheld
By twelve illustrious youths of Persian blood.
Then came the king; in majesty of form,
In beauty, first of men, as first in pow'r,
Contemplating the glory from his throne
Diffus'd to millions round, himself he deem'
Not less than Mithra who illumes the world."

By the aid of a laborious enumeration of circumstances, most of them historically true, our author has succeeded in presenting to the mind, an animated description of the splendid scene which clothed the shores of the straits of Salamis, immediately before the battle. It opens the sixth book:

" Bright pow'r, whose presence wakens on the face
Of nature all her beauties, gilds the floods,
The crags and forests, vine-clad hills and fields,
* * * * * *
* * O sun! thou, o'er Athenian tow'rs,
The citadel and fanes in ruin huge,
Dost, rising now, illuminate a scene
More new, more wondrous, to thy piercing eye,

Than ever time disclos'd. Phaleron's wave
Presents three thousand barks in pendants rich;
Spectators, clust'ring like Hymettian bees,
Hang on the burden'd shrouds, the bending yards,
The reeling masts; the whole Cecropian strand,
Far as Eleusis, seat of mystic rites,
Is throng'd with millions, male and female race
Of Asia and of Libya, rank'd on foot,
On horses, camels, cars. Ægaleos tall,
Half down his long declivity, where spreads
A mossy level, on a throne of gold
Displays the king, environ'd by his court
In oriental pomp; the hill behind,
By warriors cover'd, like some trophy huge,
Ascends in varied arms and banners clad;
Below the monarch's feet th' immortal guard,
Line under line, erect their gaudy spears;
Th' arrangement, shelving downward to the beach,
Is edg'd by chosen horse. With blazing steel
Of Attic arms encircled, from the deep
Psyttalia lifts her surface to the sight,
Like Ariadne's heav'n-bespangling crown,
A wreath of stars; beyond, in dread array,
The Grecian fleet, four hundred gallies, fill
The Salaminian straits; barbarian prows
In two divisions point to either mouth
Six hundred brazen beaks of tow'r-like ships,
Unwieldy bulks; the gently-swelling soil
Of Salamis, rich island, bounds the view.
Along her silver-sanded verge array'd,
The men at arms exalt their naval spears
Of length terrific. All the tender sex,
Rank'd by Timothea, from a green ascent
Look down in beauteous order on their sires,
Their husbands, lovers, brothers, sons, prepar'd
To mount the rolling deck. The younger dames
In bridal robes are clad; the matrons sage
In solemn raiment, worn on sacred days;
But white in vesture like their maiden breasts,
Where Zephyr plays, uplifting with his breath
The loosely-waving folds, a chosen line
Of Attic graces in the front is plac'd;
From each fair head the tresses fall, entwin'd
With newly-gather'd flowrets; chaplets gay
The snowy hand sustains; the native curls,

O'ershading half, augment their pow'rful charms;
While Venus, temper'd by Minerva, fills
Their eyes with ardour, pointing ev'ry glance
To animate, not soften. From on high
Her large controlling orbs Timothea rolls
Surpassing all in stature, not unlike
In majesty of shape the wife of Jove,
Presiding o'er the empyreal fair."

One of the chief faults of Glover, in the *Athenaid*, is the general carelessness with which he leaves half-wrought images to shift for themselves.—For the most part, the poem reads like a huge and overgrown argument to an epic—or appears like a receptacle for hints and memoranda of passages and scenes, interwoven with the chronicle of the events, which the poet afterwards intended to work up. If we could conceive Glover so familiar with the use of blank verse, as to write it with as much facility as prose, we should have no hesitation in concluding, that the work, which now purports to be an epic poem, was nothing more than a mass of materials, compiled in the course of some years, for subsequent use. Independent of the harsh imitation of a classical construction of his language, the versification commonly "loiters into prose," and is totally divested of that measured sonorousness which we find in the *Leonidas*. Sometimes, indeed, we have finished passages, where the metre is melodious, and the images brought out, as if they were already finished for the future poem, which we have supposed the author to have been contemplating—of these, we shall give some specimens, premising that we consider them as, perhaps, the most beautiful parts of the work.

"A pleasing stillness on the water sleeps;
The land is hush'd; from either host proceeds
No sound, no murmur. With his precious charge
Embark'd, Sicinus gently steers along;
The dip of oars in unison awake
Without alarming silence; while the Moon,
From her descending, horizontal car,
Shoots lambent silver on the humid blades
Which cleave the curling flood. On carpets soft
Sandaucè's babes devoid of sorrow lie,
In sweet oblivious innocence compos'd
To smiling slumber. But the mother's breast
Admits no consolation."

And again:

"The sounding way

Is hard and hoar; crystalline dew congeal'd
Hath tipt the spiry grass; the waters, bound
In sluggish ice, transparency have lost;
No flock is bleating on the rigid lawn,
No rural pipe attunes th' inclement air;
No youths and damsels trip the choral round
Beneath bare oaks, whose frost-incrusted boughs
Drop chilling shadows; icicles invest
The banks of rills, which, *grating harsh in strife*
With winter's fetters, to their dreary sides
No passenger invite."

In the following, also, there is much suavity of versification, as well as great beauty of local description:

" In native windings from his Lydian fount
As various flow'd Mœander, here along
A level champaign, daisy-painted meads,
Or golden fields of Ceres, here through woods
In green arcades projecting o'er his banks,
There shut in rock, which irritates the stream;
Here by low hamlets, there by stately towns,
Till he attained the rich Magnesian seat;
Thence with augmented fame and prouder floods
Roll'd down his plenteous tribute to the main:
So through the mazes of his fortune winds
In artless eloquence th' expressive strain
Of Haliartus, from his peasant state
To scenes heroic."

This is, also, a most highly poetical night-piece; the scene of which lies between the two hostile camps of Greece and Persia.

" The Sun was set; th' unnumber'd eyes of Heav'n
Thin clouds envelop'd; dusky was the veil
Of night, not sable; placid was the air;
The low-ton'd current of Asopus held
No other motion than his native flow,
Alluring Aristides in a walk
Contemplative to pace the stable verge
Attir'd in moss. The hostile camp he views,
Which by Masistius' vigilance and art
With walls of wood and turrets was secur'd.
For this the groves of Jupiter supreme
On Hypatus were spoil'd, Teumessian brows,

Mesabius, Parnes, were uncover'd all.
Square was th' enclosure, ev'ry face emblaz'd
With order'd lights. Each elevated tent
Of princely satraps, and, surmounting all,
Mardonius, thine from coronets of lamps
Shot lustre, *soft'ning on the distant edge*
Of wide Platæan fields. A din confus'd
Proclaim'd barbarians; silent was the camp
Of Greece."

The beauty of the following landscape is of so fine an order, as almost to make us repent of our characterization of Glover's feelings for the beauties of nature, as in some sort *suburban:*

" Silver Phœbe spreads
A light, reposing on the quiet lake,
Save where the snowy rival of her hue,
The gliding Swan, behind him leaves a trail
In luminous vibration.* Lo! an isle

---

* Mr. Wordsworth most probably had his eye on the first lines of the above obscure quotation, in composing the following lovely and majestic passage. We do not mean to *compare* the two extracts; for it will be observed, that the *Swan* of Glover is only one object among many, lightly touched off in the landscape, though with a pen of real genius; while the noble " creature" of the other poet, is an elaborate and finished picture.

" Fair is the swan, whose majesty prevailing
O'er *breezeless water*, on Locarno's *lake*,
Bears him on, while proudly sailing
He leaves behind a moon-illumin'd wake:
Behold! the mantling spirit of reserve
Fashions his neck into a goodly curve;
An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings
Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs
To which, on some unruffled morning, clings
A flaky weight of winter's purest snows!
Behold! as with a gushing impulse, heaves
That downy prow, and softly cleaves
The mirror of the crystal flood,
Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,
And pendant rocks, where'er, in *gliding state,*
Winds the mute creature without visible mate

Swells on the surface. Marble structures there
New gloss of beauty borrow from the Moon
To deck the shore. Now silence gently yields
To measur'd strokes of oars. The orange groves,
In rich profusion round the fertile verge,
Impart to fanning breezes fresh perfumes
Exhaustless, visiting the sense with sweets,
Which soften ev'n Briareus; but the son
Of Gobryas, heavy with devouring care,
Uncharm'd, unheeding sits."

The whole description of Mardonius' visit to the cave of Trophonius, is, also, admirably executed, and contains much of that species of local painting in which Glover excels.

Mardonius determines to consult the oracle; he is told, that

" Rueful is the mode
Of consultation, though from peril free:"

he, however, perseveres; and we shall begin our extract with his navigation down the Cephissus, in search of the cave. We would gladly introduce the whole episode, if our limits did not forbid.

" Against the influx of Cephissus, down
Lebadian vales in limpid flow convey'd,
The rowers now are lab'ring. O'er their heads
Huge alders weave their canopies, and shed
Disparted moonlight through the lattic'd boughs,
Where Zephyr plays, and whisp'ring motion breathes
Among the pliant leaves. Now roseate tints
Begin to streak the orient verge of Heav'n,
Foretok'ning day. The son of Gobryas lands
Where in soft murmur down a channell'd slope
The stream Hercyna, from Trophonian groves,
Fresh bubbling meets Cephissus. He ascends

Or *rival,* save *the Queen of night*
Showering down a *silver light*
From heaven, upon her chosen favorite."

Indeed, this piece of glorious poetic beauty seems compounded, with a few additional and exquisite touches of the poet's own, of the above passage in Glover, and that in Milton on this favoured bird:

"The swan with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling, proudly rows
Her state with oary feet."——*Paradise Lost. Book VII.*

With all his train. Th' enclosure, which begirds
The holy purlieus, through a portal hung
With double valves on obelisks of stone,
Access afforded to the steps of none
But suppliants. Hegesistratus accosts
One in pontific vesture station'd there."

Mardonius is admitted alone, and conducted by the priest into a dome, where "the gloomy chief" bows before the statue of a "genius good," whose lineaments recal his lost Masistius forcibly to his recollection: an incident, which gives occasion to an address in a tender vein of poetry, but which we must pass over. Forsaking the dome,

"Along Hercyna's bank they now proceed,
To where the river parts. One channel holds
A sluggish, creeping water, under vaults
Of ebon shade, and soporific yew,
The growth of ages on the level line
Of either joyless verge. The satrap here,
Nam'd and presented by his former guide,
A second priest receives, conductor new
Through night-resembling shadows, which obscure
The sleepy stream, unmoving to the sight,
Or moving mute."

After drinking of the Lethean fount, they proceed:

"Ascending thence, a mazy walk they tread,
Where all the Season's florid children show
Their gorgeous raiment, and their odours breathe
Unspent; while musical in murmur flows
Fast down a deep declivity of bed
Hercyna, winding in a channel new,
Apparent often to the glancing eye
Through apertures, which pierce the loaden boughs
Of golden fruit Hesperian, and th' attire
Of myrtles green, o'ershadowing the banks.
In alabaster's variegated hues,
To bound the pleasing avenue, a fane
Its symmetry discover'd on a plat,
Thick-set with roses, which a circling skreen
Of that fair ash, where cluster'd berries glow,
From ruffling gusts defended."

After undergoing a variety of ceremonies, at length,

"Fresh from ablution, lo! Mardonius comes

In linen vesture, fine and white, as down
Of Paphian doves. A sash of tincture bright,
Which rivall'd Flora's brilliancy of dye,
Engirds his loins; majestical his brows
A wreath sustain; Lebadian sandals ease
His steps. Exchanging thus his martial guise,
Like some immortal, of a gentler mould
Than Mars, he moves. So Phœbus, when he sets,
Lav'd by the nymphs of Tethys in their grot
Of coral after his diurnal toil,
Repairs his splendours, and his rosy track
Of morn resumes."

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"Next through a winding cavity and vast
He guides the prince along a mossy vault,
Rough with protuberant and tortuous roots
Of ancient woods, which, clothing all above,
In depth shoot downward equal to their height;
Suspended lamps, with livid glimpse and faint,
Direct their darkling passage. Now they reach
The further mouth unclosing in a dale
Abrupt; there shadow, never-fleeting, rests.
Rude-featur'd crags, o'erhanging, thence expel
The blaze of noon. Beneath a frowning cliff
A native arch, of altitude which tempts
The soaring eagle to construct his nest,
Expands before an excavation deep,
Unbowelling the hill. On either side
This gate of nature, hoary sons of time,
Enlarg'd by ages to portentous growth,
Impenetrable yews augment the gloom.
In height two cubits, on the rocky floor
A parapet was rais'd of marble white,
In circular dimension; this upholds
The weight of polish'd obelisks, by zones
Of brass connected, ornamental fence.
A wicket opens to th' advancing prince;
Steps moveable th' attentive priest supplies;
By whom instructed, to the awful chasm
Below, profound but narrow, where the god
His inspiration breathes, th' intrepid son
Of Gobryas firm descends. His nether limbs
Up to the loins he plunges. Downward drawn,
As by a whirlpool of some rapid flood,

At once the body is from sight conceal'd.
Entranc'd he lies in subterranean gloom,
Less dark than superstition. She, who caus'd
His bold adventure, with her wonted fumes
Of perturbation from his torpid state
Awakes him; rather in a dream suggests
That he is waking. On a naked bank
He seems to stand; before him sleeps a pool,
Edg'd round by desert mountains, in their height
Obscuring Heav'n. Without impulsive oars,
Without a sail, spontaneous flies a bark
Above the stagnant surface, which, untouch'd,
Maintains its silence. On the margin rests
The skiff, presenting to the hero's view
An aged sire, of penetrating ken,
His weight inclining on an ebon staff."

This "aged sire" is Trophonius, with whom Mardonius sinks into the cave of the fatal sisters, learns his fate, and instantly

Whirl'd
Back from Trophonian gloom, is found supine
Within the marble parapet, which fenc'd
The cavern's mouth."

When the dejection which naturally depresses the mind of the Persian hero after his mysterious interview, has been somewhat relieved, his visit to his haram is described in this passage of oriental luxuriance and beauty, which, for its warmth of colouring, is not unworthy of the pen of the author of *Lalla Rookh*.

"The midnight hour was past, a season dear
To softly-tripping Venus. Through a range
Of watchful eunuchs in apartments gay
He seeks the female quarter of his tent,
Which, like a palace of extent superb,
Spreads on the field magnificence. Soft lutes,
By snowy fingers touch'd, sweet-warbled song
From ruby lips which harmonize the air,
Impregnated with rich Panchæan scents,
Salute him ent'ring. Gentle hands unclasp
His martial harness, in a tepid bath
Lave and perfume his much-enduring limbs.
A couch is strewn with roses; he reclines
In thinly-woven taffeta. So long

In pond'rous armour cas'd, he scarcely feels
The light and loose attire. Around him smile
Circassian Graces, and the blooming flow'rs
Of beauty cull'd from ev'ry clime to charm.
Lo! in transcending ornament of dress
A fair one, all-surpassing, greets the chief;
But pale her lip, and wild her brilliant eye."

The concluding battle is related in the author's best manner: the death of Medon, particularly, is an admirable sequel to those of the chosen heroes at Thermopylæ. Indeed, it is remarkable that the poet rises in strength and beauty towards the close. The versification becomes more sustained, and the imagery more fully developed: the sentiments are now no longer thrown at the reader with that sturdy carelessness which was conspicuous in the first and larger portion of the poem; but, on the contrary, the whole bears an air of finish and completeness. This singular amendment, where others usually flag, may, perhaps, in some measure, confirm the idea hinted at above, that these thirty books were intended as the garner or store-house of a poem to be afterwards fashioned out of the materials—and that Glover, finding that he was not likely to live to execute his whole design, bestowed his care and pains in forming the books that were still passing under his hand, more like what the whole would have been, had he hoped to have finished it. It will be recollected, that the work was printed, as we have it, after the death of the author.

The following passage will enable our readers to estimate the pathetic power of Glover, of which it may be considered a favourable specimen. His pathos is not, indeed, deep and overflowing—not like the flower, which, filled with recent dew, until its bosom is no longer able to sustain the rich incumbrance, pours forth its watery treasures, relieving itself and fertilizing the earth around it; yet, it is gentle, harmonious, and might almost be called beautiful, but it is the placid beauty of the "moonlight sleeping upon a bank," with something of its coldness. The scene is immediately after Acanthè, who conceives a passion for Themistocles, has been rescued by him from the flames and from death.

"Not so Acanthè's troubles are compos'd.
When lenient balm of Morpheus steep'd the cares
Of other bosoms; in the midnight damps
She quits a thorny pillow. Half array'd,
With naked feet she roams a spacious floor,
Whence she contemplates that retreat of rest,
Enclosing all her wishes, hapless fair!

Without one hope; there, stifling sighs, she melts
In silent tears. The sullen groan of winds,
Which shake the roof, the beating rain she bears
Unmov'd, nor heeds stern Winter, who benumbs
Her tender beauties in his harsh embrace.
O Love! to vernal sweets, to summer's air,
To bow'rs, which temper sultry suns at noon,
Art thou confin'd? To rills, in lulling flow,
To flow'rs, which scent thy arbours of recess,
To birds, who sing of youth and soft desire?
All is thy empire, ev'ry season thine,
Thou universal origin of things,
Sole ruler, oft a tyrant. Stealing steps
Full frequent draw Acanthè to the door
Of her preserver. While he sleeps, and pain
Excites no groan to wound her list'ning ear,
Anxiety abates; but passion grows.
Then recollecting his intrepid strides
Through fiery surge, devouring, as he pass'd,
His hair majestic, wreathing round his limbs
In torment, which none else to save her life
Would face, or could endure, unguarded thought
In murm'ring transport issues from her lips.

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She could no more. A parting cloud reveal'd
The Moon. Before the silver light she dropp'd
On her bare knee, enfeebled by the cold;
There fix'd and freezing, from that awful pow'r
Of chastity she seem'd invoking help;
When, newly-waken'd by her piercing moan,
With smarting limbs Themistocles had left
His pillow; keener his internal pang,
To see an image of despair, the work
Of his fallacious art. On his approach,
At once the worn remains of spirit fled
From her cold bosom, heaving now no more.
The twilight glimmers on the rear of night;
His painful arms uplift her from the floor,
And to her couch with decency of care
Commit her lifeless charms. To sense restor'd,
Just as the Morn's exploring eye unclos'd,
Acanthè, faint and speechless, by a sign
Forbids his presence; cautious he retires.

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Whole days, whole nights, she saw
A tender sire beside her pillow mourn,
Her beauties wasting hourly in his view.
To gentler forms delirium then would change;
The Moon, so lately to her aid invok'd,
She saw, descending from her lucid sphere,
Assume her shape of goddess, who inspir'd
A soothing thought to seek for health and peace
At her propitious oracle, not rob
So kind a father of his only joy."

We have not been able to persuade ourselves to omit the few extracts which succeed, short as they are. They are a collection of choice flowers, which altogether make up a fragant wreath.

"An April Zephyr, with reviving sweets
From gay Eubœa's myrtle-border'd meads,
Perfumes his breath, scarce ruffling in his course
The pearly robe of morn."

Artemisia's quitting Mardonius is thus mentioned:

"She departs.
Behind her, like the sinking globe of day,
She leaves a trail of radiance on his soul."

Of Melissa, the poet says,

"She o'er the dead through half the solemn night
A copious web of eloquence unwinds."

The death of Masistius is thus beautifully described:

"In death, resembling sweetest sleep, his eyes
Serenely drop their curtains, and the soul
Flies to th' eternal mansions of the just."

Of whom his friend Mardonius thus speaks:

"Not us'd to weep, (I) humbled at thy loss,
Melt like a maiden, of her love bereav'd
By unrelenting death."

The funeral dirge over Ariana is sweet. The two last lines are peculiarly tender.

" On gently-moving air
Sweet measures glide; this melancholy dirge,
To melting chords, by sorrow touch'd, is heard.
' Cropp'd is the rose of beauty in her bud,
Bright virtue's purest mansion is defac'd;
Like Mithra's beams her silken tresses shone
In lustre gentle as a vernal morn;
Her eye reveal'd the beauties of her mind;
The slave, the captive, in her light rejoic'd.
' Lament, ye daughters of Choaspes, wail,
Ye Cissian maids, your paragon is lost.
' Once like the fresh-blown lily in the vale,
In Susa fair, in radiancy of bloom
Like summer glowing, till consuming love
Deform'd her graces; then her hue she chang'd
To lilies pining in decay, but kept
The smile of kindness on her wasted cheek.' "

Themistocles is thus described, contemplating an embarkation.

" He said, and, moving tow'rds the beach, observes
The embarkation. Each progressive keel
His eye pursues. O'erswelling now in thought,
His own deservings, glory, and success,
Rush on his soul like torrents, which disturb
A limpid fount. Of purity depriv'd,
The rill no more in music steals along,
But harsh and turbid through its channel foams."

We have had frequent occasion to mention our author's power of local description, in which there is a minuteness and distinctness of delineation, which, as before remarked, we in vain look for in the characters of his poem. The cave of the Furies and the conjuration of the seven assassins are executed with a decided and powerful hand.

" There was a cavern in the bowels deep
Of naked rock by Oreus, where the stern
Eumenides possess'd a dusky shrine,
And frown'd in direful idols from the time
That Titan's offspring o'er Eubœa reign'd,
The enemies of Jove. Around it slept
A stagnant water, overarch'd by yews,

Growth immemorial, which forbade the winds
E'er to disturb the melancholy pool.
To this, the fabled residence abhorr'd
Of Hell-sprung beings, Demonax, himself
Predominating demon of the place,
Conducts the sev'n assassins. There no priest
Officiates; single there, as Charon grim,
A boatman wafts them to the cavern's mouth.
They enter, fenc'd in armour; down the black
Descent, o'er moist and lubricated stone,
They tread unstable. Night's impurest birds
With noisome wings each loathing visage beat;
Of each the shudd'ring flesh through plated steel
By slimy efts, and clinging snakes, is chill'd;
Cold, creeping toads beset th' infected way.
Now at the cave's extremity obscene
They reach the sisters three, tremendous forms,
Of huge, mis-shapen size. Alecto there,
Tisiphoné, Megæra, on their fronts
Display their scorpion curls; within their grasp
Their serpents writh'd. Before them sulph'rous fires
In vases broad, antiquity's rude toil,
To render horrour visible, diffus'd
Such light, as Hell affords. Beside a chasm,
Whose bottom blind credulity confin'd
By Tartarus alone, with trembling feet
Stood Lamachus, the wicked and deform'd.
An ewe, in dye like ebony, he gor'd;
The dark abyss receiv'd a purple stream.
Next to the dire conspirators he held
A vessel; o'er the brim their naked arms
They stretch'd; he pierc'd the veins; the envenom'd blood,
A fit libation mix'd for Hell, he pour'd
Down the deep clift; then falt'ring, half dismay'd
At his own rites, began: 'Ye injur'd men,
Of wealth and honours violently spoil'd,
Implacably condemn'd to bonds and rods
By insolent Themistocles, before
These dreadful goddesses you swear, his death
You vow, by ev'ry means revenge can prompt,
In secret ambush, or in open fight,
By day, by night, with poison, sword, or fire:
Else on your heads you imprecate the wrath
Of these inexorable pow'rs. They swore."

XUM

There is a tender and mellow beauty in the lines we shall next extract.

> " By his Cleora, Hyacinthus sat.
> The youthful husband o'er the snowy breast
> Which lull'd and cherish'd a reposing babe,
> The blooming father o'er that precious fruit
> Hung fondly. Thoughtful ecstacy recall'd
> His dream at Juno's temple; where he saw
> The visionary bosom of his bride
> Disclose maternal to an infant new
> The pillow smooth of lilies. Wan, her cheek
> Told her confinement from the cheerful day.
> Six moons in deep obscurity she dwelt;
> Where, as a sea-nymph underneath a rock,
> Or Indian genie in the cavern'd earth,
> Her cell in conchs and coral she had dress'd,
> By gracious Pamphila supply'd, to cheat
> Time and despair."

We conclude our extracts with the following chaste picture of a Grecian marriage.

> " To Calauria's verge
> He pass'd; beneath a nuptial chaplet gay
> He wore his crisped hair, of purest white;
> A tunic wrapp'd his sinewy chest and loins;
> A glowing mantle, new in Tyrian dye,
> Fell down his shoulders. Up the shelving lawn
> The high Neptunian structure he attains,
> Where with her parents Ariphilia waits
> Attir'd in roses like her hue, herself
> As Flora fair, or Venus at her birth,
> When from the ocean with unrifled charms
> The virgin goddess sprung. Yet, far unlike
> A maid sequester'd from the public eye,
> She, early train'd in dignity and state,
> In sanctity of manners to attract
> A nation's rev'rence, to the advancing chief
> In sweet composure unreluctant yields
> Her bridal hand, who down the vaulted isle,
> Where Echo joins the hymeneal song,
> Conducts the fair."

From the observations we have made, and the copious extracts we have given, we think our readers will be able to form

a pretty accurate opinion of the nature, extent, and variety of the merits of the *Athenaid*. It has, indeed, been our endeavour to select from this very long poem such specimens of the author's powers as might produce the most favourable impression. We are, however, free to confess, that, as a whole, it does not exhibit any surpassing excellence: but, with all its faults, it will not, we think, be deemed unworthy of the notice and space we have allotted to it. It is, moreover, one of the objects of our work to point out the sources of innocent pleasure hitherto neglected; and those who are capable of receiving gratification from *Leonidas*, are likely to experience as much or more in the perusal of the *Athenaid*.

ART. VII. *The Life and Adventures of* Lazarillo Gonsales, *surnamed* de Tormes. *Written by himself. Translated from the original Spanish. In two parts:* 12*mo.* 19*th Edition; London,* 1777.

This is one of the amusing histories of Spanish roguery; and, in gratitude for the entertainment Lazarillo has afforded us, we intend to devote a few pages to him. It may be thought that we are easily pleased, and if it be so, we are rather disposed to consider it as an advantage than otherwise. We would rather belong to that class which

> " Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing;"

than be enrolled in the ranks of those critics, who can find a blot in every author's scutcheon, and whose chief pleasure is to be displeased. We would, by our own will, have the critic, were his knowledge as ample and comprehensive as the " casing air," as pliant and impressible. We think it no proof of a man's wisdom, or of his knowledge, to be niggardly of praise, and, like a certain insect, to pass over that which is good to light upon that which is unsound and worthless. But so it is—

> " The bee and spider, by a diverse power,
> Suck honey and poison from the self-same flow'r.'

While some read for information, many read for amusement, but both objects have the same tendency—the increase of human happiness; and the power of enjoyment is the greatest proof of wisdom.—This little work will perhaps be thought by some of a low and trifling nature; but it is the first of a race of comic ro-

mances, which have added to the innocent delight of thousands. Indeed, for wit, spirit, and inexhaustible resources in all emergencies, there is nothing like your Spanish rogue; he is the very pattern of a good knave, the perfection of trickery. Foul weather or fair, it is much the same to him; in winter or summer he is ever blithe and jocund. If his face be as plump and bright as the orange of his own Seville, he is not without its tartness; and if he be as lean and sunken as an apple kept over the spring-time, he can laugh with the season. In fact, he is never out of season; for if we have a black cloud on one side of the hill, there is sunshine on the other. He is the true Spanish blade, sharp and well tempered. And then for his plots and shifts, and pleasant adventures, there is no end to them, they are countless. Of all rogues, the Spanish is, after all, the only agreeable companion. A French rogue is nothing to him; and your Jeremy Sharpes and Meriton Latroons are mere dullards in the comparison. The first is but a mechanical sharper, and the others are indecent blackguards.—They are bread without salt—mere animal matter without soul. We would not, however, for the world, depreciate our old acquaintance *Gil Blas*, a book which we cannot leave without regret, whenever we dip into it; but he is, in reality, nothing more nor less than a Spanish rogue. Spain gave him birth, and furnished his adventures. Nor would we say any thing against that pleasantly extravagant book, the "*Comic Romance*" of Scarron, which has more of the English cast of humour, than any other work of the same country that we are acquainted with. As to those eminent individuals who first figure at Tyburn, and then in the "*Newgate Calendar*," there is too much of reality in their deeds: and besides, they present, with the dreadful inadequacy and inequality of their punishments, a too uniformly sanguinary and gloomy picture for us to introduce here. But the Spanish rogue is too light for the gallows—"hemp was not sown for him." And we escape with gladness from the reflections which were just awakening in our minds, to the more immediate object of this article.—What depth of knowledge and acuteness of observation do the Spanish "*Lives*" and "*Adventures*" display; and what a fund of wisdom is mingled with their rogueries, as in the *Gusman de Alfarache*, for instance, the most celebrated of all Lazarillo's successors, and which will form the subject of an article in one of our future numbers. Books of this description have, some how or other, obtained an uncommon degree of popularity; and, judging from the number of editions through which the book before us has passed, it has received its share. For ourselves, we can say, with truth, they have beguiled us of many an hour, which would otherwise have been wearisome; and we can still turn from perusing, in the pages of the historian, the graver knaveries of "your

rich thieves, such as ride on their foot-cloathes of velvet, that hang their horses with hangings of tissue and costly arras, and cover the floors of their chambers with gold and silk, and curious Turkey carpets—who live bravely, upheld by their reputation, graced by their power, and favoured by flattery;"*—and divert ourselves with the more ingenious and less fatal tricks of the vulgar hero, who commenced his youthful career by leading a blind beggar. Lazarillo, however, is a low and wretched rogue—he has neither the genius, nor the ambition, to figure in a higher sphere than that in which he was bred—he neither possesses the various and versatile inventions, or embarks in the intricate and impudent plots of Gusman, nor meets with the romantic adventures or arrives at the dignity of Gil Blas. In short, Lazarillo is not a professed or finished sharper, but is more the victim of the knavery of others, than a knave himself.—Some of the scenes are of the sombre cast, but relieved by the usual quaintness, liveliness, and spirit of enjoyment, of the Spanish writers.—Lazarillo, in his greatest straights, loses not his good humour.

Than his first master, the devil never hatched an archer or cunninger old fellow—he had more prayers by heart, than all the blind men of Spain—and, for his guide's misfortune, was as stingy and avaricious, as he was cunning.—Our Lazarillo was half starved to death by him, and obliged to exert his utmost ingenuity to extract a portion of his master's provisions. One of his expedients will be found in the ensuing extract.

"At meals, the blind old man used always to keep his wine in an earthen mug, which he set between his legs, from whence I used, as often as I could, to move it slily to my head, and after giving it a hearty kiss, returned it to the place from whence it came. But my master being as cunning as I was sly, and finding his draughts were shortened, after that, always held the mug by the handle.

"That new precaution proved but a wet to my industry; for by means of a reed, one end of which I put into the pot, I used to drink with more satisfaction and convenience than before; till the traitor, I suppose, hearing me suck, rendered my darling machine useless, by keeping one hand upon the mouth of the can.

"Used to wine as I then was, I could more easily have dispensed with my shirt; and that exigency put me upon a fresh invention of making a hole near the bottom of the mug, which, stopping with a little wax, at dinner-time I took the opportunity to tap the can, and getting my head between the old man's legs, received into my mouth the delicious juice with all the decency imaginable. So that the old man, not knowing to what he should impute the continual leakage of his liquor, used to swear and domineer, wishing both the wine and the pot were at the devil.

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* *Gusman de Alfarache.*

" You won't accuse me any more, I hope (cried I) of drinking your wine, after all the fine precautions you have taken to prevent it.—To that he said not a word; but feeling all about the pot, he at last unluckily discovered the hole, which cunningly dissembling at that time, he let me alone, till next day at dinner, not dreaming, God knows, of the old man's malicious intention, but getting in between his legs, according to my wonted custom, receiving into my mouth the distilling dew, and pleasing myself with the success of my own ingenuity, my eyes upward, but half shut, the furious tyrant, taking up the sweet but hard pot with both his hands, flung it down again with all his force upon my face; by the violence of which blow, imagining the house had fallen upon my head, I lay sprawling without any sentiment or judgement, my forehead, nose, and mouth, gushing out with blood, and the latter full of broken teeth and broken pieces of the can.

" From that time forward I ever abominated the monstrous old churl, and in spite of all his flattering stories, could easily observe how my punishment tickled the old rogue's fancy.

" He washed my sores with wine, and with a smile, what sayest thou (quoth he) Lazarillo: the thing that hurt thee, now restores thee health? Courage, my boy!—But all his raillery could not make me change my mind."

For this castigation Lazarillo afterwards took an opportunity of amply revenging himself.—The blind man, greedy as he was in comparison with the priest, our hero's next master, was a prodigal. The whole stock of provisions, accessible to the unfortunate adventurer, was a rope of onions, of which he was allowed one every four days.—The priest exercised his skill in arithmetic so rigidly in the store-room, that Lazarillo never exceeded the quartidian allowance with impunity. There were occasions, indeed, on which he contrived to lay in a good meal, and that happened whenever there was a funeral in the parish, so that it was his earnest prayer, morning and evening, that God would call unto his rest one of their parishioners, at least every day. And he proceeds—

" When we went to carry the holy unction to any of the parishioners, the priest needed not bid me pray for the sick person; I was of my own accord sufficiently inclined to do that, earnestly desiring (not as the custom is, that he would dispose of them according to his holy will, but) that they might speedily be received into Paradise; and if, after that, it happened that any body recovered (Lord pardon me for it!) I wished them at the Devil with all my heart; whereas I accompanied with a thousand benedictions the corpse of those who peaceably left the world, and by their departure entitled me to a lusty supper."

There was an old antique chest, in which the priest carefully deposited the sacrament-bread for his own peculiar use. This he kept so fast locked up, and was so cunning withal, that La-

zarillo with all his expedients could not for a long time circumvent a single morsel of it.

At length, fortune smiled upon him.

" But for all those reasons of policy, it was a damned hard matter for me to resist much longer the cruellest enemy of mankind, hunger. But not knowing how to better myself, while I was contriving some means for my evasion, one day the priest being out of doors, a tinker came to mend pots and kettles (if I may not rather call him an angel in disguise, sent by heaven to deliver me from all my misery and sorrow). When he asked me, whether we had any thing to mend? Alas! friend, (quoth I) if you could mend what's amiss with me, you should have work enough. But having no time to lose, master (quoth I) I have lost the key of yonder great trunk, and the priest will break my bones; for God's sake, see if, amongst all them you have got about you, there be never a one that will serve my turn! You would do me a great service, and I would pay you thankfully for it.

" The compassionate tinker, without any more ado, began to try his keys, and when I was just past all hopes of succeeding (my most fervent prayers not being wanting) I was of a sudden overjoyed to see the curate's trunk fly open.

" That sight was like the opening of heaven to me, when I set my eyes upon the loaves that were shut up in it. I told the tinker I had no money to give him, but that he might pay himself in bread; upon which he chose the best loaf he could see, and, leaving me the key, went away very contentedly, but not half so overjoyed as I.

" However, I meddled with nothing that night, being too much afraid the tinker's loaf might be missed; and besides that, when I had so great a treasure in my power, my hunger abated with my plenty, and I was persuaded it never durst assault me more. The priest came back in the evening, and, as good luck would have it, did not miss his loaf.

" He was no sooner out of doors next morning, but away I went to the blessed chest, and seizing one of the holy loaves, it became invisible in less time than you could say two pater nosters; that done, I carefully locked the chest, and began sweeping the room with so light a heart, that I fancied, with my cunning invention, I should live very happily in time to come. This joy lasted all that day and the next, but my cursed stars thought that long enough for me to be easy at a time.

" The very third morning after I had found out that noble invention, my devilish master began to search up and down his chest, and reckon his loaves over and over again. That cruel search put me in a panic fear, and I heartily recommended myself to God and all the saints—O blessed St. John (quoth I), O sweet St. Anthony, confound his memory, or put out his eyes!

" When he had spent three quarters of an hour in counting upon his fingers the number of the loaves, and the days on which they had been given, If this chest (said the miser) had been in any other place, I should have thought that some of my bread was stolen; but I shall take care to keep so strict an account in time to come, that I shall know better what to think. There's now nine and a broken one.

"Nineteen millions of maledictions light upon your churlish head! muttered I in my teeth, thinking I saw my heart's blood gushing out when I heard these words; for the prospect of the old diet, to which I was about to return, made me sensible of all the horrors of my future hunger before I felt it.

"He went out soon after, and I as soon returned to the contemplation of the dear forbidden chest, and throwing myself upon my knees before the loaves, I counted them with my fingers' ends, in hopes the devilish priest might have mistaken the number; but this was to no purpose, there being nine loaves and a piece, and no more: all I could do was to kiss them one after another, and cut a little thin slice off that which was broke. This was all the assistance I could come at that day, and far short of what I could have dispensed with; for my stomach having been accustomed, for several days together, to a larger allowance than before, the hunger was the worse to bear, and therefore I did little else all the day long but open and shut the trunk, to feed at least my eyes upon my master's holy bread.

"In this great exigency of my affairs, my happy genius suggested another thought to procure me some assistance, which, though but small, was better than nothing, and partly saved my life. The trunk was old, and shattered enough to make one believe the mice might get in to damnify the bread; and since I durst not take a whole one, I thought at least I might counterfeit a mouse without any danger.

"Extremely pleased with this expedient, I began to crumb the bread upon an old napkin that was in the trunk, and when I had made holes in three or four, taking the crumbs in the hollow of my hand, I swallowed them like carraway comfits, and feasted myself as heartily as I durst venture.

"When dinner-time came, the curate could not fail of discovering the misfortune that had happened to the bread, which, however, was so well counterfeited, that he did not question it had been visited by the rats. See here, Lazarillo, (quoth he) what a destruction has happened last night to my bread.—Lord! What's the matter, sir? quoth I.—The matter! (answered the curate), What should the matter be, but the damned rats and mice, that would eat up the devil!

"From thence we went to dinner, where, thank God, I had more than double profit; for besides that he gave me twice as much bread as he used to do, I had all the parings about the parts where he thought the mice had been. Never fear, Lazarillo (quoth he) but eat heartily; a mouse is a very cleanly creature. So that that day's portion was increased by the work of my own hands, or rather my own nails.

"We made an end of our dinner, if I may say an end of what I never had well begun. But it was a bloody mortification to me, to see the priest rifle all the walls of the house to get together a parcel of old nails, with the help of which, and some bits of boards, he patched up all the holes, and the very seams of the trunk. Good God (thought I to myself), how uncertain are the greatest pleasures of this laborious life! To how many miseries, calamities, and misfortunes, are we subject! Alas! I thought I had found out a cure for my misfortune in some

measure; and now my cruel stars supply my master with proper means to break my heart. I can impute it to nothing else; and if my misfortune were not in the case, I am sure the priest is such a blockhead that he could never, of himself, be master of such inventions.

" While I was employed in making these and the like reflections, the industrious carpenter was mending all the holes, and covering even the seams of the old chest; and when he had done, come now, if you dare, Mr. Rat (says the curate, all in a heat) I should desire no better sport! But I think you had better shift elsewhere, for you're like to have but an indifferent time on't here.

" He was no sooner out of the house, than I ran to the poor old chest, but to my sorrow found he had not left a hole for a worm to creep through! I opened it, however, though without any hope of bettering myself. At last I spied the loaves my master had cut and pared, believing they had fallen under the fury of the rats, from whence I ventured to take some slices as thick as joiner's shavings.

" That was such an inconsiderable supply to my hungry paunch, that day and night I thought of nothing else but finding out some means to ease my grief.—Hunger is the mother of invention, and sharpens the wit as much as gluttony drowns it.

" One night, I was consulting with myself about the fittest method of renewing my assault upon the chest, without discovery. I found, by his audible snoring, that the priest was fast asleep: up I got, and with an old rusty oyster-knife I kept on purpose for that use, I easily made a passage, big enough for any rat, through a corner of the old, rotten, wormy chest, which I then opened without any noise, and making good large holes in the broken loaves, I swallowed the crumbs, and then ran to my couch to take a little rest, to which my continual fasting had made me a very great stranger; but when I had got a good belly-full, all the king of France's dragoons could not have waked me.

" Next morning the curate, seeing that new disorder, began to swear and storm, and heartily made a present to the Devil of all the rats and mice of Valencia. What a plague's the matter with them (quoth the angry man of God) that I must be tormented with that damned vermin, and that but of late too! And indeed he was in the right on't, for, upon my honour, there was not in all the province a family that might be better entitled to such an exception than my churlish master's; for the rats are seldom observed to frequent an empty cupboard.

" To work he fell, and quickly stopt the hole, and I did not fail next night to make another: and thus we went on so long, that the chest had as many pieces in it as a beggar's cloak.

" At last he began to consider he lost his time in patching such an old rotten piece of household stuff, which being so shattered that a small mouse might easily get through it, he thought, with a little more boring and mending, it would be quite undone. It was death to him to think of laying out three or four crowns for a new one, and therefore, to spare his chest, he was resolved to sacrifice his cruel persecutors, by the help of a mouse-trap which was lent him by one of our neighbours, amongst whom he likewise raised a contribution for crusts of cheese, &c. which putting into the trap, he set it in the trunk.

" This was a fresh whet to my appetite, which was always sharp enough; but a bit of cheese was a thing that would have made me rob a church to come at it."

His next project is also disconcerted—he is half-murdered and, scarcely able to walk, thrust out of doors. The portraiture of the Squire, his next master, is an admirable full length of a Spanish hidalgo, with no other inheritance than his name and a sword—of pride truckling to a neat's foot. Indeed, it is so complete and finished, that we shall give nearly the whole of it. Hogarth never struck off a more felicitous picture, and we think it partakes of his manner in some of his pieces. In other hands it would have been purely gloomy and miserable; but here the abstract wretchedness is so redeemed and relieved by the spirit of the author, that we fancy it a positive enjoyment. " Dost thou want a master, boy?" said the Squire, a grave and stately person, " Yes, sir," answered Lazarillo—" Then follow me," said the Squire, " and surely thou hast said some very efficacious prayer this morning, or art a particular favorite of heaven, since 'tis thy fortune to fall in my way." Lazarillo blessed his stars and followed.

" By one o'clock we came to a house where the 'squire halted, and so did I; he then pulled off his cloak, which throwing across his left arm, he pulled a key out of his pocket with his right hand, and opening the door, he went through a dark, narrow, ominous passage, into a little yard, from whence we went into a tolerable apartment. Being come in, he took off his cloak, and looking whether my hands were clean, and finding they were, we softly shook it, which folding up, he blew off the dust from a stone seat, and laying the cloak down there, sat upon it: after which, asking me a great many questions, of the place of my birth, of my past life, and how I came to Toledo, I gave him as short answers as I could, thinking the discourse a little unseasonable before dinner, and being more inclinable to lay the cloth and set the victuals upon the table, than to discourse of such frivolous matters.

" When I had answered all his questions, lying where it was convenient to give myself any good qualities, and passing slightly over those of the opposite side, he sat a while musing upon his cloak without speaking a word. I stood opposite to him, swallowing my spittle, with my hands in my hat, and looking wistfully on him, as one who would have said, when shall we go to dinner, sir? Two of the clock struck, but no news of any victuals; and he was as immoveable as if he had been stiff.

" On the other hand, the door so fast shut up, the profound silence, the bare walls, and the empty rooms, which, through the lower windows, I could see without beds, hangings, chairs, tables, or even such a poor rotten chest as the old priest's; all this looked very ominous, and made me fancy I was got into a wizard's den.

"The 'squire of a sudden seeming to awake, Hast thou dined, young man? quoth he.—Not I, sir, said I; you know I have been attending you ever since eight this morning.—For my part, (answered the 'squire) I had breakfasted before, and when I eat in the morning I never can touch a bit of victuals before night; and so thou must shift as well as thou canst till supper.

"That cruel speech had almost thrown me into the falling-sickness; not so much for my present hunger, as in consideration of the greatness of my misfortune that made me always fall into such hands. All my former miseries came fresh into my mind, and amongst other things, I did not forget the presentiments I had of doing worse, when I first entertained any thoughts of leaving the curate. However, dissembling as well as I could, You need not trouble yourself about that, sir, (said I,) for of the humour I am, thank God, eating and drinking goes but little to my heart.—Sobriety is a great virtue in a young man, (interrupted the 'squire) and I shall have the better opinion of thee for it. 'Tis only fit for hogs to delight in filling their bellies, and not for men. I understand ye, thought I to myself: the devil, I think, is in all my masters, or else I can't imagine why they should endeavour to out-do each other in starving me.

"After this dialogue was over, I drew to a corner of the yard, and began to eat some morsels of bread which had been given me that morning, which the 'squire observing, Come hither, boy, (said he,) what's that thou'rt eating? I went, and shewing him three pieces of bread, he took away the best. Upon my faith (quoth he) this bread seems to be very good.—'Tis too stale and too hard, sir, (said I) to be good.—I swear 'tis very good, said the 'squire. Who gave it thee? Were their hands clean that baked it?—I took it without asking any questions, sir, (answered I) and you see I eat it as freely.—Pray God it may be so, says the miserable squire: and so putting the bread to his mouth, he eat it with no less appetite than I did mine, adding at every mouthful, Gadzooks, this bread is excellent!

"Observing he went so heartily to work, I thought it convenient to make haste with mine, lest he should have had the civility to help me; and we were both so diligent that we ended our tasks much about a time. After which, gently shaking off the crumbs that stuck upon his clothes, he went into a little sort of a closet, from whence taking out an old earthen pitcher, when he had taken a hearty draught himself, he invited me to do the like. I soberly answered, that I did not care for drinking wine.—That's very well, (said the 'squire) but this is water, and so thou may'st drink without any scruple. Then taking the pitcher, I put it to my head as if I had taken a hearty draught; but, God knows, it was not thirst that troubled me most.

"He passed the remainder of that day in asking me questions, and I in answering them. The evening being come, calling me into the little closet, out of which he had brought the pitcher, Let us make my bed together (said the 'squire) that you may know how to make it alone another time.

"His bed was composed of the anatomy of an old hamper, supported by two broom-sticks half rotten; the sheets were instead of a

mattrass, but confounded black and nasty, and there was but one old blanket: so that, when all the cloaths were on, you could have discerned through them the sticks of the 'squire's bed, as plainly as one may see an old dead horse's ribs.

" When that was done, Lazarillo (quoth he) 'tis very late, and the market's a great way off; and besides that, you know that this town is full of cut purses. Let's do as well as we can; the night will soon be over, and to-morrow God will provide. Having formerly no servant, I was forced to eat abroad, but it shall not be so any more.—Lord, sir, (said I) don't let that make you uneasy; sure I can shift one night without victuals, or a couple, if there was any occasion for it.—So much the better for your health, (said the squire) for, as I was saying a while ago, you'll live the longer for it, there being nothing in the world so wholesome as eating little.—Hem! thought I, at that rate sure I shall never die! I have always lived very moderately, sir, (said I) and, by the grace of God, I shall always do so.

" After that he went to bed, making a pillow of his breeches and his waistcoat, folded up together. I lay at his feet, but not a wink of sleep came in my eyes; the sticks in the bed and my sharp bones were continually quarrelling; I had not a pound of flesh on my body, which, by the hunger and other hardships I had suffered, was reduced to a perfect skeleton: and after all that, where is the man that could have slept with such an empty stomach?

" I did nothing all the night over, (God forgive me!) but curse my own destiny; and in the constraint under which I found myself, not so much as to stir, for fear of awaking my master with the noise of the sticks, I begged of God an hundred times to put an end at once to my misery and my life.

" As soon as it was day, we both got up. The 'squire began brushing and cleaning his cloaths, which he afterwards put on at leisure; and at last coming to his sword, Here is a blade, Lazarillo, (quoth he) that I would not give for all the gold in Christendom; the finest steel is but like a bit of rusty iron in comparison with it. Look ye, (says he, pulling it out of the sheath, and drawing it through his fingers) I could cut a hair in the air with it. And I, thought I to myself, could make a confounded hole in a half-peck loaf with my teeth, though they be neither steel nor iron.

" He put up his sword, and clapping it to his side, with a great string of beads about his neck, his cloak upon his left arm, and his right hand upon his side, a strait body, a stately gait, and a gallant look, away he went; and as he was going, Lazarillo (quoth he) take care of the house while I go to mass, and mean time make the bed and clean the room, and then go fetch our pitcher full of clean water, but take care to lock the door to keep out thieves; and, because I may perhaps come home before you, hang the key upon that nail through the cat-hole. Upon that he went out, and walked with such an air, that one that did not know him, would have taken him for the duke of Arcos, or at least for his first gentleman.

" Well, blessed be God, (said I to myself, seeing him go out) who never sends a disease without a cure! Where is the man, who, seeing

my master's pleasant countenance, would not fancy he had supped plentifully last night, had lain upon a down bed, and, early as it is, had drunk his chocolate very heartily this morning? and yet, good Lord, thou knowest, though the world believes quite otherwise, that there is no such thing. Who could think, to look upon his state and gravity, and his fine cloaths, that a 'squire of his appearance had passed the whole day with a crust of bread, which his most humble valet, Lazarillo, had carried in his pocket eight-and-forty hours, among all the rest of his luggage, where it could not be much refined? That's beyond all imagination.

The next day, the 'squire leaves home to take his usual rounds. Lazarillo waits in vain for his return until two o'clock, till he is, at last, driven, in order to satisfy the yearning of an empty stomach, to walk forth and solicit the charity of well-disposed persons.

"After this manner I went from door to door, demanding a morsel of bread, with my hands joined, my eyes looking up to heaven, and the names of all the saints in my mouth, and was always sure to stop at the houses of best appearance. I had suck'd in all the niceties and secrets of my profession like my mother's milk, in the service of my blind master, and so effectually did I exert my faculties on that occasion, that before four o'clock, though the season was then very bad, and charity as cold, I had four pounds of good bread in my belly, and at least two pounds in my pockets. In my way home, going thro' the market, a butcher-woman gave me a piece of an ox foot and some boiled tripe. The poor 'squire was got home before me, and having already laid aside his cloak, was walking at a great rate in the yard. He made up to me when I came in, as I thought with a design to chide me for staying so long; but God had made him of a more peaceable temper: his business was only to ask me where I had been. I told him, that having stood it out till two o'clock, and not seeing him come home, I had been to the city to recommend myself to the charity of well-disposed persons, who had given me the bread and tripe, which I then showed him; and though I could easily observe he was rejoiced at the sight, Poor boy, (quoth he) seeing thou wert so long a coming, I dined alone. Better beg in God's name than steal; only take care, for my honour, that nobody know thou art in my service, which 'tis very easy for thee to do, since I am so little known in this town, and wou'd to God I had never seen it.—Alas! sir, (said I) why should you trouble yourself about that? Nobody asks me such questions, and I have no occasion to talk to any body of it.—Well, poor Lazarillo, (quoth he) eat thy dinner. We shall be in a better condition, an't please God, in a little while; though, to tell the truth, this is a most unlucky house; nothing has prospered with me since I came to it; it must certainly be situated under some unhappy planet; there are several such houses, which communicate their unluckiness to those that dwell in them, of which doubtless this is one; but I promise thee, as soon as this month is out, I will bid adieu to it.

"I sat down upon the end of the stone seat, and began to eat, that he might fancy I was fasting; and observed, without seeming to take notice, that his eye was fixed upon my skirt, which was all the plate and table that I had.

"May God pity me as I had compassion on that poor 'squire; daily experience made me sensible of his trouble. I did not know whether I should invite him; for since he had told me he had dined, I thought he would make a point of honour to refuse to eat: but, in short, being very desirous to supply his necessity, as I had done the day before, and which I was then much better in a condition to do, having already sufficiently stuffed my own guts, it was not long before an opportunity fairly offered itself; for he taking occasion to come near me in his walks, Lazarillo, quoth he, (as soon as he observed me begin to eat) I never saw any body eat so handsomely as thee; a body can scarce see thee fall to work without desiring to bear thee company; let their stomachs be ever so full, or their mouth ever so much out of taste. Faith, thought I to myself, with such an empty belly as yours, my own mouth would water at a great deal less.

"But finding he was come where I wished him; Sir, (said I) good stuff makes a good workman. This is admirable bread, and here's an ox foot so nicely drest, and so well seasoned, that any body would delight to taste of it.

"How! cry'd the 'squire, interrupting me, an ox foot? Yes, sir, (said I) an ox foot. Ah! then, (quoth he) thou hast in my opinion the delicatest bit in Spain; there being neither partridge, pheasant, nor any other thing, that I like near so well as that.

"Will you please to try, sir? (said I) putting the ox foot in his hand, with two good morsels of bread; when you have tasted it, you will be convinced that 'tis a treat for a king, 'tis so well dressed and seasoned.

"Upon that, sitting down by my side, he began to eat, or rather to devour what I had given him, so that the bones could hardly escape. Oh, the excellent bit (did he cry) that this would be with a little garlick. Ha! thought I to myself, how lustily thou eatest it without sauce. Gad, (said the 'squire) I have eaten this as heartily as if I had not tasted a bit of victuals to day: which I did very easily believe. He then called for the pitcher with the water, which was full as I had brought it home; so you may guess whether he had eat any."

Our hero's master being one day in better humour than ordinary, because he had had a tolerable dinner, was pleased to give him the following account of his affairs.

"He told me, that he was of Old Castile, and that he had left his country only because he would not pull off his hat to a person of quality of his neighbourhood. But, sir, (quoth I) if he was your superior by birth and estate, as you seem to own he was, you might well enough have saluted him first, without any injury to yourself, since he did not fail to make you a civil return.

"All that's true enough, answered the 'squire. He was a greater

and forced me to let myself be saluted first, by taking me by the hand when he saw me carrying it to my head to pull off my hat.

" For my part, sir, (quoth I) I should not have minded things so nearly.

" Yes, that's well enough for thee (interrupted he.) Thou art but young, and so a stranger to those sentiments of honour, in which the riches of those that now profess it do principally consist. But thou must know, that, a simple 'squire as I am, if I met a prince in the street, and he did not take off his hat to me right (I say, take it off right) gadzooks, on the first occasion I would find a way to go into some house, under pretence of business, or slip away into the next street before he came near me, that I might not be obliged to salute him. Look ye, (continued the 'squire) except God and the king, a gentleman is inferior to none, and ought not to yield an ace to any.

" I remember (added he) I taught an officer good manners once, and had like to have caned him for saluting me with a God save you. Learn to speak as you ought, Mr. Scoundrel, (said I) and don't use me like such a clown as yourself, with your God save you! And after that, he never failed to salute me as far as he could see me, and to speak when he came near me as became him.

" Here I could not avoid interrupting him. What, sir, (said I) is it an offence to say, God save a man?

" What a foolish boy is this! (answered the 'squire.) That's well enough for ordinary people; but for a man of my quality, the least that can be given is, your most humble servant, sir; or at least, your servant, if it be a gentleman that speaks to me: and you may see by that, whether it was fit for me to submit to the behaviour of my noble neighbour, who, to tell you the truth, did likewise use to plague me, upon all occasions, with a God save you, sir! No, by St. Anthony, I'll never take a God save you at any body's hands but the king's, if they were to add, my lord, at the end of the compliment, to sweeten it."

The unhappy 'squire, required to pay his rent, is under the necessity of taking a sudden leave of man and house, under pretence of changing a double pistole; and Lazarillo is once more without a master. A publisher of false indulgences, succeeds to his services, but Lazarillo soon quits him, and begins to rise in the world; and the first part of the volume leaves him a very accommodating and contented husband.

This production, which was printed in 1586, is attributed to D. Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, who was not only a soldier, philosopher, historian, and statesman, but a poet; who, in his vernacular language, was second to none of his age. It is by some, also, ascribed to John de Ortega, a monk.*

The work being left incomplete by the author, a second part was added by H. de Luna, which is much inferior to the

* Vide *Bibliot. Hisp. Nova*, tom 1. p. 291.

first.—Lazarillo, after having served all sorts of masters, been water-carrier, public-cryer, Indian-merchant, sea-monster, gentleman-usher, &c. died a recluse. His being converted into a sea-monster is vastly extravagant. As he is returning from South America, he is wrecked off the coast of his native country, and escapes on a plank to shore, but so intangled and covered with sea-weeds, that certain fishermen, by whom he is found, conceive the idea of shewing him about the country as a sea-monster, which they actually put in execution. The 'squire is, also, again introduced in continuation, but in such a way as to destroy the truth of the original character. We will make one quotation from the second part.

"I arrived at Valladolid with six rials in my pocket, every one I met with being liberal in bestowing their charity, to which the paleness of my countenance and weakness of my limbs did much incite them. I went strait to a broker's shop, and, for four rials, I bought me an old thread-bare frize cloak, and, for half a rial more, a hat as tall as a chimney, with a large brim; and in that equipage, with a stick in my hand, I walked up and down the street, where every one laughed at me. Here is a tavern philosopher, (says one.)—There goes St. Peter in his holiday clothes, (says another.)—Hola! Signior Ratigno! (cry'd a third) do you want a little tallow to grease your boots?—There is, (says a fourth) a fellow as like the soul of an hospital doctor, as one drop of water is like another.

"I had not gone far before I met a woman leaning upon a boy's shoulder, who asking me, if I knew any gentleman-usher that wanted a place, I told her I knew no other than myself, adding, that if her ladyship would accept of my service, I was very ready to obey her commands.

"We soon agreed. She promised me nine blancs a day, and I immediately took possession of my office, by giving her my hand, and throwing my stick away with great disdain, it being now become useless, having worn it formerly only to excite compassion, by leaning upon it as a mark of my weakness.

"She sent the boy back, commanding him to tell the maid to make the dinner ready, and to lay the cloth, that every thing might be in order against she came home; and then trotted up and down a couple of hours.

"At this first visit she made, she acquainted me, that when she had a mind to go any where, I ought to go before, and calling for the master or mistress of the house, inform them that Madam Pirez (which was her ladyship's name) desired to kiss their hands. She likewise told me, that I ought never to go before, when she was stopt at any place; to which I answered, that I understood the duty of a servant, and should endeavour to behave myself towards her ladyship as became me. During all this time I would fain have seen her face, but could not, she being veiled.

"Before we got to the house, she informed me further, that she

was not to keep me alone, but that she would find out some more of her neighbours, whom I should serve in conjunction with her, and who all together would pay me the salary she had promised me, but that, in the mean time, she would pay me her part. And then, asking me if I had a bed, and being told I had not, Very well (said she) my husband is a taylor, and you may creep in with the boys; neither could you have found a better place in all the town, for before three days be at an end, you shall have six other mistresses, who will give you a blanc a day.

"I was strangely surprized at the state of this taylor's wife, who behaved herself as if she had been some lady of distinction, or, at least, a rich citizen's wife; and what did yet further surprise me was, that from seven mistresses I was to serve, I should earn but eight or nine poor blancs a day. Yet I considered this was better than nothing, and especially since it was not a laborious trade, which I ever hated like the devil, choosing always rather to eat cabbage and garlick without working, than partridges and capons with any labour.

"As soon as we came home, she gave me her veil and her pattens to give to the maid; and then I saw what I desired, her face, that was not ugly, being of a pleasant countenance, a brown complexion, and good shape; the only thing about her that displeased me was the paint, which made her skin shine as if it had been the varnishing of a box. Then giving me her blanc, she bid me attend her twice a day, to see if she would go abroad, viz. at eleven in the morning, and three in the afternoon. I went strait to the pastry-shop, where I soon laid out my money, passing away the remainder of the day very poorly, having before consumed all I had got in alms, and not daring to beg any more, lest it should come to my mistress's knowledge.

"At three o'clock I returned to wait on her ladyship, who told me she would not go abroad, and informed me that she would pay me only on such days as she went out, and that if she went but once, she would give me but one half of my salary; adding further, that since she gave me a bed, I ought to prefer her to all my other mistresses, and stile myself in particular her servant, which the bed well deserved, and much more. This fine bed was nothing else but the working table, upon which I lay with her husband's apprentices, having nothing to cover us but an old rotten blanket, and that in a little time was torn into twenty pieces, by pulling and hauling to see which of us should have it.

"Two days I passed over in such misery as may easily be imagined I should with four deniers a day; when a tanner's wife entered into the society, and was above an hour in agreeing with me for four deniers more: so that, in short, in five days I had seven mistresses, and six or seven blancs a day. Then I began to eat most splendidly, and to drink none of the worst, tho' none of the dearest, that I might not cut my cloak larger than my cloth.

"The five other mistresses were, the widow of a bailiff's follower, a gardener's wife, another that pretended to be cousin to a Carmelite monk, and a tripe-woman, the last of whom I liked better than all the rest, because, when she gave me my blanc, she never failed to add

some bit or other for the belly, nor did I ever leave her house without three or four porringers of good porridge in my stomach; and thus I led a life so much to my liking, that I pray God I may never lead a worse.

"As for the devout hypocrite, I had more trouble with her than all the rest, because she was continually visiting, but not continually in contemplation.

"In all my life-time, I never saw a greater hypocrite than that woman, who, when in the street, never took her eyes off the ground, nor let her beads be out of her hands, but was always muttering over prayers, so that every one that saw her desired her to pray for them, believing certainly that God Almighty would hear her. Her reply used to be, that she was a great sinner; in which she did not lye, but cozened the world with a sad and serious truth.

"Every one of them walked in the street as if she had been the president of Castile's lady, nor could any body have taken them, by their mien, for less than judges' wives at least.

"It happened one day, that the Carmelite's kinswoman and the catchpole's widow meeting together in the same church, and being both to return home at the same time, there arose in the middle of the church a furious quarrel between them, which of the two I should first attend, and with so much rage did they pull me and haul me, that they tore my cloak in pieces, under which appeared a nasty shirt, as full of holes as a fishing-net; and the people seeing my skin through it, began to banter poor Lazarillo, while the rest were diverted by my two mistresses, who were tearing their great grand-fathers out of their graves. For my part, I was so busy in taking up the pieces of my cloak, that I could not listen to the compliments of either, only I heard the widow cry out, Where the devil has this baggage got all this pride, that was but yesterday a tankard-wench; and now she ruffles it in her silks, at the expence of the poor souls in purgatory!—How now, Mrs. Wagtail! reply'd the other; what means this noise with you, to strut it out so proudly with what you earn of those that owe all their gettings to a God reward you? Why, sure there must be a little difference still between the shepherd and his bitch!

"When I had got up the pieces of my cloak, and patched it together as well as I could, with the assistance of some pins I begged of an old pater-noster mumbler that was busy at her prayers, after the by-standers had parted their claws from one another's hair, I left them brawling in the church, and went to pay attendance on my mistress, the taylor's wife, who had ordered me to wait upon her about eleven o'clock, because she was to go abroad to dinner. As soon as she saw me in that pickle, she began chiding me at a most unmerciful rate. What's the meaning of this? (said she.) Do you think to earn my money by coming to attend me like a beggar? For smaller wages than I give you, I could have a gentleman-usher, with a curious doublet, fine breeches, and a handsome coat and cloak; and you must tipple away, after such a scandalous manner, the money I give you!"

The translation, as our readers have no doubt remarked, is executed in a masterly, spirited, and excellent style.

ART. VIII.—*The Works of* William Browne; *containing Britannia's Pastorals; with notes and observations, by the* Rev. W. Thompson, *late of Queen's College, Oxford. The Shepherd's Pipe, consisting of Pastorals. The Inner Temple Masque, never published before; and other Poems; with the Life of the Author; in* 3 *Volumes,* 1772.

By much the greater portion of modern readers of poetry confine their attention to the productions of our contemporary bards, and content themselves with but few and hasty draughts at the "well of English pure and undefiled." We much fear that it is now considered a far more indispensable thing to possess, than to read, the classics of the language; who are too often allowed to keep their high and splendid state in dignified and unmolested repose—duly purchased, gorgeously bound, and richly installed, they appear, as has been said of the bishops of the church, rather as the graceful and ornamental heads of an establishment, than active and useful labourers in the vineyard. The plays of Shakspeare are, indeed, read, or at least, such of them as are acted on the stage, and praised with perhaps more zeal than discrimination. Milton, too, is undertaken as a duty, and the whole of *Paradise Lost* achieved at the due age, in a given time. After this exploit, the name of Milton is ever after as familiar in the mouth as "household words," and any grown young lady or gentleman would be indignant at the bare suspicion of their not being perfectly well versed in his works. Pope is also read; but then, in comparison with Scott or Byron, he is no poet, and so dismissed. In addition to this stock of our national poetry, the fashionable lover of verse, in a luckless hour, may probably have met with some ardent eulogiums on Spenser, written by a person of accredited taste in an entertaining book. The "*Faërie Queene*" is instantly put into requisition; but, alas! what appears to him the monotony, the lifelessness, the want of character and interest, quickly arrest the progress of one, accustomed to all the "means and appliances to boot" of modern verse. So, with Milton, Spenser, Pope, and Dryden, in the mouth, and a mixture of contempt and ignorance of them in the heart, the genteel reader of poetry sits down to the highly relished preparations of the modern caterers to the public taste—to witness the stormy exhibitions of power in Byron, to revel in the "gossamer and roses" of Moore, listen to the "fabling rhyme," which tells of the "magnificence of yore," in Scott, or sail along the smooth sea of tender and delicious beauty in the pages of Barry Cornwall. We do not complain of this devotion of the common run of readers to contemporary song, for it has

its foundation in the natural circumstances of the case.—For they who love poetry, for the sake of an interesting story, for the sake of the morbid excitation, created by the exhibition of fierce thoughts of dark minds, and bad consciences in dire conflict with themselves—they who love poetry for the attraction of smooth numbers, meretricious graces, and incitements to hot passions, disguised in highly finished and delicately drawn portraits of luxurious beauty, will eagerly seize either the last new novel, or the last new poem—indifferently—save, that prose is passed over with more expedition—but poetry, being a harder material, bears a higher polish, and a finer point—and that the former, coming so much nearer the ordinary language of life, must be confined within the acknowledged limits; while the poet is a privileged person, and may come and go, where his less accomplished brother would be denied admittance, and may any time take a liberty, or lift a forbidden veil, provided he will do it with a grace, and touch off what he is admitted to behold, with a pencil dipped in the colours of a warm imagination.

There are however many, we do not doubt, who love the "soul-pleasing high-infused art," with a true and pure devotion, because there is a spirit in it, which animates, elevates, and enriches every object over which it is poured. Many who take up a poem with

> "—— a smooth and stedfast mind,
> Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,"

and behold with a sincere delight, the unlocking and the displaying of the charms of nature—many, to whom a deep view or far insight into the ideal world, which passes in vivid colours before the mind of a poet, is dearer, and confers more lasting gratification, than the brilliant pleasures of life—many, to whom a fine thought or beautiful image gives a sensible delight, though it occur in a production, which puts forth none of the factitious claims of poetry, and may perhaps be divested of the "manners and passions that constitute human interest." It is for such *we* write.—Our Review is not one, which can derive assistance, of the most trivial kind, from any source, except the innate truth and beauty of literature. We can take up none of the questions, which divide the country "billowed high with human agitation;" we have no politics, and are the very antipodes of novelty. The subjects of our criticism are in their grave, alike deaf to the voice of praise or censure; and we are not ingenious enough, or it may be, too honest, to put our contemporaries to the rack on the monuments of the dead. We cannot supply the lounger with small talk at an easy rate, or cut out a royal road to literature, for those who would be wise, deep, and learned, at the expense of an hour's

study divided with a due attention to breakfast.—They who read Reviews for a "*précis*" of the last new book, that they may appear to have read it, without having seen it, will skim over our "*contents*" with sovereign disdain.—We can tell them of none, save those whom they might have known long since, and whom they will get no credit for knowing now.

We have been insensibly led into these observations by a feeling, something like what is called, in philosophy, the "attraction of repulsion."—We had been copying the title of a book, which we knew to be the extreme opposite of that which is calculated to please a modern palate. Here is a book which none but they of simple unsophisticated taste may relish—they, whose plain appetites would lead them to drink of the rill, and feast upon rustic fare, may expect a considerable portion of pleasure from the pastorals of the gentle shepherd, William Browne. We hope with "neat hand" to cull a few, not insipid herbs, for the lovers of nature; but away, ye profane! pampered and high-fed, who "dine with aldermen."

William Browne wrote his poems, when a very young man: filled with pleasing recollections of his native county of Devon, and, apparently, captivated with the poems of Spenser, which had just then appeared, and with the works of the "divine Astrophel," he deserted the law for "the muses." Young, and ignorant of life and manners, well skilled in classic lore, and ardently in love with nature, Spenser, and Sidney, we might easily have imagined the class of poetry, which he was likely to pursue.—He took to writing pastorals, and has composed a series of poems, which, though abounding with pleasing passages, are devoid of all interest or passion, and frequently of all propriety of character or subject. He seems to have commenced writing, without any object and without any guide, except the assumed character of a shepherd, which he takes no other care to preserve, than by calling his pen a "pipe," and his readers "sheep." We have no subject, story, or plan, from one end to the other of the two long books, or ten songs, of the "*Britannia's Pastorals*," though there are frequent beginnings, and a constant introduction of characters, if they may be so called, who are expected, but in vain, to commence or carry into effect some projected design.—The persons too which are introduced, are the faintest and most indistinct visions of character that ever floated before the eye of a poetical dreamer; and the story, if story may be discovered, is as faint and indistinct as the characters themselves.—The whole poem, indeed, gives you the idea of a faded landscape in water colours, found on some damp neglected wainscot, where the original painting has melted away to indistinctness; and in which, the persons of the piece have lost all traits of individuality, and almost all appearance of life and action; and where every thing is tame and

dull, save here and there a bright green hillock, a flourishing tree, or perhaps in some corner a vivid glimpse of country which remains miraculously preserved in its pristine hues. Or perhaps we should convey a clearer idea of these singular volumes, if we were to compare them to the recollection of a dream—the scene of which has been laid in the country, and peopled with shepherds sitting on green banks, "piping as if they would never grow old," and scornful shepherdesses crossing neatly-cropped meads, with stately step and disdainful air. Now, let this vision be dulled, as dreams usually are before the light of morning, and let it be mingled with the usual share of absurdities and improbabilities which are created and annihilated, one does not know how, in all dreams, and the reader will have a correct notion of the *Britannia's Pastorals*.—There are, however, bright and pleasant things even in dreams, which do not share the usual fate, of fading into frigid inanity on waking; and so it is also in the poems of William Browne. Though we have now a "seely shepherd, seelier than his sheep"—now an elegant young lady bemoaning herself, in the weeds of a shepherdess—now an allegorical and now an impossible person—now Limos, who is personified Hunger, running away with Marina, who is intended to be flesh and blood; and now Riot, who is an allegorical creation, changed by metanoia into Amyntas, a beautiful young man, for no earthly purpose—and a thousand other absurdities which have not even the merit of being laughable—yet there are many parts of true nature, and of a pleasing order of poetry.

It will not be expected, after what we have said, that we should attempt to give any account of the story or substructure of these pastorals.—The book is one which we can hardly expect any one else to read, though it does appear to have been a favorite with many individuals of taste, so that we think it a favorable subject for our method of exhaustion. We shall therefore think ourselves at liberty to take up the book, and introduce the only really good passages, or at least those which are alone worth quoting, in the order that may best suit us.

He opens the first song in this simple strain:

> "I that whileare neere Tavie's stragling spring,
> Unto my seely sheepe did use to sing,
> And plaid to please myselfe, on rusticke reede,
> Nor sought for baye, (the learned shepheard's meede,)
> But as a swayne unkent fed on the plaines,
> And made the Eccho umpire of my straines:
> Am drawne by time, (altho' the weak'st of many)
> To sing those layes as yet unsung of any.
> What neede I tune the swaines of Thessaly?
> Or, bootelesse, adde to them of Arcadie?

No: faire Arcadia cannot be compleater,
My prayse may lesson, but not make thee greater.
My Muse for lofty pitches shall not rome,
But homely pipen of her native home:
And to the swaynes, love rural minstralsie,
Thus, deare Britannia, will I sing of thee."

Marina, who is the first shepherdess introduced to us, is described in the following extract, which contains some animated lines, as about to drown herself through despair.

" Here is a mount, whose toppe seemes to despise
The farre inferiour vale that under lies:
Who, like a great man rais'd aloft by fate,
Measures his height by others' meane estate:
Neere to whose foote there glides a silver flood,
Falling from hence, I'll climbe unto my good:
And by it finish love and reason's strife,
And end my misery as well as life.
But as a coward's hartener in warre,
The stirring drumme keepes lesser noyse from farre,
So seeme the murmuring waves, tell in mine eare,
That guiltlesse bloud was never spilled there.
Then stay awhile; the beasts that haunt those springs,
Of whom I heare the fearefull bellowings,
May doe that deede, (as moved by my cry)
Whereby my soule, as spotlesse ivory,
May turne from whence it came, and, freed from hence,
Be unpolluted of that foule offence.
But why protract I time? Death is no stranger,
And generous spirits never feare for danger:
Death is a thing most naturall to us,
And feare doth onely make it odious.
As when to seeke her foode abroad doth rove
The Nuncius of peace, the seely dove,
Two sharp-set hawkes doe her on each side hem,
And she knowes not which way to flye from them:
Or like a shippe, that tossed to and fro
With winde and tyde, the winde doth sternely blow,
And drives her to the maine, the tyde comes sore
And hurles her backe againe towards the shore;
And since her balast and her sailes doe lacke,
One brings her out, the other beates her backe;
Till one of them encreasing more his shockes,
Hurles her to shore, and rends her on the rockes:
So stood she long, 'twixt love and reason tost."

The deity of a spring thus resents the insult of some substance being thrown into his stream.

" the God below,
Starting, to wonder whence that noyse should grow:
Whether some ruder clowne in spite did fling
A lambe, untimely falne, into his spring:
And if it were, he solemnely then swore
His spring should flow some other way: no more
Should it in wanton manner ere be seene
To writhe in knots, or give a gowne of greene
Unto their meadowes, nor be seene to play,
Nor drive the rushy-mils, that in his way
The shepheards made: but rather for their lot,
Send them red waters that their sheepe should rot,
And with such moorish springs embrace their field,
That it should nought but mosse and rushes yeeld.
Upon each hillocke, where the merry boy
Sits piping in the shades his notes of joy,
He'd shew his anger, by some floud at hand,
And turne the same into a running sand.
Upon the oake, the plumbe-tree and the holme,
The stock-dove and the blackbird should not come,
Whose muting on those trees does make to grow
Rots curing hyphear, and the misseltoe."

The God, finding that it is a beautiful female who has fallen into his domains, makes love to her in the following strain, which flows as smoothly as his spring.

" Would she be wonne with me to stay,
My waters should bring from the sea
The corrall red, as tribute due,
And roundest pearles of orient hue:
Or in the richer veines of ground
Should seeke for her the diamond.
And whereas now unto my spring
They nothing else but gravell bring,
They should within a myne of gold
In piercing manner long time hold,
And having it to dust well wrought,
By them it hither should be brought;
With which ile pave and over-spread
My bottome, where her foote shall tread.
The best of fishes in my flood
Shall give themselves to be her food.

The trout, the dace, the pike, the breame,
The eele, that loves the troubled streame,
The miller's thombe, the hiding loach,
The perch, the ever-nibling roach,
The shoales with whom is Tavie fraught,
The foolish gudgeon quickly caught,
And last the little minnow-fish,
Whose chiefe delight in gravell is.
In right she cannot me despise
Because so low mine empire lyes,
For I could tell how Nature's store
Of majesty appeareth more
In waters, than in all the rest
Of elements. It seem'd her best
To give the waves most strength and powre;
For they doe swallow and devoure
The earth; the waters quence and kill
The flames of fire: and mounting still
Up in the aire, are seene to be,
As challenging a seignoree
Within the heavens, and to be one
That should have like dominion.
They be a seeling and a floore
Of clouds, caus'd by the vapours' store
Arising from them; vitall spirit
By which all things their life inherit
From them is stopped, kept asunder.
And what's the reason else of thunder,
Of lightning's flashes all about,
That with such violence breake out,
Causing such troubles and such jarres,
As with itselfe the world had warres?
And can there any thing appeare
More wonderfull, than in the aire
Congealed waters oft to spie
Continuing pendant in the skie?
Till falling downe in haile or snow,
They make those mortall wights below
To runne, and ever helpe desire
From his foe element the fire,
Which fearing then to come abroad
Within doores maketh his aboade," &c.

The reader will observe, in the following passage, some proofs of Browne's having taken his observations upon nature

from actual experience. We are not, indeed, aware of any book, which contains more original and accurate images drawn from rural life and scenery, than are to be found in the *Britannia's Pastorals.*—An extraordinary circumstance, if we consider the very early age at which they were written, and that the most important part of his life, immediately preceding their composition, had been spent at Oxford and the Inner Temple.—But it is one of the properties of genius to confound the calculations of ordinary individuals, and display fruits at a time when the seeds are not imagined to be sown.

> " Then walk'd they to a grove but neare at hand,
> Where fiery Titan had but small command,
> Because the leaves conspiring kept his beames,
> For feare of hurting, when he's in extreames,
> The under-flowers, which did enrich the ground
> With sweeter scents than in Arabia found,
> The earth doth yeeld, which they through pores exhale,
> Earth's best of odours, th' aromaticall:
> Like to that smell, which oft our sense descries
> Within a field which long unplowed lyes,
> Some-what before the setting of the sunne;
> And where the raine-bow in the horizon
> Doth pitch her tips: or as when in the prime,
> The earth being troubled with a drought long time,
> The hand of heaven his spungy clouds doth straine,
> And throwes into her lap a showre of raine;
> She sendeth up, conceived from the sunne,
> A sweet perfume and exhalation.
> Not all the oyntments brought from Delos isle;
> Nor from the confines of seaven-headed Nyle;
> Nor that brought whence Phœnicians have abodes;
> Nor Cyprus wilde vine-flowers; nor that of Rhodes;
> Nor roses-oyle from Naples, Capua,
> Saffron confected in Cilicia;
> Nor that of quinces, nor of marjoram,
> That ever from the isle of Coös, came.
> Nor these, nor any else, though ne're so rare,
> Could with this place for sweetest smels compare."

The characterization of the forest trees will remind the reader of that in Spenser, from which it is, perhaps, taken—it is, however, by no means inferior. Such enumerations of trees, flowers, birds, or other interesting classes of objects, are invariably, when well executed, favorites with the poetical reader.—In this extract, the different trees of the grove pass in review be-

fore the mind, distinguished by their peculiar qualities and affections, until the whole assumes an appearance of life and animation; and acquires somewhat of the interest which we feel for a large body of individuals of various habits, ranks, and characters.

" There stood the elme, whose shade so mildely dym
Doth nourish all that groweth under him.
Cipresse that like piramides runne topping,
And hurt the least of any by their dropping.
The alder, whose fat shadow nourisheth,
Each plant set neere to him long flowrisheth.
The heavie-headed plane-tree, by whose shade
The grasse growes thickest, men are fresher made.
The oake, that best endures the thunder shocks:
The everlasting ebene, cedar, boxe.
The olive that in wainscot never cleaves.
The amorous vine which in the elme still weaves.
The lotus, juniper, where wormes ne'er enter:
The pyne, with whom men through the ocean venter.
The warlike yewgh, by which (more than the lance)
The strong-arm'd English spirits conquer'd France.
Amongst the rest, the tamariske there stood,
For huswive's besomes onely knowne most good.
The cold-place-loving birch, and servis tree:
The walnut loving vales, and mulbury.
The maple, ashe, that doe delight in fountaines,
Which have their currents by the sides of mountaines.
The laurell, mirtle, ivy, date, which hold
Their leaves all winter, be it ne'er so cold.
The firre, that oftentimes doth rosin drop:
The beech that scales the welkin with his top;
All these, and thousand more within this grove,
By all the industry of nature strove
To frame an arbour that might keepe within it
The best of beauties that the world hath in it."

The description of two streams, one in pursuit of the other, is painted with a very lively and fanciful pencil. Indeed, one of the most remarkable peculiarities in the poetry of Browne, is its fancifulness—it is also one of its worst vices.—And, by fancifulness we wish to be understood, a wild and unmeasured play of the imagination—which endues, for instance, the properties of one being with the attributes of another—which disposes of pleasing ideas, and beautiful imagery, in the wrong place; and, by the idea of unfitness, gives an air of the ridiculous

to what would otherwise be lovely or delightful.—But, perhaps, the term *fantastic* is rather the term which would best express our notion of Browne's characteristic. His poetry almost always strikes us, as if written by one who took delight to deck himself in such gifts, as he feigns the water-nymphs to have loved to bring him, in these lines. Speaking of himself, "Willy hight," he says,

> By Tavy's speedy stream he fled his flock,
> Where, when he sat to sport him on a rock,
> The water-nymphs would often come unto him,
> And for a dance, with many gay gifts woo him:
> Now posies of this flow'r, and then of that;
> Now with fine shells, then with a rushy hat:
> With coral or red stones brought from the deep,
> To make him bracelets."

Of his fantastic vein, we have here an instance;—the language is musical and expressive, the imagery is striking and picturesque, and the delineation is vivid and spirited; yet the passage is both fanciful and fantastic, and so gives but a tame kind of pleasure.—Take the parts separately, that is, allow the poet to *animate* the streams without relation to each other, then the descriptions are only fanciful; but, let the two rivulets not only have life and character given to them, but also feigned to be in pursuit of each other, and the whole becomes fantastic and absurd.

> "Here dashes roughly on an aged rocke,
> That his intended passage doth up locke;
> There intricately 'mongst the woods doth wander,
> Losing himselfe in many a wry meander:
> Here amorously bent, clips some fair meade;
> And then disperst in rils, doth measures treade
> Upon her bosom 'mongst her flow'ry rankes:
> There in another place beares down the bankes
> Of some day-labouring wretch; heere meets a rill,
> And with their forces joynde cut out a mill
> Into an iland, then in jocund guise
> Survayes his conquest, lauds his enterprise:
> Here digs a cave at some high mountaine's foote:
> There undermines an oake, teares up his roote:
> Thence rushing to some country farme at hand,
> Breakes o'er the yeoman's mounds, sweepes from his land
> His harvest hope of wheate, of rye, or pease:
> And makes that channell which was shepheard's leas:
> Here, as our wicked age doth sacriledge,
> Helpes downe an abbey, then a natural bridge

By creeping under ground he frameth out,
As who should say he eyther went about
To right the wrong he did, or hid his face,
For having done a deede so vile and base:
So ranne this river on, and did bestirre
Himselfe, to finde his fellow-traveller.
But th' other fearing least her noyse might show
What path she tooke, which way her streames did flow:
As some way-faring man strayes through a wood,
Where beasts of prey thirsting for humane bloud
Lurke in their dens, he softly list'ning goes,
Not trusting to his heeles, treades on his toes:
Dreads every noyse he heares, thinkes each small bush
To be a beast that would upon him rush:
Feareth to dye, and yet his winde doth smother;
Now leaves this path, takes that, then to another:
Such was her course. This feared to be found,
The other not to finde, swels o'er each mound,
Roares, rages, foames, against a mountaine dashes,
And in recoile, makes meadowes standing plashes:
Yet findes not what he seeks in all his way,
But in despaire runnes headlong to the sea.
This was the cause them by tradition taught,
Why one floud ranne so fast, th' other so soft,
Both from one head."

The contrast between his modest and his less decorous readers is drawn with a nervous pen.

" Then each faire Nymph whom Nature doth endow
With beautie's cheeke, crown'd with a shamefast brow;
Whose well-tun'd eares, chast-object-loving eyne
Ne'er heard nor saw the works of Aretine;
Who ne'er came on the Citherean shelfe,
But is as true as chastitie itselfe,
Where hated impudence ne'er set her seede;
Where lust lies not 'vail'd in a virgin's weede:
Let her withdraw. Let each young shepheardling
Walke by, or stop his eare, the whilst I sing.
But yee, whose bloud, like kids upon a plaine,
Doth skip, and daunce lavoltoes in each veine:
Whose brests are swolne with the Venerean game,
And warme yourselves at lust's alluring flame;
Who dare to act as much as men dare thinke,
And wallowing lie within a sensuall sinke;

Whose fained gestures doe entrap our youth
With an apparancie of simple truth:
Insatiate gulphs, in your defective part
By art helpe nature, and by nature, art;
Lend me your eares, and I will touch a string
Shall lull your sense asleepe the while I sing."

We consider the following enumeration of rural objects as a pleasing specimen of a large portion of the book; and, also, an instance of the fault for which our poet has been blamed, of over-charging his pictures. The separate images, or, as it were, the successive strokes of his pencil, are nearly always beautiful, natural, and correct; but then, through a want of taste, these images are frequently crowded to such an excess, as to deprive the picture of all verisimilitude. In the landscape we are about to quote, the shepherd piping, the hunt, the ploughman that 'careless leaves the plow,' the angler, the milkmaid, 'the auncient town buried in his dust,' and all the other images, are striking, natural, and beautiful, but they are too numerous, too distinct from each other, make the scene too busy, and destroy the *entire* effect intended to be produced, of a bright and cheerful country.

"And as within a landskip that doth stand
Wrought by the pencill of some curious hand,
We may descry, here meadow, there a wood;
Here standing ponds, and there a running floud:
Here on some mount a house of pleasure vanted,
Where once the roaring cannon had been planted:
There on a hill a swaine pipes out the day,
Out-braving all the quiristers of May.
A huntsman here followes his cry of hounds,
Driving the hare along the fallow grounds:
Whilst one at hand seeming the sport t' allow,
Followes the hounds, and carelesse leaves the plow.
There in another place some high-rais'd land,
In pride beares out her breasts unto the strand.
Here stands a bridge, and there a conduit-head:
Here round a May-pole some the measures tread:
There boyes the truant play and leave their booke:
Here stands an angler with a bayted hooke.
There for a stagge one lurkes within a bough:
Here sits a maiden milking of her cow.
There on a goodly plaine (by time throwne downe)
Lies buried in his dust some auncient towne;
Who now invillaged, there's onely seene
In his vast ruines what his state has beene:

And all of these in shadowes so exprest
Make the beholder's eyes to take no rest."*

Our poet succeeds more eminently whenever he touches upon a *moral* strain—and if he had not deserted the Muses, he would probably have pursued that species of poetry. Whenever he has occasion to allude to the vices of the times, or the general topics of satire, he expresses himself in an earnest and forcible manner; which proves both the honesty and the power of the writer. He thus speaks of a guilty conscience:

"What muse? what power? or what thrice sacred herse,
That lives immortall in a wel-tun'd verse,
Can lend me such a sight that I might see
A guiltie conscience' true anatomie;

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* Compare this with the following lovely description of a morning landscape. We could not more fully illustrate the meaning of our observations, or show more fully the difference between the talent of Browne and the genius of the author of *Rimini.*

"The Sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
Round old Ravenna's clear-shewn towers and bay:
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there's a crystal clearness all about;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;
And when you listen, you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil;
And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea,
Breathes like a bright-ey'd face, that laughs out openly.
'Tis nature full of spirits, waked and springing;—
The birds to the delicious time are singing,
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
Where the light woods go seaward from the town;
While happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen;
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
Like joyful hands, come up with scattery light,
Come gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay."
Story of Rimini.

That well-kept register wherein is writ
All ils men doe, all goodness they omit?
His pallid feares, his sorrowes, his affrightings;
His late wisht *had-I-wists*, remorcefull bitings:
His many tortures, his heart-renting paine:
How were his griefes composed in one chaine,
And he by it let downe into the seas,
Or through the centre to the antipodes?
He might change climates, or be barr'd heaven's face:
Yet finde no salve, nor ever change his case.
Feares, sorrowes, tortures, sad affrights, nor any,
Like to the conscience sting, though thrice as many."

And again, of the vices of every profession.

"The divelish polititian all convinces,
In murd'ring statesmen and in pois'ning princes;
The prelate in pluralities asleepe
Whilst that the wolfe lyes preying on his sheepe;
The drowsie lawyer and the false atturnies
Tire poor men's purses with their life-long journyes;
The country gentleman, from his neighbour's hand
Forceth th' inheritance, joynes land to land,
And (most insatiate) seekes under his rent
To bring the world's most spacious continent;
The fawning citizen (whose love's bought deerest)
Deceives his brother when the sun shines clearest,
Gets, borrowes, breakes, lets in, and stops out light,
And lives a knave to leave his sonne a knight;
The griping farmer hoords the seed of bread,
Whilst in the streets the poore lye famished;
And free there's none from all this worldly strife,
Except the shepheard's heaven-blest happy life."

He then checks himself; and says, prettily,

But stay, sweet muse! forbeare this harsher straine,
Keepe with the shepheards; leave the satyre's veyne,
Coupe not with beares; let Icarus alone
To scorch himselfe within the torrid zone;
Let Phaëton run on, Ixion fall,
And with a humble stiled pastorall
Tread through the vallies, dance about the streames,
The lowly dales will yeeld us anadems
To shade our temples, 'tis a worthy meed,
No better girlond seekes mine oaten reed;

Let others climbe the hils, and to their praise
(Whilst I sit girt with flowers) be crown'd with bayes."

In the same strain, he writes nobly;

" 'Tis not the rancour of a cank'red heart
That can debase the excellence of art,
Nor great in titles make our worth obey,
Since we have lines farre more esteem'd than they.
For there is hidden in a poet's name
A spell that can command the wings of Fame,
And maugre all Oblivion's hated birth
Begin their immortalitie on earth,
When he that 'gainst a muse with hate combines
May raise his toombe in vaine to reach our lynes."

He frequently describes, with much delicacy and beauty of expression, a natural feeling or action, which only requires simplicity and accuracy of delineation to render it interesting; as in the following instances.

" But as when some kinde nurse doth long time keepe
Her pretty babe at sucke, whom falne a-sleepe
She layes downe in his cradle, stints his cry
With many a sweet and pleasing lullaby;
Whilst the sweet childe, not troubled with the shocke,
As sweetly slumbers, as his nurse doth rocke.
So lay the maide, th' amazed swaine sate weeping,
And death in her was dispossest by sleeping.
The roaring voyce of windes, the billowes' raves,
Nor all the mutt'ring of the sullen waves,
Could once disquiet, or her slumber stirre:
But lull' d her more asleepe than wakened her."

And again.

" At doore expecting him his mother sate,
Wond'ring her boy would stay from her so late;
Framing for him unto herselfe excuses:
And with such thoughts gladly herselfe abuses:
As that her sonne, since day grew olde and weake,
Staid with the maides to runne at barlibreake:
Or that he cours'd a parke with females fraught,
Which would not runne except they might be caught.
Or in the thickets lay'd some wily snare
To take the rabbet or the pourblinde hare,
Or taught his dogge to catch the climbing kid:
Thus shepheards doe; and thus she thought he did."

XUM

Again, of the first attempt at flying, in a bird.

" But then, as little wrens, but newly fledge,
First, by their nests hop up and downe the hedge;
Then one from bough to bough gets up a tree:
His fellow noting his agilitie,
Thinkes he as well may venter as the other,
So flushing from one spray unto another
Gets to the top, and then embold'ned flyes,
Unto an height past ken of humane eyes."

The following comparison is indebted to the same talent.

" As when a maide, taught from her mother's wing
To tune her voyce unto a silver string,
When she should run, she rests; rests when should run,
And ends her lesson, having now begun:
Now misseth she her stop, then in her song,
And doing of her best she still is wrong,
Begins againe, and yet againe strikes false,
Then in a chafe forsakes her virginals,
And yet within an hour she tries a-new,
That with her dayly paines (Art's chiefest due)
She gaines that charming skill: and can no lesse
Tame the fierce walkers of the wildernesse,
Than that Œagrin harpist, for whose lay,
Tigers with hunger pinde and left their pray."

But before all the rest is this.

" As in an evening, when the gentle ayre
Breathes to the sullen night a soft repayre,
I oft have set on Thames' sweet bancke to heare
My friend with his sweet touch to charme mine eare
When he hath plaid (as well he can) some straine,
That likes me, streight I aske the same againe,
And he as gladly granting, strikes it o're
With some sweet relish was forgot before:
I would have beene content if he would play,
In that one straine, to passe the night away;
But fearing much to do his patience wrong,
Unwillingly have ask'd some other song:
So in this diff'ring key, though I could well
A many houres, but as few minutes tell,
Yet least mine owne delight might injure you
(Though loath so soone) I take my song anew."

We think that our readers will be pleased with the following ingenious mode of getting up a concert among the musicians of the grove :

" Two nights thus past : the lilly-handed morne
Saw Phœbus stealing dewe from Ceres' corne.
The mounting larke (daie's herauld) got on wing,
Bidding each bird chuse out his bough and sing.
The lofty treble sung the little wren ;
Robin the meane, that best of all loves men ;
The nightingale the tenor ; and the thrush,
The counter-tenor, sweetly in a bush :
And that the musicke might be full in parts,
Birds from the groves flew with right willing harts ;
But (as it seem'd) they thought (as do the swaines,
Which tune their pipes on sack'd Hibernia's plaines)
There should some droaning part be, therefore will'd
Some bird to flie into a neighb'ring field,
In embassie unto the king of bees,
To aide his partners on the flowres and trees ;
Who condiscending gladly flew along
To beare the base to his well-tuned song.
The crow was willing they should be beholding
For his deepe voyce, but, being hoarse with scolding,
He thus lends aide ; upon an oake doth climbe,
And nodding with his head, so keepeth time.
O true delight, enharboring the brests
Of those sweet creatures with the plumy crests.
Had Nature unto man such simpl'esse given,
He would, like birds, be farre more neere to heaven."

There is much musical versification and pleasing allusion to the beauties of landscape, in this conclusion of the character of a rustic soothsayer :

" 'Tis he alone that rightly can discover,
Who is the true, and who the feigned, lover.
In summer's heate, when any swaine to sleepe
Doth more addict himselfe than to his sheepe ;
And whilst the leaden god sits on his eyes,
If any of his folde, or strayes, or dyes,
And to the waking swaine it be unknown,
Whether his sheepe be dead, or straid, or stolne ;
To meete my syre he bends his course in paine,
Either where some high vale survaies the plaine ;
Or takes his step toward the flow'ry vallyes,
Where Zephyre with the cowslip hourely dallyes ;

Or to the groves, where birds, from heate or weather,
Sit sweetly tuning of their noates together;
Or to a meade a wanton river dresses
With richest collers of her turning esses;
Or where the shepheards sit old stories telling;
Chronos, my syre, hath no set place of dwelling;
But if the shepheard meete the aged swaine,
He tels him of his sheepe, or shewes them slaine."

This short passage is, beyond a doubt, imitated from Shakspeare's well-known song in *Love's Labour Lost*.

" In winter's time, when hardly fed the flockes,
And isicles hung dangling on the rockes;
When Hyems bound the floods in silver chaines,
And hoary frosts had candy'd all the plaines;
When every barne rung with the threshing flailes,
And shepheards' boyes for cold gan blow their nailes."

The following passage has been remarked by Warton, as containing an assemblage of the same images as the morning picture in the *L'Allegro* of Milton:

" By this had Chanticlere, the village-cocke,
Bidden the good-wife for her maides to knocke:
And the swart plow-man for his breakfast staid,
That he might till those lands were fallow laid;
The hills and vallies here and there resound
With the re-ecchoes of the deepe-mouth'd hound;
Each shepheard's daughter with her cleanly paile,
Was come a-field to milke the morning's meale;
And ere the sunne had clymb'd the easterne hils,
To gild the mutt'ring bournes and pritty rils,
Before the lab'ring bee had left the hive,
And nimble fishes, which in rivers dive,
Began to leape, and catch the drowned flie,
I rose from rest, not infelicitie."

The following extract is a favorable specimen of our poet's power in collecting forcible images, and expressing them in felicitous language. Speaking of a walk in a thick wood:

" So 'twixt those hils had Nature fram'd this walke,
Not over darke, nor light, in angles bending,
And like the *gliding of a snake descending:*
All husht and silent as the mid of night:
Nor chatt'ring pie nor crow appear'd in sight;

But further in I heard the turtle-dove,
Singing sad dirges on her lifelesse love,
Birds that compassion from the rocks could bring,
Had onely license in that place to sing:
Whose dolefull noates the melancholly cat
Close in a hollow tree sate wond'ring at.
And trees, that on the hill-side comely grew,
When any little blast of Æol blew,
Did nod their curled heads, as they would be
The judges to approve their melody.

The poems of Browne are above all remarkable for their opulence, richness, and propriety of phrase. He possessed an extraordinary command over his native tongue, and collects, compounds, and applies his words and expressions with a curious felicity.—Nor does he confine himself within acknowledged and accustomed forms of speech, like the poets of the French school; but takes the liberty of inventing any combination of words, which will precisely, definitely, and forcibly, convey the image which is dwelling on his mind. This peculiar freedom of expression and propriety of phrase, is by no means uncommon in many of the poets of the present day, who are, in reality, of the old school revived. In truth, that which has been termed unbounded license, and even vulgarity, in the poems of Leigh Hunt and others, is frequently neither more nor less than a free imitation of the old English masters of the art, whose spirit they have imbibed, with the addition of the ease and point of modern versification. It is given to few, to revel at will in the wide sea of English words and phrases; and the only way to attain it, is to study the forms of expression made use of when our language luxuriated in its early vigour, and to cast off the trammels imposed by the paring and trimming despotism of a foreign taste. Many of the old poets are, indeed, nearly worthless, except as studies for poetical expression—Browne, however, has other beauties. Examples of his originality and force of expression, as well as of his various melody of versification, are scattered over all the quotations we have made; but, perhaps, they more particularly occur in the passages which follow:—

So when the prettie rill a place espies,
Where with the pebbles she would wantonize;
And that her upper streame so much doth wrong her,
To drive her thence, and let her play no longer;
If she with too loud mutt'ring ranne away,
As being much incens'd to leave her play;
A westerne, mild, and pretty whispering gale,
Came dallying with the leaves along the dale,

And seem'd as with the water it did chide,
Because it ranne so long unpacifide:
Yea, and me-thought it bad her leave that coyle,
Or he would choake her up with leaves and soyle:
Whereat the rivelet in my minde did weepe,
And hurl'd her head into a silent deepe."

Take the following short quotation, for the same purpose:

"As when some gale of winde doth nimbly take
A faire white locke of wooll, and with it make
Some *prettie driving;* here it sweepes the plaine:
There staies, here hops, there mounts, and turnes againe:
Yet all so quicke, that none so soone can say
That now it stops, or leapes, or turnes away:
So was their dancing, none look'd thereupon,
But thought their severall motions to be one."

As also this:

"And as the yeere hath first his jocund spring,
Wherein the leaves, to birds' sweete carrolling,
Dance with the winde: then sees the summer's day
Perfect the embrion blossome of each spray:
Next commeth autumne, when the threshed sheafe
Looseth his graine, and every tree his leafe:
Lastly, colde winter's rage, with many a storme,
Threats the proud pines which Ida's toppe adorne,
And makes the sappe leave succourlesse the shoote,
Shrinking to comfort his decaying roote.
Or as a quaint musitian being won,
To run a point of sweete division,
Gets by degrees unto the highest key;
Then, with like order, falleth in his play
Into a deeper tone; and lastly, throwes
His period in a diapazon close:
So every humane thing terrestriall,
His utmost height attain'd, bends to his fall.
And as a comely youth, in fairest age,
Enamour'd on a maide * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
Carried unto a place, that can impart
No secret embassie unto his heart,
Climbes some proud hill, whose stately eminence
Vassals the fruitfull vale's circumference:

From whence, no sooner can his lights descry
The place enriched by his mistresse' eye:
But some thicke cloud his happy prospect blends,
And he, in sorrow rais'd, in tears descends."

Our poet not unfrequently alludes to himself, and betrays the very amiable qualities of his character. We may gather, for instance, from the following, his love of poesy; and that he was under twenty years of age when he wrote this first book of the pastorals.

" Here could I spend that spring of poesie,
Which not twice ten sunnes have bestow'd on me;
And tell the world, the muse's love appeares
In nonag'd youth, as in the length of yeeres.
But ere my muse erected have the frame,
Wherein t' enshrine an unknown shepheard's name,
She many a grove and other woods must treade,
More hills, more dales, more founts, must be displaid,
More meadowes, rockes, and from them all elect
Matter befitting such an architect."

The single passage which follows, ought alone to redeem William Browne from oblivion.—No where is a disinterested attachment to the muses expressed in so noble a vein.—No where is the assured confidence which genius always feels, of being appreciated by posterity, more modestly, more sublimely, set forth. This strain is of a higher mood—this possesses a moral and elevated beauty, far superior to mere poetical grace and fitness of imagery. And the ease and the felicity of the versification are as remarkable, as the self-possessed loftiness of the sentiment.

" No thirst of glory tempts me: for my straines
Befit poore shepheards on the lowly plaines;
The hope of riches cannot draw from me
One line that tends to servile flatterie,
Nor shall the most in titles on the earth
Blemish my muse with an adulterate birth,
Nor make me lay pure colours on the ground
Where nought substantiall can be ever found.
No; such as sooth a base and dunghill spirit,
With attributes fit for the most of merit,
Cloud their free muse; * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

My free-borne muse will not, like Danaë, be
Wonne with base drosse to clip with slavery;
Nor lend her choiser blame to worthlesse men,
Whose names would die but for some hired pen;
No: if I praise, vertue shall draw me to it,
And not a base procurement make me doe it.
What I now sing is but to passe away
A tedious houre, as some musitians play;
Or make another my own griefes bemone;
Or to be least alone when most alone.
In this can I, as oft as I will chuse,
Hug sweet content by my retyred muse,
And in a study finde as much to please
As others in the greatest pallaces.
Each man that lives (according to his powre)
On what he loves, bestowes an idle howre;
Instead of hounds, that make the wooded hils
Talke in a hundred voyces to the rils,
I like the pleasing cadence of a line
Strucke by the concert of the sacred Nine.
In lieu of hawkes, the raptures of my soule
Transcend their pitch, and baser earths controule.
For running horses, contemplation flyes
With quickest speed to winne the greatest prize.
For courtly dancing, I can take more pleasure
To heare a verse keepe time and equall measure.
For winning riches, seeke the best directions
How I may well subdue mine own affections.
For raysing stately pyles for heyres to come,
Here in this poem I erect my toombe.
And Time may be so kinde, in these weake lines
To keepe my name enroll'd, past his, that shines
In gilded marble, or in brazen leaves:
Since verse preserves when stone and brass deceives.
Or if (as worthlesse) Time not lets it live
To those full days which others' muses give,
Yet I am sure I shall be heard and sung
Of most severest eld, and kinder young
Beyond my dayes, and maugre Envye's strife,
Adde to my name some hours beyond my life.
Such of the muses are the able powres,
And since with them I spend my vacant houres,
I find nor hawke, nor hound, nor other thing,
Tournyes nor revels, pleasures for a king,
Yeeld more delight; for I have oft possest
As much in this as all in all the rest,

And that without expence, when others oft
With their undoings have their pleasures bought."

"Time has not been kind" to our author. His "lines" have indeed lived to those "full dayes, which others' muses give;" but, it has been a torpid and obscure existence in which they have dwelt.—The young poet's hopes have failed—not indeed altogether—and we now feel a sensible and acute pleasure in thus attempting, in some degree, to accomplish his noble aspirations.

The allegorical portrait of Remembrance is in the style of his favorite Spenser, and is drawn with some sublime touches of imagination.

"Remembrance sate as portresse of this gate:
A lady alwayes musing as she sate,
Except when sometime suddainely she rose,
And with a backe-bent eye, at length, she throwes
Her hand to heaven: and in a wond'ring guize,
Star'd on each object with her fixed eyes:
As some way-faring man passing a wood
(Whose waving top hath long a sea-marke stood)
Goes jogging on, and in his mind nought hath,
But how the primrose finely strew the path,
Or sweetest violets lay downe their heads
At some tree's roote on mossie feather-beds,
Untill his heele receives an adder's sting,
Whereat he starts, and backe his head doth fling.
She never mark'd the sute he did preferre,
But (carelesse) let him passe along by her."

Browne is not a poet, who, by a few powerful strokes, presents a striking picture to the mind, as if it had just started into life, and stood, as it were, panting, breathing, and wondering at its new-found existence. But, by a coacervation of characteristic particulars, he generally succeeds in producing a complete effect. Take the following instances.—Of a fisherman:

"Now as an angler, melancholy standing
Upon a greene bancke yeelding roome for landing,
A wrigling yellow worme thrust on his hooke,
Now in the midst he throwes, then in a nooke:
Here pulls his line, there throws it in againe
Mending his croke and baite, but all in vaine,
He long stands viewing of the curled streame;
At last a hungry pike, or well-growne breame,
Snatch at the worme, and hasting fast away,
He, knowing it a fish of stubborne sway,

XUM

Puls up his rod, but soft, (as having skill)
Wherewith the hooke fast holds the fishe's gill.
Then all his line he freely yeeldeth him,
Whilst furiously all up and downe doth swimme
Th' insnared fish, here on the top doth scud,
There underneath the banckes, then in the mud;
And with his franticke fits so scares the shole,
That each one takes his hide, or starting hole:
By this the pike cleane wearied, underneath
A willow lyes, and pants (if fishes breathe)
Wherewith the angler gently puls him to him,
And least his hast might happen to undoe him,
Layes downe his rod, then takes his line in hand,
And, by degrees, getting the fish to land,
Walkes to another poole; at length is winner."

Again, of a squirrel-hunt.

" Then, as a nimble squirrill from the wood,
Ranging the hedges for his filberd-food,
Sits partly on a bough his browne nuts cracking,
And from the shell the sweet white kernell taking,
Till (with their crookes and bags) a sort of boyes,
(To share with him,) come with so great a noyse,
That he is forc'd to leave a nut nigh broke,
And for his life leape to a neighbour oake;
Thence to a beech, thence to a row of ashes;
Whilst through the quagmires, and red water splashes,
The boyes runne dabling through thicke and thin,
One teares his hose, another breakes his shin;
This, torne and tatter'd, hath with much adoe
Got by the bryers; and that hath lost his shooe;
This drops his hand; that head-long fals for haste;
Another cryes behinde for being last:
With stickes, and stones, and many a sounding hollow,
The little foole, with no small sport, they follow,
Whilst he, from tree to tree, from spray to spray,
Gets to the wood, and hides him in his dray."

Also, of a calm.

" Here waxt the windes dumbe (shut up in their caves)
As still as mid-night were the sullen waves,
And Neptune's silver ever-shaking brest
As smooth as when the halcyon builds her nest.
None other wrinkles on his face were seene
Than on a fertile meade, or sportive greene,

Where never plow-share ript his mother's wombe
To give an aged seed a living tombe,
Nor blinded mole the batning earth e'er stir'd,
Nor boyes made pit-fals for the hungry bird.
The whistling reeds upon the water's side
Shot up their sharp heads in a stately pride,
And not a bynding ozyer bow'd his head,
But on his roote him bravely carryed.
No dandling leafe plaid with the subtill ayre,
So smooth the sea was, and the skye so fayre."

And the following morning sketch may come under the same head.

" The muse's friend (grey-eyde Aurora) yet
Held all the meadowes in a cooling sweat,
The milk-white gossamores not upwards snow'd,
Nor was the sharpe and usefull steering goad
Laid on the strong-neckt oxe ; no gentle bud
The sun had dryde ; the cattle chew'd the cud
Low level'd on the grasse ; no flye's quicke sting
Inforc'd the stonehorse in a furious ring
To teare the passive earth, nor lash his taile
About his buttockes broad ; the slimy snayle
Might on the wainscot, (by his many mazes
Winding meanders and selfe-knitting traces)
Be follow'd, where he stucke, his glittering slime
Not yet wipt off. It was so earely time
The carefull smith had in his sooty forge
Kindled no coale ; nor did his hammers urge
His neighbour's patience ; owles abroad did flye,
And day as then might plead his infancy.
Yet of faire Albion all the westerne swaines
Were long since up, attending on the plaines,
When Nereus' daughter with her mirthful hoast
Should summon them, on their declining coast."

The corresponding night-picture may take its station next, and hang uniformly with it in the reader's poetical gallery.

" The sable mantle of the silent night
Shut from the world the ever-joysome light.
Care fled away, and softest slumbers please
To leave the court for lowly cottages.
Wilde beasts forsooke their dens on woody hils,
And sleightful otters left the purling rils;

Rookes to their nests in high woods now were flung,
And with their spread wings shield their naked young.
When theeves from thickets to the crosse-wayes stir,
And terrour frights the loanely passenger.
When nought was heard but now and then the howle
Of some vile curre, or whooping of the owle."

Another night-piece, at least ends beautifully.

" Now great Hyperion left his golden throne,
That on the dancing waves in glory shone,
For whose declyning on the westerne shore
The oriental hils blacke mantles wore,
And thence apace the gentle twi-light fled,
That had from hideous cavernes ushered
All-drowsie night; who in a carre of jet,
By steeds of iron-gray (which mainely swet
Moist drops on all the world) drawn through the skye,
The helpes of darknesse waited orderly.
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * Each river, every rill,
Sent up their vapours to attend her will.
These pitchy curtaines drew 'twixt earth and heaven,
And as Night's chariot through the ayre was driven,
Clamour grew dumb, unheard was shepheard's song,
And silence girt the woods; no warbling tongue
Talk'd to the eccho; satyres broke their dance,
And all the upper world lay in a trance.
Onely the curled streames soft chidings kept;
And little gales that from the greene leafe swept
Dry summer's dust, in fearefull whisp'rings stir'd,
As loath to waken any singing bird."

He breaks out into the following poetical invocation in the beginning of the second book.

" Thrice sacred powers! (if sacred powers there be
Whose mild aspect engyrland poesie)
Ye happy sisters of the learned spring,
Whose heavenly notes the woods are ravishing!
Brave Thespian maidens, at whose charming layes
Each mosse-thrumb'd mountaine bends, each current playes!
Piërian singers! O ye blessed muses!
Who as a jem too deare the world refuses!
Whose truest lovers never clip with age,
O be propitious in my pilgrimage!

Dwell on my lines! and till the last sand fall,
Run hand in hand with my weak pastorall!
Cause every coupling cadence flow in blisses,
And fill the world with envy of such kisses.
Make all the rarest beauties of our clyme,
That deigne a sweet looke on my younger ryme,
To linger on each line's inticing graces,
As on their lovers' lips and chaste imbraces!"

There is a very agreeable enumeration of pastoral employments in the ensuing extract—the lines in italics are manifestly copied from a well-known and beautiful idea in the *Arcadia*, a work which our poet greatly admired.

" But since her stay was long: for feare the sunne
Should finde them idle, some of them begunne
To leape and wrastle, others threw the barre,
Some from the company removed are
To meditate the songs they meant to play,
Or make a new round for next holiday:
Some, tales of love their love-sicke fellowes told:
Others were seeking stakes to pitch their fold.
This, all alone was mending of his pipe;
That, for his lasse, sought fruits most sweet, most ripe.
Here, (from the rest) a lovely shepheard's boy
Sits piping on a hill, as if his joy
Would still endure, or else that age's frost
Should never make him thinke what he had lost.
Yonder a shepheardesse knits by the springs,
Her hands still keeping time to what she sings;
Or seeming, by her song, those fairest hands
Were comforted in working. Neere the sands
Of some sweet river sits a musing lad,
That moanes the loss of what he sometimes had,
His love by death bereft: when fast by him
An aged swaine takes place, as neere the brim
Of's grave as of the river; shewing how
That as those floods, which passe along right now
Are follow'd still by others from the spring,
'And in the sea have all their burying.'"

These pastorals abound in similies—the following are no unfavorable specimens.

" And as a lowly maiden, pure and chaste,
With naked iv'rie necke, and gowne unlac'd

Within her chamber, when the day is fled,
Makes poore her garments to enrich her bed:
First, puts she off her lilly-silken gowne,
That shrikes for sorrow as she layes it downe;
And with her armes graceth a wast-coate fine,
Imbracing her as it would ne'er untwine.
Her flexen haire insnaring all beholders,
She next permits to wave about her shoulders,
And though she caste it backe, the silken slips
Still forward steale, and hang upon her lips:
Whereat she, sweetly angry with her laces,
Bindes up the wanton lockes in curious traces,
Whilst (twisting with her joynts) each haire long lingers,
As loth to be inchain'd, but with her fingers.
Then on her head a dressing like a crowne;
* * * her kirtle slipping downe,
And all things off (which rightly ever be,
Call'd the foule-faire markes of our miserie)
Except her last; which enviously doth seize her,
Least any eye partake with it in pleasure,
Prepares for sweetest rest, while Silvans greet her,
And (lovingly) the downe-bed swels to meet her:
So by degrees" * * * *

And,

" As I have seene when on the brest of Thames
A heavenly beavy of sweet English dames,
In some calme ev'ning of delightfull May,
With musicke give a farewell to the day,
Or as they would (with an admired tone)
Greet Night's ascension to her ebon throne,
Rapt with their melodie, a thousand more
Run to be wafted from the bounding shore:
So ran the shepheards, and with hasty feet
Strove which should first increase that happy fleet."

In the following long extract, which we should quote at yet greater length, did we not fear the accumulating nature of the pleasing task of selection, he eulogizes and characterises his contemporary brothers in the art, dwelling chiefly on Sidney and his *Arcadia,* which is the subject of another article of this number.

" Ere their arrivall, Astrophel had done
His shepherd's lay, yet equaliz'd of none.
Th' admired mirrour, glory of our isle,
Thou farre-farre-more than mortall man, whose stile

Stroke more men dumbe to harken to thy song,
Than Orpheus' harpe, or Tully's golden tongue.
To him (as right) for wit's deepe quintessence,
For honour, value, virtue, excellence,
Be all the garlands, crowne his tombe with bay,
Who spake as much as e'er our tongue can say.
Happy Arcadia! while such lovely straines
Sung of thy vallyes, rivers, hills, and plaines;
Yet most unhappy other joyes among,
That never heard'st his musicke nor his song.
Deafe men are happy so, whose vertues' praise
(Unheard of them) are sung in tunefull layes.
And pardon me, ye sisters of the mountaine,
Who wayle his losse from the Pegasian fountaine,
If (like a man for portraiture unable)
I set my pencill to Apelles' table;
Or dare to draw his curtaine, with a will
To shew his true worth, when the artist's skill
Within that curtaine fully doth expresse,
His owne art's-mastry, my unablenesse.
He sweetly touched, what I harshly hit,
Yet thus I glory in what I have writ;
Sidney began, (and if a wit so meane
May taste with him the dewes of Hippocrene)
I sung the past'rall next; his muse, my mover:
And on the plaines full many a pensive lover
Shall sing to us their loves, and praising be,
My humble lines, the more, for praising thee.
Thus we shall live with them, by rockes, by springs,
As well as Homer by the death of kings.
Then in a straine beyond an oaten quill,
The learned shepheard of faire Hitching-hill *
Sung the heroicke deeds of Greece and Troy,
In lines, so worthy life, that I imploy
My reede in vaine to overtake his fame;
All praisefull tongues doe waite upon that name,
Our second Ovid, the most pleasing muse
That heav'n did e'er in mortal's braine infuse,
All-loved Draiton, in soul-raping straines,
A genuine noate, of all the nymphish traines,
Began to tune; on it all eares were hung
As sometime Dido's on Æneas' tongue.

* Chapman.

Jonson, whose full of merit to rehearse
Too copious is to be confinde in verse;
Yet therein only fittest to be knowne,
Could any write a line which he might owne,
One, so judicious; so well knowing; and
A man whose least worth is to understand;
One so exact in all he doth preferre,
To able censure; for the theater
Not Seneca transcends his worth of praise;
Who writes him well shall well deserve the bayes.
Well-languag'd Danyel: Brooke, whose polisht lines
Are fittest to accomplish high designes;
Whose pen (it seemes) still young Apollo guides;
Worthy the forked hill for ever glides
Streames from thy braine so faire, that time shall see
Thee honor'd by thy verse, and it by thee.
And when thy temple's well deserving bayes
Might impe a pride in thee to reach thy praise,
As in a christall glasse, fill'd to the ring
With the cleare water of as cleare a spring,
A steady hand may very safely drop
Some quantitie of gold, yet o'er the top
Not force the liquor run; although before
The glasse (of water) could containe no more:
Yet so all-worthy Brooke, though all men sound
With plummets of just praise thy skill profound,
Thou in thy verse those attributes canst take
And not apparent ostentation make,
That any second can thy vertues raise,
Striving as much to hide as merit praise.
Davies and Wither, by whose muse's power
A naturall day to me seemes but an houre,
And could I ever heare their learned layes,
Ages would turne to artificiall dayes."

He thus apologises for being led into frequent digressions; we quote the passage, for the fertility and richness of its expression, though employed in describing a landscape too much in the Dutch style for our tastes: the poet had been led away by his praises of the golden age and of women.

"O what a rapture have I gotten now!
That age of gold, this of the lovely browe,
Have drawne me from my song! I onward run
(Cleane from the end to which I first begun)

But ye the heavenly creatures of the West,
In whom the vertues and the graces rest,
Pardon! that I have run astray so long,
And grow so tedious in so rude a song,
If you yourselves should come to adde one grace
Unto a pleasant grove or such like place,
Where, here, the curious cutting of a hedge,
There in a pond, the trimming of the sedge;
Here the fine setting of well shaded trees,
The walkes there mounting up by small degrees,
The gravell and the greene so equall lye,
It, with the rest, drawes on your ling'ring eye:
Here the sweet smels that doe perfume the ayre,
Arising from the infinite repayre
Of odoriferous buds, and hearbs of price
(As if it were another paradice)
So please the smelling sence, that you are faine
Where last you walk'd to turne and walke againe.
There the small birds with their harmonious notes
Sing to a spring that smileth as she floates:
For in her face a many dimples show,
And often skips as it did dancing goe:
Here further downe an over-arched alley
That from a hill goes winding in a valley,
You spye at end thereof a standing lake
Where some ingenious artist strives to make
The water (brought in turning pipes of lead
Through birds of earth most lively fashioned)
To counterfeit and mocke the Silvans all
In singing well their owne set madrigall.
This with no small delight retaynes your eare,
And makes you think none blest but who live there.
Then in another place the fruits that be
In gallant clusters decking each good tree
Invite your hand to crop them from the stem,
And liking one, taste every sort of them:
Then to the arbors walke, then to the bowres,
Thence to the walkes againe, thence to the flowres,
Then to the birds, and to the cleare spring thence,
Now pleasing one, and then another sence:
Here one walkes oft, and yet anew begin'th,
As if it were some hidden laborinth."

It is absolutely necessary, however, that we bring our extracts to a close, which we will do with the poet's spirited ad-

dress to his native country: premising, that it is far from having been in our power to select, as we at first intended, every good passage from these poems, to which we must refer our reader if he is pleased with what we have already presented to him. We fairly give him notice, that he must arm himself with no ordinary share of patience; and in his search after mere poetical imagery or expression, expect not the way to be beguiled with one particle of interest arising from the subject or story. William Browne lived immediately after the reign of Elizabeth, and thus speaks patriotically:

> "Haile thou, my native soile! thou blessed plot,
> Whose equall all the world affordeth not!
> Shew me who can? so many christall rils,
> Such sweet-cloath'd vallies, or aspiring hills,
> Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy mynes,
> Such rockes in whom the diamond fairely shines:
> And if the earth can shew the like agen;
> Yet will she faile in her sea-ruling men.
> Time never can produce men to ore-take
> The fames of Greenvil, Davies, Gilbert, Drake,
> Or worthy Hawkins, or a thousand more
> That by their powre made the Devonian shore
> Mocke the proud Tagus; for whose richest spoyle
> The boasting Spaniard left the Indian soyle
> Banckrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost
> By winning this though all the rest were lost."

The third of these volumes contains the *Shepherd's Pipe* and the *Inner Temple Masque*, with other smaller poems of Browne, and some complimentary eclogues by his friends Brooke and Davies, addressed to him on the publication of the *Shepherd's Pipe*. The whole of this latter poem is written in a puling and "waterish vein," except a few passages, which may claim the merit of musical versification, and nearly the whole of the fourth eclogue, which is of a higher mood. This is the author's elegy on the death of his friend, Mr. Thomas Manwood, whom he terms Philarete; from which it is supposed that Milton conceived the idea of celebrating the memory of Mr. Edward King, in a pastoral form, under the name of *Lycidas*. The action, if it may be so called, of the two poems, is not unlike, and there are one or two similar sentiments: farther than this it would be absurd to push the comparison. The poem of Milton is the production of a mighty genius, such as "sage poets, taught by the heavenly muse, story'd of old in high immortal verse:" while all the merit the Philarete can claim is, that it is composed in a strain of natural sorrow, expressed in a

gentle and equable flow of melodious verse. Some of the stanzas are tame and weak, and others disfigured by conceit—but, in nearly all those we shall quote, he may have been supposed to have begun, "wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy, to meditate his rural minstrelsy."

"Under an aged oke was Willy laid,
Willy, the lad who whilome made the rockes
To ring with joy, whilst on his pipe he plaid,
And from their masters woo'd his neighb'ring flocks:
But now o're-come with dolors deepe
That nie his heart-strings rent:
Ne car'd he for his silly sheepe,
Ne car'd for merriment.
But chang'd his wonted walkes
For uncouth paths unknowne,
Where nought but trees might hear his plaints,
And eccho rue his mone.

Autumne it was, when droopt the sweetest floures,
And rivers, swolne with pride, ore-look'd the banks,
Poore grew the day of Summer's golden houres,
And void of sap stood Ida's cedar rankes.
* *
Against the broad-spread oke,
Each wind in furie beares:
Yet fell their leaves not half so fast
As did the shepheard's tears.

As was his seate, so was his gentle heart,
Meeke and dejected, but his thoughts as hie
As those aye-wand'ring lights, who both impart
Their beames on us, and heaven still beautifie.
Sad was his looke. *
* *
Broke was his tuneful pipe
That charm'd the christall floods.
And thus his griefe took airie wings
And flew about the woods.
* *
O what is left can make me leave to mone!
Or what remains but doth increase it more?
Looke on his sheepe: alas! their master's gone.
Looke on the place where we two heretofore
With locked armes have vow'd our love.
* * * * *

It solitarie seemes.
Behold our flowrie beds;
Their beauties fade, and violets
For sorrow hang their heads.

'Tis not a cypresse bough, a count'nance sad,
A mourning garment, wailing elegie,
A standing herse in sable vesture clad,
A toombe built to his name's eternitie,
Although the shepheards all should strive
By yearly obsequies,
And vow to keepe thy fame alive
In spight of destinies,
That can suppresse my griefe:
All these and more may be,
Yet all in vaine to recompence
My greatest losse of thee.

Cypresse may fade, the countenance be changed,
A garment rot, an elegie forgotten,
A herse 'mongst irreligious rites be ranged,
A tombe pluckt down, or els through age be rotten.
All things th' unpartial hand of fate
Can rase out with a thought:
These have a sev'ral fixed date,
Which ended, turne to nought.
Yet shall all my truest cause
Of sorrow firmly stay,
When these effects the wings of time
Shall fanne and sweepe away.

Looke as a sweet rose fairely budding forth
Bewrayes her beauties to th' enamour'd morne,
Untill some keene blast from the envious north
Killes the sweet bud that was but newly borne,
Or else her rarest smels delighting
Make her herselfe betray,
Some white and curious hand inviting
To plucke her thence away.
So stands my mournfull case,
For had he been lesse good,
He yet (uncorrupt) had kept the stocke
Whereon he fairely stood.

In deepest passions of my griefe-swolne breast
(Sweet soule!) this onely comfort seizeth me,
* *

'That so few yeeres should make thee so much blest,
And give such wings to reach eternitie.
Is this to die? No: as a ship
Well built, with easie wind
A lazy hulke doth farre out-strip,
And soonest harbour find:
So Philarete fled,
Quicke was his passage given,
When others must have longer time
To make them fit for heaven.

Then not for thee these briny tears are spent,
But as the nightingale against the breere,
'Tis for myselfe I moane, and doe lament,
Not that thou left'st the world, but left'st me here:
Here, where without thee all delights
Faile of their pleasing powre;
All glorious daies seem ugly nights,
Methinkes no Aprill showre
Embroider should the earth,
But briny teares distill,
Since Flora's beauties shall no more
Be honour'd by thy quill.
* *
This said, he sigh'd, and with o'er-drowned eyes
Gaz'd on the heavens for what he mist on earth;
Then from the earth full sadly gan arise
As farre from future hope, as present mirth,
Unto his cote with heavy pace
As ever sorrow trode,
He went, with mind no more to trace
Where mirthful swaines abode," &c.

The *Inner Temple Masque* has also been thought to have suggested the *Comus* of Milton. Here, again, it is true that there are some touches which remind the reader of Milton, and the subjects are very similar—being the tempting of Ulysses by Circe, who uses similar inducements and incantations with her son Comus, followed by similar effects. But, as in the case of the *Lycidas*, the *Masque of Comus* is, perhaps, the finest poem, of its length, in this or any language; while that of Browne is a meagre sketch, containing but a few lines of poetic beauty. The Syren's song, which they sing to induce Ulysses and his companions to come on shore, has been much commended by Warton.

It has been observed by Mr. Chalmers, that this masque must have been represented when Milton was only twelve years of age, and it was not printed till many years after his death; so that the chance of his having seen it, is even less than the chance of his having imitated it. Inquiries of this nature are, however, otherwise of no importance than as they indicate the steps which a great poet took to nourish and educate his own genius. For let all be traced to its source which Milton owed to all the books he ever studied, (and there are frequent marks of Browne having been a considerable favourite,) his glory would not be diminished a scruple.

We can, however, afford no more space to the task which we have been attempting, of restoring William Browne to the possession of the bays which flourished brightly on his brow during his life-time, but quickly withered and have never since revived. We have extracted a sufficient portion from his works to enable all to form their own judgements of his merits. We have claimed no very lofty praise for him; but some share of the attention of the lovers of English poetry, and of those interested in the history of our noble language, we are sure he deserves. He is merely a descriptive poet, and has not attempted to reach the higher walks of poetry. There is no passion of any kind in his productions, nor is there either pathos or humour. His invention, which is esteemed the soul of poetry, gives birth to but a tame and languid progeny of characters and incidents. Yet, with all this, he is a pleasing and amiable poet in his way, and his faults and vices are chiefly attributable to the want of taste, judgement, and knowledge of mankind, incident to the very early age at which he wrote. He seems to have observed the face of nature with the quick eye of a lover, and the scenes and incidents which he could draw from actual experience he has developed with a natural and lively pen. Had he trusted to nature more confidently, and more implicitly followed the bent of his own genius, strengthened by time, he would have excelled in the ethical cast of poetry in which Cowper is so eminent a master, and would, like him, have made his rural observations the ornaments and not the staple of his poetry.—On the contrary, we have a bald and spiritless imitation of the descriptive and allegorical parts of Spenser—and what Spenser, with all the richness and vigour of his genius, failed to render an animated creation, Browne could only be expected to produce lifeless and naked. In the commencement of this article, we observed that he had not succeeded in preserving the character of a shepherd, and it is true so far that the real poet is constantly appearing, and that he is put to most awkward expedients to describe the persons and habits of those he introduces, frequently his contemporaries, as guardians of their flocks; but the

truth is, the whole poems very much bear the appearance of being written by one who had led a shepherd's life, and sang his song to "sounds of pastoral reed." A young shepherd, ignorant of the world, of simple manners, and with a deep love and knowledge of the country, would have written with the same want of taste, the same impotent conception of character, in the same artless and somewhat puerile style of the pastorals of William Browne. There is the same tastelessness, the same want of condensation, and of vigorous and manly dashes of genius, that we should expect to meet with in the amiable, simple, and innocent youth, who had been from his infancy leading his flock from plain to plain, and

> "telling his tale
> Under the hawthorn in the dale,"

far from the haunts of men. Ben Jonson, in an eulogium prefixed to these pastorals, has dealt out to our poet a modicum of sturdy praise. Had he been asked in private, we think, he would have said something like what St. Aubert observed of Valancourt in the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, "That young man has not been at Paris."

On the whole, his muse cannot be said to possess either the soaring ambition of the eagle, nor yet the equable dignity of the majestic swan; but she is not without the meek and placid beauty of the dove, and, like her, affects the woods, and sends from their recesses many a deep and tender note.

ART. IX.—*Various Prospects of Mankind, Nature, and Providence. London*, 1761.

Mr. Wallace, the author of the work before us, was of the number of those speculators who have delighted to form schemes of ideal felicity for their species. Men of this class, often despised as dreaming theorists, have been found among the best and wisest of all ages. Those, indeed, who have seen the farthest into their nature, have found the surest grounds of hope even for its earthly destiny. Their gentle enthusiasm has been, at the least, innoxious. The belief, that humanity is on the decline—that the energy of man is decaying—that the heart is becoming harder—and that imagination and intellect are dwindling away—lays an icy finger on the soul, confirms the most debasing selfishness, and tends to retard the blessedness which it denies. We propose, therefore, in this article very

cursorily to in[illegible] obscow far the hopes of those who believe that man is, on th[illegible]ole, advancing, are sanctioned by experience and by reason.

But we must not forget, that, in the very work before us, an obstacle to the happiness of the species is brought forward, which has subsequently been explained as of a dreadful nature, and has been represented as casting an impenetrable gloom over the brightest anticipations of human progress. We shall first set it forth in the words of Wallace—then trace its expansion and various application by Malthus—and inquire how far it compels us to despair for man.

"Under a perfect government, the inconveniencies of having a family would be so entirely removed, children would be so well taken care of, and every thing become so favourable to populousness, that though some sickly seasons or dreadful plagues in particular climates might cut off multitudes, yet, in general, mankind would encrease so prodigiously, that the earth would at last be overstocked, and become unable to support its numerous inhabitants.

"How long the earth, with the best culture of which it is capable from human genius and industry, might be able to nourish its perpetually increasing inhabitants, is as impossible as it is unnecessary to be determined. It is not probable that it could have supported them during so long a period as since the creation of Adam. But whatever may be supposed of the length of this period, of necessity it must be granted, that the earth could not nourish them for ever, unless either its fertility could be continually augmented, or, by some secret in nature, like what certain enthusiasts have expected from the philosopher's stone, some wise adept in the occult sciences should invent a method of supporting mankind quite different from any thing known at present. Nay, though some extraordinary method of supporting them might possibly be found out, yet, if there was no bound to the increase of mankind, which would be the case under a perfect government, there would not even be sufficient room for containing their bodies upon the surface of the earth, or upon any limited surface whatsoever. It would be necessary, therefore, in order to find room for such multitudes of men, that the earth should be continually enlarging in bulk, as an animal or vegetable body.

"Now, since philosophers may as soon attempt to make mankind immortal, as to support the animal frame without food, it is equally certain, that limits are set to the fertility of the earth; and that its bulk, so far as is hitherto known, hath continued always the same, and probably could not be much altered without making considerable changes in the solar system. It would be impossible, therefore, to support the great numbers of men who would be raised up under a perfect government; the earth would be overstocked at last, and the greatest admirers of such fanciful schemes must foresee the fatal period when they would come to an end, as they are altogether inconsistent with the limits of that earth in which they must exist.

"What a miserable catastrophe of the most generous of all hu-

man systems of government! How dreadful for the the magistrates of such commonwealths find themselves disconcerted at that fatal period, when there was no longer any room for new colonies, and when the earth could produce no farther supplies! During all the preceding ages, while there was room for increase, mankind must have been happy; the earth must have been a paradise in the literal sense, as the greatest part of it must have been turned into delightful and fruitful gardens. But when the dreadful time should at last come, when our globe, by the most diligent culture, could not produce what was sufficient to nourish its numerous inhabitants, what happy expedient could then be found out to remedy so great an evil?

"In such a cruel necessity, must there be a law to restrain marriage? Must multitudes of women be shut up in cloisters, like the ancient vestals or modern nuns? To keep a ballance between the two sexes, must a proportionable number of men be debarred from marriage? Shall the Utopians, following the wicked policy of superstition, forbid their priests to marry; or shall they rather sacrifice men of some other profession for the good of the state? Or, shall they appoint the sons of certain families to be maimed at their birth, and give a sanction to the unnatural institution of eunuchs? If none of these expedients can be thought proper, shall they appoint a certain number of infants to be exposed to death as soon as they are born, determining the proportion according to the exigencies of the state; and pointing out the particular victims by lot, or according to some established rule? Or, must they shorten the period of human life by a law, and condemn all to die after they had compleated a certain age, which might be shorter or longer, as provisions were either more scanty or plentiful? Or what other method should they devise (for an expedient would be absolutely necessary) to restrain the number of citizens within reasonable bounds?

"Alas! how unnatural and inhuman must every such expedient be accounted! The natural passions and appetites of mankind are planted in our frame, to answer the best ends for the happiness both of the individuals and of the species. Shall we be obliged to contradict such a wise order? Shall we be laid under the necessity of acting barbarously and inhumanly? Sad and fatal necessity! And which, after all, could never answer the end, but would give rise to violence and war; for mankind would never agree about such regulations. Force and arms must, at last, decide their quarrels, and the deaths of such as fall in battle leave sufficient provisions for the survivors, and make room for others to be born.

"Thus the tranquillity and numerous blessings of the Utopian governments would come to an end; war, or cruel and unnatural customs, be introduced, and a stop put to the increase of mankind, to the advancement of knowledge, and to the culture of the earth, in spite of the most excellent laws and wisest precautions. The more excellent the laws had been, and the more strictly they had been observed, mankind must have sooner become miserable. The remembrance of former times, the greatness of their wisdom and virtue, would conspire to heighten their distress; and the world, instead of remaining the

mansion of wisdom and happiness, become the scene of vice and confusion. Force and fraud must prevail, and mankind be reduced to the same calamitous condition as at present.

"Such a melancholy situation, in consequence merely of the want of provisions, is in truth more unnatural than all their present calamities. Supposing men to have abused their liberty, by which abuse, vice has once been introduced into the world; and that wrong notions, a bad taste, and vicious habits, have been strengthened by the defects of education and government, our present distresses may be easily explained. They may even be called natural, being the natural consequences of our depravity. They may be supposed to be the means by which Providence punishes vice; and, by setting bounds to the encrease of mankind, prevents the earth's being overstocked, and men being laid under the cruel necessity of killing one another. But to suppose, that in the course of a favourable Providence a perfect government had been established, under which the disorders of human passions had been powerfully corrected and restrained; poverty, idleness, and war, banished; the earth made a paradise; universal friendship and concord established, and human society rendered flourishing in all respects; and that such a lovely constitution should be overturned, not by the vices of men, or their abuse of liberty, but by the order of nature itself, seems wholly unnatural, and altogether disagreeable to the methods of Providence."

To this passage, the gloomy theories of Mr. Malthus owe their origin. He took the evil, which Wallace regarded as awaiting the species in its highest state of earthly perfection, as instant, and pressing in almost every state of society, and as causing mankind perpetually to oscillate. He represented nature herself as imposing an adamantine barrier to improvement, against which the fertilizing waters must beat in vain, and which would strike them back again, to a distance proportioned to the force by which they were rolled towards it. He depicted the tendency of the species to increase in numbers, as arising from passion, mad and ungovernable as well as universal, and as resisted, in its fatal consequences, only by war, famine, or disease. He maintained, that man was placed by nature between two tremendous evils, and could never recede from the gloomy strait within which his movements were contracted. He treated the love between the sexes as a brute instinct, without adverting to the infinite varieties of its developement, to its modifications by imagination and sentiment, to the refined delicacies of its intellectual enjoyments, to its thoughts which "do often lie too deep for tears," or its hopes, reaching far beyond death and the grave. Man was thus debased into a wretched animal, whose passions were irresistible, yet could not be satisfied without bringing on his race incalculable miseries.

The system thus promulgated in the first edition of the work on *Population*, could not be well applied to any practical

uses. It tended to destroy the fair visions of human improvement, and to place a gigantic demon in their room. But it could not form a part of any rational scheme of legislation, because it represented the evils which it depicted as hopeless. Its only moral was despair. But its author—a man of genuine personal benevolence in spite of his doctrines—became anxious to discover some moral purposes to which he might apply his scheme. Accordingly, in his second edition, which was so altered and re-written as to be almost a new work, he introduced a new preventive check on the tendency of population to increase, which he designated "moral restraint;" and proposed to inculcate, by the negative course of leaving all those who did not practise it to the consequences of their error. This new feature appears to us subversive of the whole system, in so far, at least, as it is designed to exhibit insuperable obstacles to the progressive happiness of man. Instead of the evil being regarded as inevitable, a means was expressly enforced by which it might be completely avoided. Celibacy, instead of a dreadful misfortune, was shewn to be a state of attainable and exalted virtue. In calculating on the tendency of the species to increase, we were no longer required to speculate on a mere instinct, but on a thousand moral and intellectual causes—on the movements of reason, sensibility, imagination, and hope—on the purest as well as the intensest emotions of the human soul. The rainbow could be as easily grasped, or a sun-beam measured by a line, as the operations of the blended passion and sentiment of love estimated by geometrical series! We will, however, examine a little more closely the popular objection to theories of human improvement, which the principle of population is supposed to offer.

The real question, in this case, is not whether, when the world is fully cultivated, the tendency of the species to increase will be greater than the means of subsistence; but whether this tendency really presses on us at every step of our progress. For, if there is no insuperable barrier to the complete cultivation of the earth, the cessation of all the countless evils of war, and the union of all the brethren of mankind in one great family, we may safely trust to heaven for the rest. When this universal harmony shall begin, men will surely have attained the virtue and the wisdom to exercise a self-denial, which Mr. Malthus himself represents as fully within their power. In the æra of knowledge and of peace, that degree of self-sacrifice can scarcely be impossible, which, even now, our philosopher would inculcate at the peril of starvation. At least, there can be no danger in promoting the happiness of the species, until it shall arise to this fullness; for we are told, that every effort towards it produces a similar peril with that which will embitter its final

reign. And if it should exist at last, we may safely believe, that He who pronounced the blessing, "increase and multiply," will not abandon the work of his hands; but that this world then will have answered all the purposes of its creation, and that immortal state will begin, "in which we shall neither marry nor be given in marriage, but be as the angels of God."

Let us inquire, then, whether the evidence of history, or the present aspect of the world, warrant the belief, that the tendency of the species to increase beyond the means of subsistence is a necessary obstacle to the improvement of its condition. If the wretchedness of man really flowed from this source, it is strange that the discovery should not have been made during six thousand years of his misery. He is not usually thus obtuse, respecting the cause of his sorrows. It will be admitted, that his distresses have most frequently arisen from luxury and from war, as their immediate causes. The first will scarcely be attributed to the want of food; nor can the second be traced to so fantastical an origin. Shakspeare, indeed, represents Coriolanus, in his insolent contempt for humanity, as rejoicing in the approach of war, as the means of "venting the musty superfluity" of the people; but kings have not often engaged in the fearful game on so refined and philosophic principles. On the contrary, the strength of a state was always regarded, in old time, as consisting in the number of its citizens. And, indeed, it is impossible that any of the gigantic evils of mankind should have arisen from the pressure of population against the means of subsistence; because it is impossible to point out any one state in which the means of subsistence have been fully developed and exhausted. If the want of subsistence, then, has ever afflicted a people, it has not arisen, except in case of temporary famine, from a deficiency in the means of subsistence, but in the mode and spirit of using them. The fault has been not in nature, but in man. Population may, in a few instances, have increased beyond the energy of the people to provide for it, but not beyond the resources which God has placed within their power.

The assertion, that there is, in the constant tendency of population to press hardly against the means of subsistence, an insuperable check to any great improvement of the species, is in direct contradiction to history. The species has increased in numbers, and has risen in intelligence, under far more unfavourable circumstances than the present, in spite of this fancied obstacle. There is no stage of civilization, in which the objection to any farther advance might not have been urged with as much plausibility as at the present. While any region, capable of fruitfulness, remains uninhabited and barren, the argument applies with no more force against its cultivation, than it would

have applied against the desire of him who founded the first city to extend its boundaries. While the world was before him, he might as reasonably have been warned to decline any plan for bringing wastes into tillage, on the ground that the tendency of man to multiply would thus be incited beyond the means of supplying food, as we, in our time, while the greater part of the earth yet remains to be possessed. And, indeed, the objection has far less force now than at any preceding period;—because not only is space left, but the aids of human power are far greater than in old time. Machinery now enables one man to do as much towards the supply of human wants, as could formerly have been done by hundreds. And shall we select this as the period of society in which the species must stand still, because the means of subsistence can be carried but a little farther?

It seems impossible to cast a cursory glance over the earth, and retain the belief, that there is some insuperable obstacle in the constitution of nature, to the developement of its vast and untried resources. Surely, immense regions of unbounded fertility—long successions of spicy groves—trackless pastures watered by ocean—rivers formed to let in wealth to the midst of a great continent—and sweet islands which lie calmly on the breast of crystal seas—were not created for eternal solitude and silence. Until these are peopled, and the earth is indeed "replenished and subdued," the command and the blessing, "increase and multiply," must continue unrecalled by its great Author. Shall not Egypt revive its old fruitfulness, and Palestine again flow with milk and honey?

The hypothesis, that population left to itself will increase in a geometrical progression, while the means of subsistence can only be enlarged in an arithmetical progression, is a mere fantasy. Vegetables, cattle, and fish, have far greater powers of productiveness than the human species; and the only obstacle to those powers being developed in an equal degree, is the want of room for them to increase, or the want of energy or wisdom in man to apply the bounty of nature to its fullest uses. The first want cannot exist while the larger part of the earth is barren, and the riches of the ocean remain unexhausted. The second, with all the disadvantages of ignorance, war, tyranny, and vice, has not prevented the boundaries of civilization from widely extending. What is there then in this particular stage of society, which should induce the belief, that the sinews of humanity are shrivelled up, and its energy falling to decay? The same quantity of food or of clothing—the same comforts and the same luxuries—which once required the labour of a hundred hands, are now produced almost without personal exertion. And is the spirit in man so broken down and debased, that, with

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all the aids of machinery, he cannot effect as much as the labour of his own right arm would achieve in the elder time? If, indeed, he is thus degenerate, the fault, at least, is not in nature, but in external and transitory causes. But we are prepared clearly, though briefly, to shew, that man has been and is, on the whole, advancing in true virtue, and in moral and intellectual energy.

It cannot be denied, that there are many apparent oscillations in the course of the species. If we look at only a small portion of history, it may seem retrograde, as a view of one of the windings of a noble river may lead us to imagine that it is flowing from the ocean. The vast intricacies of human affairs, the perpetual opposition of interests, prejudices, and passions, do not permit mankind to proceed in a right line; but, if we overlook any large series of ages, we shall clearly perceive, that the course of man is towards perfection. In contemplating the past, our attention is naturally attracted to the illustrious nations, whose story is consecrated by a thousand associations of early joy. But even if we take these, and forget the savage barbarism of the rest of the world, we shall find little to excite our envy. Far be it from us to deny, that there were among these, some men of pure and disinterested virtue, whose names are like great sea-marks in the dreariness of the backward perspective, and whom future generations can only desire to imitate. Our nature has always had some to vindicate its high capabilities of good. But even among the privileged classes of Greece and Rome—the selected minority, to whom all the rights of nature were confined more strictly than in the strictest modern despotism—how rare are the instances of real and genuine goodness! That long succession of bloody tragedies—that frightful alternation of cruelties and of meannesses—the Peloponnesian war, was perpetrated in the midst of the people, who had just carried the arts to their highest perfection. Gratitude, honesty, and good faith, had no place in the breasts of Athenian citizens. The morals of the Spartans were even more despicable than those of their rivals. Their mixture of barbarity and of craft towards their foes, and the states which were tributary to their power—their unnatural sacrifice of the most sacred of the affections of nature to mere national glory—and their dreadful conduct towards the wretched Helots, who were their property, —have scarcely a parallel in human history. The long conspiracy of Rome against the liberties of mankind, carried on from the time of its foundation until it began to decline, served to string every sinew into a horrid rigidity, and to steel the heart to the feelings of compassion. This is the description of its progress by one of its own historians:

"Raptores orbis, postquam cuncta vastantibus defuere terræ, et mare scrutantur; si locuples hostis est, avari; si pauper, ambitiosi: quos non oriens non occidens satiaverit; soli omnium opes atque inopiam pari affectu concupiscunt. Auferre, trucidare, rapere falsis nominibus imperium, atque ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant."—*(Tacitus Vit. Agricolæ*, 30.*)*

The proscriptions of Marius and Sylla alone proved what this savage spirit could perpetrate at home, when it had exhausted all opportunities of satiating, among foreign states, its thirst for slaughter.

If we pass over the vast improvements in morals—the amelioration of war—the progress of political science—and the redemption of the female sex from degradation and from bondage—we shall find, in one great change alone, ample reason to rejoice in the advances of the species. The simple term, *humanity*, expresses the chief difference between our times and the brightest of classical ages. In those there was no feeling for man, as man—no recognition of a common brotherhood—no sense of those qualities which all men have in common, and of those claims which those who are "made of one blood" have on each other for justice and for mercy. Manhood was nothing, citizenship was all in all. Nearly all the virtues were aristocratical and exclusive. The vast number of slaves—their dreadful condition—and the sanction which the law gave to all the cruelties practised on them—shewed that the masters of the world had no sense of the dignity of their nature, whatever they might feel for the renown of their country, or the privileges of their order. The Spartan youths massacred their Helots, to nurture their valour. Indeed, the barbarities inflicted on that miserable race, by those whom we are sometimes taught to admire, would exceed belief, if they were not attested by the clearest proofs. At Rome, slaves, when too old for work, were often sent to an island in the Tiber, and left there to perish. On the slightest offence, they were frequently thrown into fish-ponds, exposed to wild beasts, or sentenced to die upon the cross. And in the same spirit of contempt for humanity, and veneration for the privileged orders, parents had power to imprison their children or put them to death, and wives were left, without protection, to the brutal ferocity of their husbands.

With how different feelings are the rights of humanity regarded in these happier seasons! Slavery is abolished throughout the Christian kingdoms of Europe, and, with few exceptions, equal justice is administered to all. There is no grief which does not meet with pity, and few miseries which do not excite the attempt to relieve them. Men are found of sensibilities keen even to agony, who, tremblingly alive in every fibre to wretchedness, have yet the moral heroism to steel their nerves

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to the investigation of the most hideous details of suffering, with no desire of applause or wish for reward, except that which success itself will give them. Within a few short years, what great moral changes have been effected! The traffic in human beings, which was practised without compunction or disgrace, and defended in Parliament as a fair branch of commerce, is now made a felony, and those who are detected in pursuing it would almost be torn in pieces by popular fury. The most cruel enactments against freedom of thought and of discussion have been silently repealed, while scarcely a voice has been raised to defend or to mourn them. And, above all, a moral elevation has been given to the great mass of the rising generation, by the provision for their instruction, of which no time, or change, or accident, can deprive them.

There is a deep-rooted opinion, which has been eloquently propounded by some of the first critics of our age, that works of imagination must necessarily decline as civilization advances. It will readily be conceded, that no individual minds can be expected to arise, in the most refined periods, which will surpass those which have been developed in rude and barbarous ages. But there does not appear any solid reason for believing, that the mighty works of old time occupy the whole region of poetry —or necessarily chill the fancy of these later times by their vast and unbroken shadows. Genius does not depend on times or on seasons, it waits not on external circumstances, it can neither be subdued by the violence of the most savage means, nor polished away or dissipated among the refinements of the most glittering scenes of artificial life. It is "itself alone." To the heart of a young poet, the world is ever beginning anew. He is in the generation by which he is surrounded, but he is not of it; he can live in the light of the holiest times, or range amidst gorgeous marvels of eldest superstition, or sit "lone upon the shores of old romance," or pierce the veil of mortality, and "breathe in worlds to which the heaven of heavens is but a veil." The very deficiency of the romantic, in the actual paths of existence, will cause him to dwell in thought more apart from them, and to seek the wildest recesses in those regions which imagination opens to his inward gaze. To the eye of young joy, the earth is as fresh as at the first—the tenderest dew-drop is lit up as it was in Eden—and "the splendour in the grass, the glory in the flower," yet glitters as in the earliest spring-time of the world.

The subjects in which genius rejoices, are not the vain and the transitory, but the true and the eternal, which are the same through all changes of society and shifting varieties of fashion. The heavens yet "tell the glory of God;" the hills, the vales, and the ocean, do not alter, nor does the heart of man wax old.

The wonders of these are as exhaustless as they are lasting. While these remain, the circumstances of busy life—the exact mechanism of the social state—will affect the true poet but little. The seeds of genius, which contain within themselves the germs of expanded beauties and divinest sublimities, cannot perish. Wheresoever they are scattered, they must take root, striking far below the surface, overcropped and exhausted by the multitude of transitory productions, into a deep richness of soil, and, rising up above the weeds and tangled underwood which would crush them, lift their innumerable boughs into the free and rejoicing heavens.

The advancement of natural science and of moral truth do not tend really to lessen the resources of the bard. The more we know, the more we feel there is yet to be known. The mysteries of nature and of humanity are not lessened, but increased, by the discoveries of philosophic skill. The lustre which breaks on the vast clouds which encircle us in our earthly condition, does not merely set in clear vision that which before was hidden in sacred gloom; but, at the same time, half exhibits masses of magnificent shadow, unknown before, and casts an uncertain light on vast regions, in which the imagination may devoutly expatiate. A plastic superstition may fill a limited circle with beautiful images, but it chills and confines the fancy, almost as strictly as it limits the reasoning faculties. The mythology of Greece, for example, while it peopled earth with a thousand glorious shapes, shut out the free grace of nature from poetic vision, and excluded from the ken the high beatings of the soul. All the loveliness of creation, and all the qualities, feelings, and passions, were invested with personal attributes. The soft evening's sigh was the breath of Zephyr—the streams were celebrated, not in their rural clearness, but as visionary nymphs—and ocean, that old agitator of sublimest thoughts, gave place, in the imagination, to a trident-bearing god. The tragic muse almost "forgot herself to stone," in her lone contemplations of destiny. No wild excursiveness of fancy marked their lighter poems—no majestical struggle of high passions and high actions filled the scene—no genial wisdom threw a penetrating, yet lovely, light on the silent recesses of the bosom. The diffusion of a purer faith restored to poetry its glowing affections, its far-searching intelligence, and its excursive power. And not only this, but it left it free to use those exquisite figures, and to avail itself of all the chaste and delicate imagery, which the exploded superstition first called into being. In the stately regions of imagination, the wonders of Greek fable yet have place, though they no longer hide from our view the secrets of our nature, or the long vistas which extend to the dim verge of the moral horizon. Well, indeed, does a great living poet assert

their poetic existence, under the form of defending the science of the stars:

> "For Fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place;
> Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
> And spirits; and delightedly believes
> Divinities, being himself divine.
> The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
> The fair humanities of old religion,
> The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
> That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
> Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms and watery depths! all these have vanish'd,
> They live no longer in the faith of reason!
> But still the heart doth need a language, still
> Doth the old instinct bring back the old names;
> And to yon starry world they now are gone,
> Spirits or gods, that us'd to share this earth
> With man as with their friend; and to the lover
> Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
> Shoot influence down; and, even at this day,
> 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
> And Venus that brings every thing that's fair!"*

The poet is the inheritor of the imaginative treasures of all creeds which reason has now exploded. The dim and gigantic shadows of the north—the gentle superstitions of the Greeks—the wild and wondrous prodigies of Arabian enchantment—the dark rites of magic, more heart-stirring than all—have their places in the vast region of his soul. When we climb above the floating mists which have so long overspread humanity, to breathe a purer air, and gaze on the unclouded heavens, we do not lose our feeling of veneration for majestic errors, nor our sense of their glories. Instead of wandering in the region of cloud, we overlook it all, and behold its gorgeous varieties of arch, minaret, dome, or spire, without partaking in its delusions.

But we have no need of resort to argument, in order to shew that genius is not gradually declining. A glance at its productions, in the present age, will suffice to prove the gloomy mistake of desponding criticism. We will sketch very lightly over the principal living authors, to illustrate this position—satisfied that the mere mention of their names will awaken, within our readers, recollections of delight, far more than sufficient

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* Coleridge's translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*.

triumphantly to contravene the theory of those who believe in the degeneracy of genius.

And first—in the great walk of poesy—is Wordsworth, who, if he stood alone, would vindicate the immortality of his art. He has, in his works, built up a rock of defence for his species, which will resist the mightiest tides of demoralizing luxury. Setting aside the varied and majestic harmony of his verse—the freshness and the grandeur of his descriptions—the exquisite softness of his delineations of character—and the high and rapturous spirit of his choral songs—we may produce his "divine philosophy" as unequalled by any preceding bard. And surely it is no small proof of the infinity of the resources of genius, that, in this late age of the world, the first of all philosophic poets should have arisen, to open a new vein of sentiment and thought, deeper and richer than yet had been laid bare to mortal eyes. His rural pictures are as fresh and as lively as those of Cowper, yet how much lovelier is the poetic light which is shed over them! His exhibition of gentle peculiarities of character, and dear immunities of heart, is as true and as genial as that of Goldsmith, yet how much is its interest heightened by its intimate connection, as by golden chords, with the noblest and most universal truths! His little pieces of tranquil beauty are as holy and as sweet as those of Collins, and yet, while we feel the calm of the elder poet gliding into our souls, we catch farther glimpses through the luxuriant boughs into "the highest heaven of invention." His soul mantles as high with love and joy, as that of Burns, but yet "how bright, how solemn, how serene," is the brimming and lucid stream! His poetry not only discovers, within the heart, new faculties, but awakens within, its untried powers, to comprehend and to enjoy its beauty and its wisdom.

Not less marvellously gifted, though in a far different manner, is Coleridge, who, by a strange error, has been usually regarded as belonging to the same school, partaking of the same peculiarities, and upholding the same doctrines. Instead, like Wordsworth, of seeking the sources of sublimity and of beauty in the simplest elements of humanity, he ranges through all history and science, investigating all that has really existed, and all that has had foundation only in the strangest and wildest minds, combining, condensing, developing, and multiplying the rich products of his research with marvellous facility and skill; now pondering fondly over some piece of exquisite loveliness, brought from a wild and unknown recess; now tracing out the hidden germ of the eldest and most barbaric theories; and now calling fantastic spirits from the vasty deep, where they have slept since the dawn of reason. The term, "myriad-minded," which he has happily applied to Shakspeare, is truly descriptive

of himself. He is not one, but Legion—"rich with the spoils of time," richer in his own glorious imagination and sportive fantasy. There is nothing more wonderful than the facile majesty of his images, or rather of his worlds of imagery, which, even in his poetry or his prose, start up before us self-raised and all perfect, like the palace of Aladdin. He ascends to the sublimest truths, by a winding tract of sparkling glory, which can only be described in his own language—

> " the spirits' ladder,
> That from this gross and visible world of dust
> Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds
> Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
> Move up and down on heavenly ministries—
> The circles in the circles, that approach
> The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit."

In various beauty of versification, he has never been exceeded. Shakspeare, doubtless, has surpassed him in linked sweetness and exquisite continuity, and Milton in pure majesty and classic grace—but this is one species of verse only—and, taking all his trials of various metres, the swelling harmony of his blank verse, the sweet breathing of his gentler odes, and the sybil-like flutter alternate with the murmuring charm of his wizard spells, we doubt if even these great masters have so fully developed the music of the English tongue. He has yet completed no adequate memorials of his genius: yet it is most unjust to assert, that he has done nothing or little. To refute this assertion, there are, his noble translation of *Wallenstein*—his love-poems of intensest beauty—his *Ancient Mariner*, with its touches of profoundest tenderness amidst the wildest and most bewildering terrors—his holy and most sweet tale of *Christabel*, with its rich enchantments and its richer humanities—the depths, the sublimities, and the pensive sweetnesses of his tragedy—the heart-dilating sentiments scattered through his "*Friend*"—and the stately imagery which breaks upon us at every turn of the golden paths of his metaphysical labyrinths. And, if he has a power within him mightier than that which even these glorious creations indicate, shall he be censured because he has deviated from the ordinary course of the age, in its developement; and, instead of committing his imaginative wisdom to the press, has delivered it from his living lips? He has gone about in the true spirit of an old Greek bard, with a noble carelessness of self, giving fit utterance to the divine spirit within him. Who that has heard can ever forget him—his mild benignity—the unbounded variety of his knowledge—the fast succeeding products of his imagination—the child-like simpli-

city with which he rises, from the driest and commonest theme, into the widest magnificence of thought, pouring on the soul a stream of beauty and of wisdom, to mellow and enrich it for ever? The seeds of poetry, which he has thus scattered, will not perish. The records of his fame are not in books only, but on the fleshly tablets of young hearts, who will not suffer it to die even in the general ear, however base and unfeeling criticism may deride their gratitude!

Charles Lamb is as original as either of these, within the smaller circle which he has chosen. We know not of any writer, living or dead, to whom we can fitly liken him. The exceeding delicacy of his fancy, the keenness of his perceptions of truth and beauty, the sweetness and the wisdom of his humour, and the fine interchange and sportive combination of all these, so frequent in his works, are entirely and peculiarly his own. As it has been said of Swift, that his better genius was his spleen, it may be asserted of Lamb, that his kindliness is his inspiration. With how nice an eye does he detect the least hitherto unnoticed indication of goodness, and with how true and gentle a touch does he bring it out to do good to our natures! How new and strange do some of his more fantastical ebullitions seem, yet how invariably do they come home to the very core, and smile at the heart! He makes the majesties of imagination seem familiar, and gives to familiar things a pathetic beauty or a venerable air. Instead of finding that every thing in his writings is made the most of, we always feel that the tide of sentiment and of thought is pent in, and that the airy and variegated bubbles spring up from a far depth in the placid waters. The loveliness of his thought looks, in the quaintness of his style, like a modest beauty, laced-in and attired in a dress of the superb fashion of the elder time. His versification is not greatly inferior to that of Coleridge, and it is, in all its best qualities, unlike that of any other poet. His heroic couplets are alternately sweet, terse, and majestical; and his octo-syllabic measures have a freeness and completeness, which mark them the pure Ionic of verse.

Barry Cornwall, with the exception of Coleridge, is the most genuine poet of love, who has, for a long period, appeared among us. There is an intense and passionate beauty, a depth of affection in his little dramatic poems, which appear even in the affectionate triflings of his gentle characters. He sweetly illustrates that holiest of human emotions, which, while it will twine itself with the frailest twig, or dally with the most evanescent shadow of creation, wasting its excess of kindliness on all around it, is yet able to "look on tempests and be never shaken." Love is gently omnipotent in his poems; accident and death itself are but passing clouds, which scarcely vex and

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which cannot harm it. The lover seems to breathe out his life in the arms of his mistress, as calmly as the infant sinks into its softest slumber. The fair blossoms of his genius, though light and trembling at the breeze, spring from a wide, and deep, and robust stock, which will sustain far taller branches without being exhausted. In the vision, where he sees "the famous Babylon," in his exquisite sonnets, and yet more in his *Marcian Colonna*, has he shewn a feeling and a power for the elder venerableness of the poetic art, which, we are well assured, he is destined successfully to develope.

Some of our readers will, perhaps, wonder, that we have thus long delayed the mention of the most popular of the living poets. But, though we have no desire to pass them by, we must confess, that we do not rest chiefly on them our good hope for English genius. Lord Byron's fame has arisen, we suspect, almost as much from an instinctive awe of his nobility, and from a curiosity to know the secrets of his diseased soul, which he so often partially gratifies, as from the strength and turbid majesty of his productions. His mind is, however, doubtless cast in no ordinary mould. His chief poetic attributes appear, to us, to be an exceedingly quick sensibility to external beauty and grandeur, a capability and a love of violent emotion, and a singular mastery of language. He has no power over himself, which is the highest of all qualifications for a poet as it is for a man. He has no calm meditative greatness, no harmonizing spirit, no pure sense of love and of joy. He is as far beneath the calmly imaginative poets, as the region of tempests and storms is below the quiet and unclouded heavens. He excites intense feeling, by leading his readers to the brink of unimaginable horror, by dark hints of nameless sins, or by the strange union of virtues and of vices, which God and nature have for ever divided. Yet are there touches of grace and beauty scattered throughout his works, occasional bursts of redeeming enthusiasm, which make us deeply regret the too-often "admired disorder" of his soul. The stream of his genius falls, from a vast height, amidst bleakest rocks, into depths, which mortal eye cannot fathom, and into which it is dangerous to gaze; but it sends up a radiant mist in its fall, which the sun tints with heavenly colouring, and it leaves its soft hues on the golden and quiet clouds! The too frequent perversion of his genius does not prevent it from shewing, in its degree, the immortality of the most sublime of the human faculties.

Sir Walter Scott, if his poetry is not all which his countrymen proclaim it, is a bard, in whose success every good man must rejoice. His feeling of nature is true, if it is not profound; his humanity is pure, if it is not deep; his knowledge of facts is choice and various, if his insight into their philosophy is not

very clear or extensive. Dr. Percy's *Reliques* prepared his way, and the unpublished *Christabel* aided his inspirations; but he is entitled to the credit of having first brought romantic poetry into fashion. Instead of the wretched sentimentalities of the Della Cruscan school, he supplied the public with pictures of nature, and with fair visions of chivalry. If he is, and we hope as well as believe that he is, the author of the marvellous succession of Scotch romances, he deserves far deeper sentiments of gratitude than those which his poems awaken. Then does he merit the praise of having sent the mountain breezes into the heart of this great nation; of having supplied us all with a glorious crowd of acquaintance, and even of friends, whose society will never disturb or weary us; and of having made us glow a thousand times with honest pride, in that nature of which we are partakers!

Mr. Southey is an original poet, and a delightful prose-writer, though he does not even belong to the class which it has been the fashion to represent him as redeeming. He has neither the intensity of Wordsworth, nor the glorious expansion of Coleridge; but he has their holiness of imagination, and child-like purity of thought. His fancies are often as sweet and as heavenly, as those which "may make a crysome child to smile." There is, too, sometimes an infantine love of glitter and pomp, and of airy castle-building, displayed in his more fantastical writings. The great defect of his purest and loftiest poems is, that they are not imbued with humanity; they do not seem to have their only home on "this dear spot, this human earth of ours," but their scenes might be transferred, perhaps with advantage, to the moon or one of the planets. In the loneliest bower which poesy can rear, deep in a trackless wild, or in some island, placed "far amid the melancholy main," the air of this world must yet be allowed to breathe, if the poet would interest "us poor humans." It may heighten even the daintiest solitude of blessed lovers,

> "All the while to feel and know,
> That they are in a world of woe,
> On such an earth as this."

Mr. Southey's poems are beautiful and pure, yet too far from our common emotions. His *Joan of Arc*, his *Thalaba*, and his *Roderick*, are full of the stateliest pictures. But his *Kehama* is his greatest work—the most marvellous succession of fantasies, "sky tinctured," ever called into being, without the aid of real and hearty faith! Mr. Southey's prose style is singularly lucid and simple. His *Life of Nelson* is a truly British work, giving the real heartiness of naval strength of our coun-

try, without ostentation or cant; his memoir of Kirke White is very unaffected and pathetic; and his Essays on the State of the Poor, really touching in their benevolence, and their well regulated sympathies. Of the violences of his more decidedly political effusions, we shall not here venture to give an opinion; except to express our firm belief, that they have never been influenced by motives unworthy of a man of genius.

Mr. Campbell has not done much which is excellent in poetry, but that which he has written well is admirable in its kind. His battle-odes are simple, affecting, and sublime. Few passages can exceed the dying speech of Gertrude, in sweet pathos, or the war-song of old Outalissi, in stern and ferocious grandeur. It is astonishing, that he, who could produce these and other pieces of most genuine poetry, should, on some occasions, have egregiously mistaken gaudy words for imagination; and heap up fragments of bad metaphors, as though he could scale the "highest heaven of invention," by the accumulation of mere earthly materials.

It is the singular lot of Moore, to seem, in his smaller pieces, as though he were fitted for the highest walk of poetry; and, in his more ambitious efforts, to appear as though he could fabricate nothing but glittering tinsel. The truth is, however, that those of his attempts, which the world thinks the boldest, and in which we regard him as unsuccessful, are not above but beneath his powers. A thousand tales of veiled prophets, who wed ladies in the abodes of the dead, and frighten their associates to death by their maimed and mangled countenances, may be produced with far less expense of true imagination, fancy, or feeling, than one sweet song, which shall seem the very echo "of summer days and delightful years." Moore is not fit for the composition of tales of demon frenzy and feverish strength, only because his genius is of too pure and noble an essence. He is the most sparkling and graceful of triflers. It signifies little, whether the Fives Court or the Palace furnish him with materials. However repulsive the subject, he can "turn all to favour, and to prettiness." Clay and gold, subjected to his easy, inimitable hand, are wrought into shapes, so pleasingly fantastic, that the difference of the subject is lost in the fineness of the workmanship. His lighter pieces are distinguished at once by deep feeling, and a gay and festive air, which he never entirely loses. He leads wit, sentiment, patriotism, and fancy, in a gay fantastic round, gambols sportively with fate, and holds a dazzling fence with care and with sorrow. He has seized all the "snatches of old tunes," which yet lingered about the wildest regions of his wild and fanciful country; and has fitted to them words of accordance, the most exquisite. There is a luxury in his grief, and a sweet melancholy in his joy,

which are old and well remembered in our experience, though scarcely ever before thus nicely revived in poetry.

The works of Crabbe are full of good sense, condensed thought, and lively picture; yet the greater part of them is almost the converse of poetry. The mirror which he holds up to nature, is not that of imagination, which softens down the asperities of actual existences, brings out the stately and the beautiful, while it leaves the trivial and the low in shadow, and sets all things which it reflects in harmony before us: on the contrary, it exhibits the details of the coarsest and most unpleasing realities, with microscopic accuracy and minuteness. Some of his subjects are, in themselves, worthless—others are absolutely revolting—yet it is impossible to avoid admiring the strange nicety of touch with which he has felt their discordances, and the ingenuity with which he has painted them. His likenesses absolutely startle us. There are cases in which this intense consciousness of little circumstances is prompted by deep passion; and, whenever Mr. Crabbe seizes one of these, his extreme minuteness rivets and enchants us. The effect of this vivid picturing in one of his tales, where a husband relates to his wife the story of her own intrigue before marriage, as a tale of another, is thrilling and grand. In some of his poems, as his *Sir Eustace Grey* and the *Gipsey-woman's Confession*, he has shewn that he can wield the mightiest passions with ease, when he chooses to rise from the contemplation of the individual to that of the universal; from the delineation of men and things, to that of man and the universe.

We dissent from many of Leigh Hunt's principles of morality and of taste; but we cannot suffer any difference of opinion to prevent the avowal of our deep sense of his poetical genius. He is a poet of various and sparkling fancy, of real affectionate heartiness, and of pathos as deep and pure as that of any living writer. He unites an English homeliness, with the richest Italian luxury. The story of *Rimini* is one of the sweetest and most touching, which we have ever received into our "heart of hearts." The crispness of the descriptive passages, the fine spirit of gallantry in the chivalrous delineations, the exquisite gradations of the fatal affection and the mild heart-breaking remorse of the heroine; form, altogether, a body of sweetly-bitter recollections, for which none but the most heartless of critics would be unthankful. The fidelity and spirit of his little translations are surprising. Nor must we forget his prose works;—the wonderful power, with which he has for many years sent forth weekly essays, of great originality, both of substance and expression; and which seem now as fresh and unexhausted as ever. We have nothing here to do with his religion or his politics;—but, it is impossible to help admiring the healthful impulses, which he has so long been breathing "into the torpid breast of daily life;"

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or the plain and manly energy, with which he has shaken the selfism of the age, and sent the claims of the wretched in full and resistless force to the bosoms of the proud, or the thoughtless. In some of his productions—especially in several numbers of the *Indicator*—he has revived some of those lost parts of our old experience, which we had else wholly forgotten; and has given a fresh sacredness to our daily walks and ordinary habits. We do not see any occasion in this for terms of reproach or ridicule. The scenery around London is not the finest in the world; but it is all which an immense multitude can see of nature, and surely it is no less worthy an aim to hallow a spot which thousands may visit, than to expatiate on the charms of some dainty solitude, which can be enjoyed only by an occasional traveller.

There are other living poets, some of them of great excellence, on whose merits we should be happy to dwell, but that time and space would fail us. We might expatiate on the heaven-breathing pensiveness of Montgomery—on the elegant reminiscences of Rogers—on the gentle eccentricity of Wilson—on the luxurious melancholy of Bowles—or on the soft beauties of the Ettrick Shepherd. The works of Lloyd are rich in materials of reflection—most intense, yet most gentle—most melancholy, yet most full of kindness—most original in philosophic thought, yet most calm and benignant towards the errors of the world. Reynolds has given delightful indications of a free, and happy, and bounteous spirit, fit to sing of merry outlaws and green-wood revelries, which we trust he will suffer to refresh us with its blithe carollings. Keats, whose *Endymion* was so cruelly treated by the critics, has just put forth a volume of poems which must effectually silence his deriders. The rich romance of his *Lamia*—the holy beauty of his *St. Agnes' Eve*—the pure and simple diction and intense feeling of his *Isabella*—and the rough sublimity of his *Hyperion*—cannot be laughed down, though all the periodical critics in England and Scotland were to assail them with their sneers. Shelley, too, notwithstanding the odious subject of his last tragedy, evinced in that strange work a real human power, of which there is little trace among the cold allegories and metaphysical splendors of his earlier productions. No one can fail to perceive, that there are mighty elements in his genius, although there is a melancholy want of a presiding power—a central harmony—in his soul. Indeed, rich as the present age is in poetry, it is even richer in promise. There are many minds—among which we may, particularly, mention that of Maturin—which are yet disturbed even by the number of their own incomplete perceptions. These, however, will doubtless fulfil their glorious destiny, as their imaginations settle into that calm lucidness, which in the instance of Keats has so rapidly succeeded to turbid and impetuous confusion.

The dramatic literature of the present age does not hold a rank proportioned to its poetical genius. But our tragedy, at least, is superior to any which has been produced since the rich period of Elizabeth and of James. Though the dramatic works of Shiel, Maturin, Coleridge, and Milman, are not so grand, and harmonious, and impressive, as the talent of their authors would lead us to desire, they are far superior to the tragedies of Hill, Southern, Murphy, Johnson, Philipps, Thomson, Young, Addison, or Rowe. Otway's *Venice Preserved* alone—and that only in the structure of its plot—is superior to the *Remorse*, to *Bertram, Fazio*, or *Evadne*. And then—more pure, more dramatic, more gentle, than all these, is the tragedy of *Virginius*—a piece of simple yet beautiful humanity—in which the most exquisite succession of classic groups is animated with young life and connected by the finest links of interest—and the sweetest of Roman stories lives before us at once, new and familiar to our bosoms.

We shall not be suspected of any undue partiality towards modern criticism. But its talent shews, perhaps, more decidedly than any thing else, the great start which the human mind has taken of late years. Throughout all the periodical works extant, from the *Edinburgh Review* down to the lowest of the Magazines, striking indications may be perceived of "that something far more deeply interfused," which is now working in the literature of England. We not rarely see criticisms of theatrical performances of the preceding evening in the daily newspapers, which would put to shame the elaborate observations of Dr. Johnson on Shakspeare. Mr. Hazlitt—incomparably the most original of the regular critics—has almost raised criticism into an independent art, and, while analysing the merits of others, has disclosed stores of sentiment, thought, and fancy, which are his own peculiar property. His relish for the excellencies of those whom he eulogises, is so keen, that, in his delineations, the pleasures of intellect become almost as vivid and substantial as those of sense. He introduces us into the very presence of the great of old time, and enables us almost to imagine that we hear them utter the living words of beauty and wisdom. He makes us companions of their happiest hours, and shares not only in the pleasures which they diffused, but in those which they tasted. He discloses to us the hidden soul of beauty, not like an anatomist but like a lover. His criticism, instead of breaking the sweetest enchantments of life, prolongs them, and teaches us to love poetic excellence more intensely, as well as more wisely.

The present age is, also, honourably distinguished by the variety and the excellence of productions from the pen of women. In poetry—there is the deep passion, richly tinged with fancy, of Baillie—the delicate romance of Mitford—the

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gentle beauty and feminine chivalry of Beetham—and the classic elegance of Hemans. There is a greater abundance of female talent among the novelists. The exquisite sarcasm of humour of Madame D'Arblay—the soft and romantic charm of the novels of the Porters—the brilliant ease and admirable good sense of Edgeworth—the intense humanity of Inchbald—the profound insight into the fearful depths of the soul with which the author of *Glenarvon* is gifted—the heart-rending pathos of Opie—and the gentle wisdom, the holy sympathy with holiest childhood, and the sweet imaginings, of the author of *Mrs. Leicester's School*—soften and brighten the literary aspect of the age. These indications of female talent are not only delightful in themselves, but inestimable as proofs of the rich intellectual treasures which are diffused throughout the sex, to whom the next generation will owe their first and their most sacred impressions.

But, after all, the best intellectual sign of the present times is the general education of the poor. This ensures duration to the principles of good, by whatever political changes the frame of society may be shaken. The sense of human rights and of human duties is not now confined to a few, and, therefore, liable to be lost, but is stamped in living characters on millions of hearts. And the foundations of human improvement thus secured, it has a tendency to advance in a true geometrical progression. Meanwhile, the effects of the spirit of improvement which have long been silently preparing in different portions of the globe, are becoming brilliantly manifest. The vast continent of South America, whether it continue nominally dependent on European states, or retain its own newly-asserted freedom, will teem with new intellect, enterprise, and energy. Old Spain, long sunk into the most abject degradation, has suddenly awakened, as if refreshed, from slumber, and her old genius must revive with her old dignities. A bloodless revolution has just given liberty to Naples, and thus has opened the way for the restoration of Italy. That beautiful region again will soon inspire her bards with richer strains than of yore, and diffuse throughout the world a purer luxury. Amidst these quickenings of humanity, individual poets, indeed, must lose that personal importance which in darker periods would be their portion. All selfism—all predominant desire for the building up of individual fame—must give way to the earnest and single wish to share in and promote the general progress of the species. He is unworthy of the name of a great poet, who is not contented that the loveliest of his imaginations should be lost in the general light, or viewed only as the soft and delicate streaks which shall usher in that glorious dawn, which is, we believe, about to rise on the world, and to set no more!

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THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. II. Part II.

Art. I. *Essays of* Michael Seigneur de Montaigne, *made English by* Charles Cotton, Esq.; 3 *vols.* 8*vo.*; 4*th edition. London,* 1711.

In the world of literature there is food adapted for all palates, be they ever so various—solid and substantial fare for those o healthy and wholesome digestions—light and nutritive for the weak or idle, and stimulative for the languid: so that a man need never be at a loss for literary matter suitable to his inclination or constitution, and he may vary it as often as he pleases, according to the mood in which he finds himself, with the happy consciousness, that let him consume as much as he will, he can never exhaust the common stock.

> "Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale
> Its infinite variety."

Of those books to which we have recourse for pleasure or recreation, we have a particular fancy for a gossiping book, a collection of choice *morceaux* and short dissertations, in which an author gives us the cream of a diversity of subjects, without calling upon us for any rigid attention or nice examination of his arguments. A kind of reading which resembles the very best conversation, but which is, at the same time, more artificially dressed up and more elegantly turned. When, for instance,

we have been wading through a ponderous or tedious volume, for the purposes of analysis or for the sake of a few good extracts, we return, with a keen relish, to a literary gossip with an author of this kind, whom we can take up with the certainty of being instructed and amused—the smooth current of whose thoughts we can follow without effort or constraint, and to whose guidance we abandon ourselves with a desultory, but luxurious, indifference: and whom, when we have read so much as to our humour or idleness seemeth good, we can lay down without a sense of weariness, or a feeling of dissatisfaction. And then, if his disquisitions be short, and have no sequel or dependance upon each other, we can select from the bundle such as, in length or quality, may suit our time or fancy. Truly this may be an idle, but it is a pleasant mode of reading, and that is sufficient to recommend it. Indeed, we do not see why it should not be carried even farther than for the mere purposes of relaxation and amusement. It is, without doubt, much better to pursue an agreeable road to the temple of knowledge, than to pick out the most rugged and uninviting path. The latter course, it is true, calls upon us for a greater sacrifice of ease and comfort—it requires more resolution and pains-taking, and we ourselves should have no objection to it, where it is inaccessible by any other means. But to select this briery path in preference to one more easy and agreeable, voluntarily to lacerate ourselves with the thorns which stick in the way, is, we cannot help thinking, a labour of supererogation—an infliction of penance for its own sake; the effect of which can only be to discourage and disgust. And one would think there are pleasures few enough sprinkled in this pilgrimage of three-score and ten, to induce us not inquisitively to make "that little, less." Nor can such a mode of study be called vain and unproductive, for the richest fruit grows on the sunny aspect of the hill, where nature has been busiest in scattering her May-flowers and ornaments of a gay season. The countenance of wisdom is not naturally harsh and crabbed, and repulsive; if it be wrinkled, it is not with care and ill-temper, but with the lines of deep thought. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness," and her smile is as genial and refreshing as that of young beauty, and equally invites us to be joyous and glad. She teaches us

> "To live
> The easiest way; nor, with perplexing thoughts,
> To interrupt the sweets of life, from which
> God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
> And not molest us; unless we ourselves
> Seek them with wandering thoughts and notions vain."

We feel no sympathy with those authors who would do every thing by the square and compass, who would rudely snap the springs of feeling, and torture us into wisdom or virtue. It is the author who gives utterance to the promptings of the heart, who mingles human feelings with all his knowledge, that lays fast hold of our affection, and whom, above all, we love and venerate. And such a one is the lively old Gascon, whose essays stand at the head of this article. He is, indeed, the author for a snug fire-side and an easy armed chair, and more particularly whilst (at this moment) the rain is pattering against the window at intervals, as the gusts of wind come and go, and, with the sea's hoarse murmuring in the distance, makes harsh music, which shews that Nature is somewhat out of tune. At such a time, Montaigne's self-enjoyment becomes doubly our own. His everlasting gaiety and good humour is more grateful from the contrast; and yet, in the midst of these comfortable reflexions, we cannot avoid thinking of the rude fisherman, who ventures out with his young boy, to be tossed up and down on the watery element "in such a night as this," (a rugged nurture for so slender a frame) and casts his net, without thinking much of the world's rough outside or this turmoil, which it gives us such a sensible delight to be protected from. If he knew aught of Montaigne, he would not follow his vocation with more success, but he might, perchance, be more content with his gains. Montaigne wrote *sans peur*, but not *sans reproche*. He is not content with a little sprinkling of "salt in the lines, to make the matter savoury"—he is fond of high seasoning. The licentiousness which would drive an author of our days from all honest company, cannot be tolerated even in an old writer. Antiquity cannot sanctify nor age palliate obscenity. It is probable, however, that what, according to our system of manners, is highly indelicate, was read by the modest of his age, by a wife or a daughter, without the disgust which it would now deservedly excite. Some of his Essays are even addressed to ladies, it may be, of exemplary lives. Mademoiselle Gournay, a young lady who had conceived such an affection for the author, that she wished to be styled his adopted daughter, after his death published an edition of them, with a preface and defence. And, after all, manners are but the fashions of the time, and how variable they are we need no ghost from the dead to tell us. The customs of one nation or age are considered indecorous in another. Thus, the kiss of ceremony or salutation which Montaigne erroneously affirms to be peculiar to France, and which he censures as disagreeable to both sexes, became not long afterwards to be regarded as a piece of great immodesty, as appears from Dr. Heylin's *France painted to the life*. When the doctor visited that country in 1625, he thought it strange and uncivil that

the ladies should turn away from the proffer of a salutation, and he indignantly exclaims, "that the chaste and innocent kiss of an English gentlewoman is more in heaven than their best devotions." Erasmus, in a letter, urging his friend Andrelinus to come to England, very pleasantly makes use of this custom to strengthen his invitation: "If, Faustus," says he, "thou knewest the advantages of England, thou wouldst run hither with winged feet, and, if the gout would not suffer that, thou wouldst wish thyself a Dædalus. For, to name one amongst many: here are girls with divine countenances, bland and courteous, and whom thou wouldst readily prefer to thy muses. And besides, there is a custom which can never be sufficiently praised. For, if you visit any where, you are received with their kisses—if you go away, you are dismissed with kisses—if you return, these sweet things are again rendered—if any one goes away with you, the kisses are divided—wherever you go, you are abundantly kissed. In short, move which way you will, all things are full of delight."*

Montaigne, however, acknowledges that he babbled a little more about such matters than was strictly decorous; and he informs us, that, although he was so impudent on paper, he was of an extreme modesty and shamefacedness in conversation. But his object was to describe himself—what he thought, he was not ashamed to write; and he would have considered it a weakness and unmanliness to have done otherwise. For our parts, although we hate hypocrisy with a hatred as perfect and cordial as our author himself, we have, at the least, as much abhorrence of every species of indecency. We cannot bear to see the loathsome toad held up for the public eye to rest upon, notwithstanding it

"Bears a precious jewel in its head."

"Seeing we are civilized Englishmen, let us not be naked savages in our talk." This is one reason of our selecting Montaigne for the subject of an article. To the scholar and philosopher, he is well known, for he was himself both; but the impurities, mixed up with his excellent sense, must, of necessity, prevent him from being generally read, especially by our fair countrywomen. But whilst we endeavour to preserve the native purity of their minds unsullied,

"As the snowy skin of lily leaves"—

that the domestic torch, which illumes "the wintry paradise of

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* Erasmus, lib. 5. epist. 10.

home," may burn with a clear and chaste light, there is no reason why they should not participate in all communicable knowledge, which may enlarge their affections or gratify their understandings, without shocking their delicacy or contaminating their taste.

The chief subject of Montaigne's reflexions and writings is the philosophy of life. How to live well and die well with him

> Is the prime wisdom; what is more, is fume,
> Or emptiness, or fond impertinence.

To achieve this, he studied himself deeply and accurately; he dissected and anatomized his feelings, his fears, and his hopes, nay, the slightest motions of his soul, with the coolness and unconcern of an operating surgeon. He lets us into the innermost thoughts of his heart—he spreads out before us, as in a picture, every shade and gradation of feeling. Not a phantasma flitted across his mind that he did not put down, and, having contemplated its strangeness or absurdity, he placed it to the credit or debit side of his account. "He nothing extenuates nor sets down aught in malice." He is the most warm and candid of friends—the most open of enemies, if, indeed, he ever admitted into his heart any feeling which amounted to personal hostility. The consequence is, that nobody can read his works without becoming his intimate and approved good friend—his most familiar acquaintance. We know almost the very minute he was born, and, if he could have so far anticipated time, he would, with equal precision, have informed us of the hour of his death. Nor do we think that any thing would have given him so much pleasure as afterwards to have been able to come back to earth again, and add another volume to his Essays, that the world might still know the state of his mind. He was a country gentleman, and could have little to record but the workings of his own thoughts; and yet he laments that he had not, like his predecessors, kept a journal even of the barren events of the house of Montaigne. He was born betwixt eleven and twelve o'clock in the forenoon of the last of February, 1533. His father sent him from his cradle to be brought up in a village of his in the meanest and most common way of living. He also pursued a singular mode for the introduction of his son into the vestibule of knowledge, of which we have a full account in an *Essay on Education,* which, like most of his discourses, contains a great deal of excellent matter, mixed with some strange opinions. To this system of education we, in all probability, are indebted for his Essays; and, as it is as sound as it is peculiar, we shall make no apology for quoting so much as relates to it.

"My father having made the most precise enquiry, that any man could possibly make, amongst men of the greatest learning and judgment, of an exact method of education, was by them caution'd of the inconvenience then in use, and made to believe, that the tedious time we applyed to the learning of the tongues of them who had them for nothing, was the sole cause we could not arrive to that grandeur of soul, and perfection of knowledge, with the ancient Greeks and Romans: I do not however believe that to be the only cause; but the expedient my father found out for this was, that in my infancy, and before I began to speak, he committed me to the care of a German, who since died a famous physician in France, totally ignorant of our language, but very fluent, and a great critick in Latin. This man, whom he had fetch'd out of his own country, and whom he entertained with a very great salary for this only end, had me continually in his arms: to whom there were also joyn'd two others of the same nation, but of inferiour learning, to attend me, and sometimes to relieve him; who all of them entertain'd me with no other language but Latin. As to the rest of his family, it was an inviolable rule, that neither himself, nor my mother, man, nor maid, should speak any thing in my company, but such Latin words as every one had learnt only to gabble with me. It is not to be imagin'd how great an advantage this prov'd to the whole family; my father and my mother, by this means, learning Latin enough to understand it perfectly well, and to speak it to such a degree, as was sufficient for any necessary use; as also those of the servants did, who were most frequently with me. To be short, we did Latin it at such a rate, that it overflowed to all the neighbouring villages, where there yet remain, that have establish'd themselves by custom, several Latin appellations of artizans, and their tools. As for what concerns myself, I was above six years of age before I understood either French or Perigordin, any more than Arabick, and without art, book, grammar, or precept, whipping, or the expence of a tear, had by that time learn'd to speak as pure Latin as my master himself. If (for example) they were to give me a theme after the college fashion, they gave it to others in French, but to me, they were of necessity to give it in the worst Latin, to turn it into that which was pure and good; and Nicholas Grouchi, who writ a book de Comitiis Romanorum; William Guirentes, who has writ a Comment upon Aristotle; George Buchanan, that great Scotch poet, and Marcus Antonius Muretus (whom both France and Italy have acknowledg'd for the best orator of his time) my domestick tutors have all of them often told me, that I had in my infancy that language so very fluent and ready, that they were afraid to enter into discourse with me; and particularly Buchanan, whom I since saw attending the late Mareschal de Brissac, then told me, that he was about to write a Treatise of Education, the example of which he intended to take from mine, for he was then tutor to that Count de Brissac, who afterwards prov'd so valiant and so brave a gentleman. As to Greek, of which I have but a very little smattering, my father also design'd to have it taught me by a trick; but a new one, and by way of sport; tossing our declensions to and fro, after the manner of those, who by certain games, at tables and chess, learn geometry and

arithmetick: for he, amongst other rules, had been advis'd to make me relish science and duty by an unforc'd will, and of my own voluntary motion, and to educate my soul in all liberty and delight, without any severity or constraint. Which also he was an observer of to such a degree even of superstition, if I may say so, that some being of opinion, it did trouble and disturb the brains of children suddenly to wake them in the morning, and to snatch them violently and over hastily from sleep (wherein they are much more profoundly envolv'd than we) he only caus'd me to be wak'd by the sound of some musical instrument, and was never unprovided of a musician for that purpose; by which example you may judge of the rest, this alone being sufficient to recommend both the prudence and the affection of so good a father; who therefore is not to be blam'd if he did not reap the fruits answerable to so exquisite a culture; of which two things were the cause: first, a steril and improper soil: for tho' I was of a strong and healthful constitution, and of a disposition tolerably sweet and tractable, yet I was withal so heavy, idle, and indispos'd, that they could not rouze me from this stupidity to any exercise of recreation, nor get me out to play. What I saw, I saw clearly enough, and under this lazy complexion, nourish'd a bold imagination, and opinions above my age. I had a slothful wit, that would go no faster than it was led, a slow understanding, a languishing invention, and after all, incredible defect of memory, so that it is no wonder, if from all these nothing considerable can be extracted. Secondly, (like those, who, impatient of a long and steady cure, submit to all sorts of prescriptions and receipts) the good man being extreamly timorous of any way failing in a thing he had so wholly set his heart upon, suffer'd himself at last to be overrul'd by the common opinion, and complying with the method of the time, having no more those persons he had brought out of Italy, and who had given him the first model of education, about him, he sent me at six years of age to the college of Guienne, at that time the best and most flourishing in France. And there it was not possible to add any thing to the care he had to provide me the most able tutors, with all other circumstances of education, reserving also several particular rules, contrary to the college practice; but so it was, that with all these precautions, it was a college still. My Latin immediately grew corrupt, of which also by discountenance I have since lost all manner of use: so that this new way of institution serv'd me to no other end, than only at my first coming to prefer me to the first forms: for at thirteen years old, that I came out of the college, I had run through my whole course, (as they call it) and in truth, without any manner of improvement, that I can honestly brag of, in all this time."

The language of antient Rome thus became his natural tongue, and her books his constant companions. He was acquainted with the Capitol long before the Louvre, and he knew the Tiber before the Seine. Of those books to which he was more particularly attached, he mentions Ovid as the favorite of his youth, and Plutarch and Seneca of his mature age—but that he had latterly lost all relish for the former and even for

Ariosto, which is more surprising as he bears some resemblance to him in skipping from subject to subject, in much the same way as Ariosto does from story to story. His favorites amongst the moderns, which are simply amusing, are Boccaccio, Rabelais, and the Basia of Johannes Secundus. As to Amadis de Gaul and such books, they had not even the credit of engaging his infancy. Montaigne has been censured for his numerous quotations from classical authors, but, we think, without sufficient reason. It is true, that, were a writer to give us a whole chapter of them from his common-place book, they would be sufficiently dull and flat, and, like dried flowers, would lose nearly all their fragrance, although they might retain, in some measure, their form and colour. But, where quotations from the poets are made, as they generally are by Montaigne, for the sake of illustration, and are, at once, elegant and appropriate, they contribute both to the spirit and grace of composition. He sometimes, indeed, concealed his authorities in order to keep rash censurers in check, that they might, if they attacked him, through his sides wound Plutarch or Seneca.

A few of the author's opinions in this Essay may not be unacceptable to the reader.

"Truth and reason are common to every one, and are no more his who spake them first, than his who speaks them after."

And to a similar effect.

"That which a man rightly knows and understands, he is the free disposer of at his own full liberty, without any regard to the author from whence he had it, or fumbling over the leaves of his book."

"Such as have lean and spare bodies, stuff themselves out with cloaths; so they who are defective in matter, endeavour to make amends with words."

"Whoever shall represent to his fancy, as in a picture, that great image of our mother nature, pourtrayed in her full majesty and lustre, whoever in her face shall read so general and so constant a variety, whoever shall observe himself in that figure, and not himself but a whole kingdom, no bigger than the least touch or prick of a pencil, in comparison of the whole, that man alone is able to value things according to their true estimate and grandeur."

Our author's opinion, that a youth should be trained to suffer whatever there is a possibility of his encountering, is peculiar and extreme.

"A boy is to be inur'd to the toil and vehemency of exercise, to train him up to the pain and suffering of dislocations, cholicks, cauteries, and even imprisonment, and the rack itself, for he may come, by misfortune, to be reduc'd to the worst of these, which (as this world goes) is sometimes inflicted on the good, as well as the bad."

The following passage is written with more ardour than is usual with Montaigne. It is beautiful and persuasive, and has even some pretensions to eloquence—a quality Montaigne neither aimed at himself nor greatly admired in others.

"The most manifest sign of wisdom is a continual chearfulness; her estate is like that of things in the regions above the moon, always clear and serene. 'Tis Baraco and Baralipton that render their disciples so dirty and ill favour'd, and not she; they do not so much as know her, but by hear-say. 'Tis she that calms and appeases the storms and tempests of the soul, and who teaches famines and fevers to laugh and sing; and that, not by certain imaginary epicycles, but by natural and manifest reasons. She has virtue for her end; which is not, as the school-men say, situate upon the summit of a perpendicular rock, and an inaccessible precipice. Such as have approach'd her, find it, quite contrary, to be seated in a fair, fruitful, and flourishing plain, from whence she easily discovers all things subjected to her; to which place any one may however arrive, if he know but the easiest and the nearest way thro' shady, green, and sweetly flourishing walks and avenues, by a pleasant, easy, and smooth descent, like that of the cœlestial arches. 'Tis for not having frequented this supreme, this beautiful, triumphant, and amiable, this equally delicious and courageous virtue, this so profess'd and implacable enemy to anxiety, sorrow, fear, and constraint, who, having nature for her guide, has fortune and pleasure for her companions, that they have gone according to their own weak imagination, and created this ridiculous, this sorrowful, querulous, despiteful, threatning, terrible image of it to themselves and others, and plac'd it upon a solitary rock, amongst thorns and brambles, and made of it a hobgoblin to fright people from daring to approach it. But the governour that I would have, that is, such a one as knows it to be his duty to possess his pupil with as much or more affection than reverence to virtue, will be able to inform him, that the poets have evermore accommodated themselves to the publick humour, and make him sensible, that the gods have planted more toil and sweat in the avenues of the cabinets of Venus, than those of Minerva, which, when he shall once find him begin to apprehend, and shall represent to him a Bradamanta, or an Angelica, for a mistress, a natural, active, generous, and not a mankind, but a manly beauty, in comparison of a soft, delicate, artificial simp'ring, and affected form; the one disguis'd in the habit of an heroick youth, with her beautiful face set out in a glittering helmet, the other trick'd up in curls and ribbons like a wanton minx; he will then look upon his own affection as brave and masculine, when he shall choose quite contrary to that effeminate shepherd of Phrygia. Such a tutor will make a pupil to digest this new doctrine, that the height and value of true virtue consists in the facility, utility, and pleasure of its exercise; so far from difficulty, that boys, as well as men, and the innocent, as well as the subtle, may make it their own; and it is by order and good conduct, and not by force, that it is to be acquir'd. Socrates, her first minion, is so averse to all manner of violence, as totally to throw it aside, to slip into the more na-

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tural facility of her own progress: 'tis the nursing-mother of all humane pleasures, who, in rendring them just, renders them also pure and permanent; in moderating them, keeps them in breath and appetite; in interdicting those which she herself refuses, whets our desire to those that she allows; and, like a kind and liberal mother, abundantly allows all that nature requires, even to satiety, if not to lassitude; unless we will declaim, that the regimen of health, which stops the toper's hand before he has drank himself drunk, or the glutton's before he hath eaten to a surfeit, is an enemy to pleasure. If the ordinary fortune fail, and that she meet with an indocile disposition, she passes that disciple by, and takes another, not so fickle and unsteady as the other, which she forms wholly her own. She can be rich, be potent, and wise, and knows how to lie upon soft down, and perfum'd quilts too: she loves life, beauty, glory, and health; but her proper and peculiar office is to know regularly how to make use of all these good things, and how to part with them without concern; an office much more noble than troublesome, and without which the whole course of life is unnatural, turbulent, and deform'd; and there it is, indeed, that men may justly represent those monsters upon rocks and precipices. If this pupil shall happen to be of so cross and contrary a disposition, that he had rather hear a tale of a tub, than the true narrative of some noble expedition, or some wise and learned discourse; who, at the beat of drum, that excites the youthful ardour of his companions, leaves that to follow another that calls to a morrice, or the bears, and who would not wish, and find it more delightful, and more pleasing, to return all dust and sweat victorious from a battel, than from tennis, or from a ball, with the prize of those exercises; I see no other remedy, but * that he be bound apprentice in some good town to learn to make mince pyes, though he were the son of a duke; according to Plato's precept, That children are to be plac'd out, and dispos'd of, not according to the wealth, qualities, or condition of the father, but according to the faculties and the capacity of their own soul."

Our author had a very high, and, in some respects, peculiar idea of an exquisite friendship, and such a one he represents to have subsisted between himself and De Boetie. His opinion as to the communication of secrets is exceedingly subtile and refined.

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* In M. Neufchateau's edition, the following words are added in this place: "That his tutor in good time strangle him, if he is without witnesses; or that, &c." "This remarkable passage," observes the editor, "is not found in any edition of the Essays, but it is in the hand-writing of Montaigne, in the copy which he corrected. The remedy pointed out by this philosopher is one of those acts of rigour which the public interest or reasons of state sometimes command and always justify!" What it is to have a minister of the interior for a commentator!

"Common friendships will admit of division; one may love the beauty of this, the good humour of that person, the liberty of a third, the paternal affection of a fourth, the fraternal love of a fifth, and so of the rest. But this friendship that possesses the whole soul, and there rules and sways with an absolute soveraignty, can possibly admit of no rival. If two at the same time should call to you for succour, to which of them would you run? Should they require of you contrary offices, how could you serve them both? Should one commit a thing to your secrecy, that it were of importance to the other to know, how would you disengage yourself? A singular and particular friendship disunites and dissolves all obligations whatsoever. The secret I have sworn not to reveal to any other, I may without perjury communicate to him who is not another, but myself. 'Tis miracle enough, certainly, for a man to double himself, and those that talk of tripling, talk they know not of what. Nothing is extream, that has its like; and who shall presuppose, that of two, I love one, as much as the other, that they love one another too, and love me as much as I love them, does multiply in friendship, the most single and united of all things, and wherein moreover, one alone is the hardest thing in the world to find."

The following passage informs us of a species of wet-nurses unknown in this country, except in the story-books of our childhood; and to us it brought with it so pleasant a recollection of that time, that we shall take leave to quote it.

"And that which I was saying of goats, was upon this account; that it is ordinary, all about where I live, to see the country-women, when they want suck of their own, to call goats to their assistance. And I have, at this hour, two footmen that never sucked woman's milk more than eight days after they were born. These goats are immediately taught to come to suckle the little children, well knowing their voices when they cry, and come running to them; when, if any other than that they are acquainted with be presented to them, they refuse to let it suck, and the child, to another goat, will do the same. I saw one the other day, from whom they had taken away the goat that used to nourish it, by reason the father had only borrowed it of a neighbour; that would not touch any other they could bring, and doubtless died of hunger."

Montaigne adopted the opinions of no one; he formed his own from observation, and they are frequently of an extraordinary cast. He is continually meditating upon death; and would, he says, rather die on horseback than in a bed; rather in a strange place than his own house. "Let us," he says, "live and be merry amongst our friends; let us go die and be sullen amongst strangers."

"A man may find those for his money that will shift his pillow, and rub his feet, and will trouble him no more than he would have

them, who will present him with an indifferent countenance, and suffer him to govern himself, and to complain according to his own method."

The succeeding paragraph contains some very excellent observations.

"I wean myself daily by my reason from this childish and inhumane humour, of desiring by our sufferings to move the compassion and mourning of our friends. We stretch our inconveniencies beyond their just extent when we extract tears from them, and the constancy which we commend in every one, in supporting his own adverse fortune, we accuse and reproach in our friends when the case is our own; we are not satisfied that they should be sensible of our condition only, unless they be moreover afflicted. A man should publish and communicate his joy, but as much as he can conceal and smother his grief: he that makes himself lamented without reason, is a man not to be lamented when there shall be real cause. To be always complaining, is the way never to be lamented; by making himself always in so pitiful a taking, he is never commiserated by any. He that makes himself dead when he is alive, is subject to be thought likely to live when he is dying. I have seen some, who have taken it ill when they have been told that they looked well, and that their pulse was temperate, contain their smiles, because they betrayed a recovery, and be angry at their health, because it was not to be lamented; and, which is a great deal more, they were not women neither."

Montaigne abounds with shrewd remarks and pithy sentences, written with the brevity and point of proverbs. A few which occur to us we have thrown together.

Montaigne would have philosophy instilled early into the youthful mind. "They begin," says he, "to teach us to live when we have almost done living."

"A man cannot so soon get his lesson by heart, as he may practice it: he will repeat it in his actions."

"The premeditation of death, is the premeditation of liberty; who has learnt to die, has forgot to serve."

"Whosoever despises his own life, is always master of that of another man."

"Nothing noble can be performed without danger."

Of a mob, he says;

"There is nothing so little to be expected or hoped for from this many-headed monster, when so incensed, as humanity and good-nature: it is much more capable of reverence than fear."

"All other knowledge is hurtful to him, who has not the science of honesty and good-nature."

"Knowledge is an excellent drug, but no drug has virtue enough

to preserve itself from corruption and decay, if the vessel be tainted and impure wherein it is put to keep."

"I do not think that we are so unhappy as we are vain, or have so much malice as folly."

"A word ill taken obliterates ten years' merit—the last action carries it—not the best and most frequent offices, but the most recent and present do the work."

The following is a singular, and not very amiable opinion.

"I approve of a man that is the less fond of his child for having a scald head or being crooked; and not only when he is ill-natured, but also when he is unhappy and imperfect in his limbs, (for God himself has abated that from his value and real estimation), provided he carry himself in this coldness of affection with moderation and exact justice."

Nothing but the Essays themselves of our old confabulator, can convey an adequate idea of their unrestrained vivacity, energy, and fancy, of their boldness and attractive simplicity. He says rightly, that it is the only book in the world of its kind. All the world, however, may know his book in him, and him in his book. The character of each is the same; and we shall, therefore, make a short summary of one to serve for both. It requires more courage to tittle-tattle of a man's foibles, vanities, and little imperfections, than to expose heinous defects or wicked inclinations; as the man, who shrinks from small inconveniences, will yet rush into "the pelting, pitiless storm," with a feeling of exultation. The former is a confession of weakness; in the latter there is an audacity and semblance of manliness. For the one he might be mocked and ridiculed; for the other he would be feared and scorned, which is the more tolerable of the two. In the latter there is a conscious power and daring, which is some sort of compensation for the risk; for the former he runs a chance of gaining nothing but contempt. The little vanities and oddities disclosed by Montaigne are, however, accompanied by too many amiable qualities to excite any thing of this feeling. The President Bouhier says of him: "It is true, that he sometimes avows his defects; but if we pay attention to them, we shall find they are only those which philosophers, or people of fashion, are not ashamed to assume, or imperfections which turn upon indifferent things."* Montaigne had a natural and invincible repugnance to falsehood; and, as he assures us, that he has painted himself as he was, whole and entire, it is fair to consider, that he had no great vices to confess. At the same time, there are things in his book which cannot

* Malebranche says nearly the same thing of him.

be justified. His singular education, and early intimacy with the writers of antiquity, tinged his mind with that bold and paradoxical spirit, which is so continually displayed in his discourses. He formed a strict alliance and friendship with the ancient worthies. Rome, in the time of her free and flourishing estate, (for he loved her neither in her birth nor decay), became to him "a passion and a feeling." He paid more homage to the dead than the living. He entered the lists more chivalrously for the defence of Pompey, or in the cause of Brutus, than of either of the religious factions which distracted his own country. These early attachments never left him, and it was with singular satisfaction that he had the honor of Roman Citizenship conferred upon him, during one of his visits to Rome. The elements were strangely compounded in him—there was an odd mixture of philosophical thought and trifling speculation—of acute reasoning and inconclusiveness—of force of mind and erratic and ungoverned fancy. He was, at the same time, idle and impatient—thoughtful and gay, and by turns reflected upon and laughed at himself and all the world. Fond of travelling, he was as difficult to be moved in the first instance, as to be stopped when once in motion. Of a frank and courteous deportment, of a hospitable disposition, and an amiable temper—a despiser of ceremony, and eminently sociable—he appears to have been, in general, as sluggish in his feelings as he was cold in the constitution of his mind: but, for the memory of his father he cherished a deep and lasting veneration and regard; and for his friend, De Boetie, he felt as sacred a friendship as ever had birth in the human heart. Himself hating to be obliged to any other, or by any other, than himself; he was, nevertheless, ready enough to confer an obligation, more especially if it did not call upon him for any great care or trouble, to which he most assuredly had a mortal aversion. In fact, his whole study was to be careless, easy, and contented, and he made haste to seize pleasure lest it should take wing and fly. But he was, upon the whole, a kind-hearted and amiable man, and of a large and capacious soul, superior to most of the prejudices of his age, although he doubtless had some peculiar to himself. To him all men were compatriots—the universal tie, superior to all national ties whatever—and the relations of friendship to those of kindred. He was nice, even to superstition, in keeping his promises.

"The knot," says he, "that binds me by the laws of courtesie, pinches me more than that of legal constraint, and I am much more at ease when bound by a *scrivener*, than by myself. Is it not reason that my conscience should be much more engaged when men simply rely upon it? In a bond, my faith owes nothing, because it has nothing lent it. Let them trust to the security they have taken without me; I

had much rather break the wall of a prison, and the laws themselves, than my own word."

Even in actions free and indifferent, if he breathed a promise, even in whispers to himself, it assumed the shape of an obligation; but if he had once made it known to others, he considered himself positively enjoined to the performance of it. It was pleasant to him, because it was voluntary—it was of his own free will and bounty; for, "if the action has not some splendour of liberty, it has neither grace nor honor."

Of his reflections he fancied those the best which he made on horseback; and a sprightly thought never came into his head, on such an occasion, that he did not regret there was nobody to whom he could communicate it; and yet the reins of his bridle being wrong put on, or a strap flapping against his leg, was enough to keep him out of humour for a day together. Although of a studious turn of mind, he delighted more in contemplation than reading, to which he seldom applied for more than an hour together; and that, when he had nothing else to do, or it may be for the purpose of culling the flowers with which he has garnished his disquisitions; for he tells us, over and over again, that he could retain nothing in his memory for any length of time. Indeed, the treachery of this faculty is a standing subject of complaint with him; but even from this real or imaginary defect, (for, considering his extraordinary familiarity with, and the use he makes of Roman authors, it is difficult to believe it was so imperfect as he represents it), he contrives to raise up some pleasant consolations; as, when he says, that, from his want of memory, he less remembers the injuries he has received; and that the places he revisits, and the books he reads over again, still smile upon him with a fresh novelty. Such is the prerogative of genius—it can extract consolation from want and privation, and deck the barren wilderness with beauty.

Human nature is a wayward and variable thing, and where a man perseveres in putting down every crude and fugitive thought that occurs to him, we must expect to find that his mind has undergone changes similar to those of his body, and that what he thinks to-day he will not think to-morrow. The opinions of a mutable nature cannot be immutable. Doubts will arise, contradictions will occur, and one opinion displace another, in its turn to be deposed. Montaigne wrote without system and without classification, rambling from one subject to another, without order or connection, like the bee which now hardly settles upon one flower, and anon takes deeper draughts of another, as its taste or humour sways it. These aberrations are rather the result of design than accident; and, it is true,

XUM

give a conversational ease, a reality and grace, to his Essays, which engages the interest of the reader too deeply in the feelings of the author, to allow him to think any thing, but that he is the most agreeable and original writer in the world. He is now a Stoic and now an Epicurean. He is carried away with every wind that blows—"accident can play what stop it pleases" upon him. He now argues on one side of the question, and now on the other, and at last leaves it without coming to a conclusion.—He is too hard for himself.—"He is every thing by turns, and nothing long." His book is censured in severe terms by Malebranche, not for what we should conceive its most objectionable passages, but for the vanity and Pyrrhonism of the author. Like most speculative men, Montaigne was fond of raising doubts against established propositions. He hinted opinions, which have since been expanded into systems. But if he was an enemy to superstition, his scepticism did not terminate in irreligion. The strong, as well as the weak in intellect, are subject to fluctuations of opinion, especially on matters of faith. Montaigne was open to the reception of arguments, or rather created them on all subjects; and it is not surprising, that, in the religious contests which agitated his country, he should waver in the creed of his forefathers. A man may doubt the fallibility of human establishments, without being either wicked or irreligious. The force of arguments depends upon a thousand accidents—the education, the experience, the associations of thought or feeling, the timidity, or the fearlessness of the individual to whom they are applied. The reasons that will convince one man may undeceive another; and the advocate for a system, while he prevails over his opponent, often raises doubts in his own mind which he is unable to satisfy. A remarkable instance of which our readers will pardon us for introducing here. William Raynolds was at first a Protestant of the Church of England; and his brother, Dr. John Raynolds, was trained up in Popery beyond the seas. William, out of an honest zeal to reduce his brother to *his* Church, made a journey to him, when, in a conference between them, it fell out, that John, being overcome by his brother's arguments, returned into England, where he became one of the most rigid sort of the English Protestants; and William, being convinced by the reasons of his brother John, stayed beyond the seas, where he proved a very violent and virulent Papist. Of which strange accident Dr. Alabaster, who had made trial of both religions, and amongst many notable whimsies had some fine abilities, made the following epigram :—*

* Heylin's Cosmography, by Bohun, p. 246.

Bella inter geminos plusquam civilia fratres,
Traxerat ambiguus religionis apex.
Ille Reformatæ fidei pro partibus instat,
Iste Reformandam denegat esse fidem.
Propositis causæ rationibus, alter utrinque;
Concurrêre pares, et cecidere pares.
Quod fuit in votis, fratrem capit alter uterque;
Quod fuit in fatis, perdit uterque fidem,
Captivi gemini sine captivante fuerunt,
Et victor victi transfuga castra petit.
Quod genus hoc pugna est, ubi victus gaudet uterque;
Et tamen alteruter se superasse dolet?—

Which has been very well translated by Dr. Peter Heylin:—

In points of faith some undetermin'd jars
Betwixt two brothers kindled civil wars.
One for the church's reformation stood,
The other thought no reformation good.
The points propos'd, they traversèd the field
With equal skill, and both together yield.
As they desired, each brother each subdues;
Yet such their fate that each his faith did lose.
Both captives, none the prisoners thence do guide;
The victor flying to the vanquish'd side.
Both join'd in being conquer'd (strange to say),
And yet both mourn'd because both won the day.

Whatever doubts Montaigne might throw out, he always professed himself to be of the Roman Catholic faith, and his resolution, that as he had lived, so he would die in it. He expired during the performance of its last ceremonies, in his chamber, on the 13th September, 1592, aged fifty-nine years, six months, and eleven days, without the assistance of physic to which he cherished all his life an hereditary and invincible dislike, his father having lived seventy-four years, his grandfather sixty-nine, and his great-grandfather almost eighty years without having tasted any sort of medicine. Thus died Montaigne with a full blossoming reputation, after leading a life (with the exception of the disorder with which he was in his latter years afflicted) the most joyous, felicitous, and philosophical of the sons of men.

We have no intention, and, if we had, we have no space to defend either his paradoxes or Pyrrhonism. We will, however, quote on this subject the opinion of an elegant writer and philosopher of the present day, who places Montaigne at the head of the French writers, who contributed, in the beginning of the 17th century, to turn the thoughts of their countrymen to sub-

jects connected with the philosophy of mind. He observes, that, " in the mind of Montaigne, the same paradoxes may be easily traced to those deceitful *appearances*, which, in order to stimulate our faculties to their best exertions, nature seems purposely to have thrown in our way, as stumbling blocks in the pursuit of truth."*

Leaving these things, however, we now come to the most serious charge against Montaigne—the great and foul blemish of his writings. We can forgive his vanity, and excuse his scepticism, but we cannot tolerate the indecencies which are profusely scattered, like " noisome weeds," about many of his Essays. There is one, and a long one too, under a mere colorable title, (for the titles of his Essays have, in general, little to do with the subject matter,) which is, from beginning to end, nothing else than a tissue of the grossest obscenities. He actually gloats on the subject, and dwells with ostentatious nauseousness on what the very instinct of nature teaches us to conceal. Had the Cardinal du Perron this in his mind, when he called our author's Essays " Le Breviare des honnêtes gens ?" " When he was young," he says, " he concealed his wanton passions ; but, now that he was old, he must chase away melancholy by debauch," and tickle his mind with the remembrance of defunct desires. "Such rotten speeches are worst in withered age, when men run after that sin in their words, which flieth from them in the deed." He says, " it is not out of judgment that I have chosen this scandalous way of speaking; Nature has chosen it for me." It would have been better if, instead of justifying or excusing it, he had adopted his own maxim : " he, who says all that is to be said, gluts and disgusts us."

This is a part of the writings of Montaigne on which it is most painful to dwell, although we are not so outrageously virtuous as to despise or hate the sun " which pours its radiance o'er a living and rejoicing world," because there are spots upon its surface. Passing over this, his *talking* discourses are inexpressibly taking and agreeable. With a singular power of self-investigation, and an acute observation of the actions of men, which he discriminated with " a learned spirit of human dealing," he combined great affluence of thought and excursiveness of fancy. He was, at once, profound and trifling—philosophical and inconclusive—bold in imagination and free in inquiry—of an open and prepossessing demeanour, he was amiable and eminently attractive. An attempt was made in France to give the Spirit of his Works, which did not succeed. That to extract the spirit of Montaigne's Essays—to disentangle so much as is worth preserving, from that which we should be content to

* Dugald Stewart.

see perish, and, at the same time, preserve his character, would be difficult, is most true, but it is not impossible. It would require a nice hand, but we think it might be done, and his Essays still remain a most fascinating book. "If the prophaneness may be severed from the wit, it is like a lamprey, take out the string in the back, it will make good meat." The style of Montaigne is bold, energetic, sententious, and abrupt; and, although provincial and unrefined, it is original, vivacious, simple, and *debonair*. La Harpe says of him: "Comme écrivain, il a imprimé à la langue une sorte d'energie familière qu'elle n'avoit pas avant lui, et qui ne s'est point usée, parce qu'elle tient à celle des sentiments et des pensées."

We have adopted, for the purposes of this article, the translation of Charles Cotton, the poet, who was peculiarly fitted for the task. He has rendered the original (so far as it could be rendered into a foreign idiom) with fidelity and success, and has imitated the quaintness, liveliness, and simplicity, of the author's style, with great felicity and effect.

ART. II. *Clarastella; together with Poems occasional, Elegies, Epigrams, Satyrs.* By Robert Heath, Esquire. *London, Printed for Humph. Moseley, and are to be sold at his shop, at the signe of the Princes Arms, in St. Paul's Church Yard,* 1650.

At no period has the passion of love been celebrated so indefatigably as in the reign of Charles I. when a crowd of minor poets almost daily gave to the world the results of long and active speculation upon the infinite charms of their mistresses. Yet, at no other time has nature or genuine feeling had less to do with our poetry. The poet may ransack heaven and earth for terms, by which to express his admiration, his devotion, and his despair; but he succeeds in proving any thing rather than his love. We grant the fertility of his invention, but we deny the sincerity of his passion. In the numerous volumes devoted to the celebration of the Lucastas, the Castaras, the Clarastellas, of the polished court of Charles I. we look in vain for touching expressions of true passion, for the tender melancholy which occasionally seizes the mind of the true lover in moments of sickness, absence, hope, or joy; for evidences of that exalted love, which in dwelling on the object of its affection rises above it, and becomes mixed and identified with the eternal charms of nature, and the deep interests of man at large: in short, we look in vain for all marks, by which to know the true lover pouring forth his feelings in true poetry. In how different a strain did

Shakspeare and the poets of the former age speak of love! How different the impassioned tone of old Middleton, who says

> The treasures of the deep are not so precious
> As are the conceal'd comforts of a man,
> Lock'd up in woman's love.

How differently Master Chapman; who asks,

> And didst thou know the comfort of two hearts
> In one delicious harmony united?
> As to joy one joy, and think both one thought;
> Live both one life, and therein double life,
> To see their soules met at an enterview;
> In their bright eyes, at parlè in their lippes,
> Their language kisses; and t' observe the rest,
> Touches, embraces, and each circumstance
> Of all love's most unmatcht ceremonies.

But in the times, when the little work before us was published, it does not seem that he who wrote of love was required to feel it; 'poets,' as Cowley observes, in his preface to his 'Mistress,' 'were scarcely thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, or obliging themselves to be true to love;' in other words, first trying their pens in love-verses, before they girded themselves up for more important undertakings. The truth of the matter is, it was the fashion for men of polite accomplishments to amuse themselves and their friends in this way. And whether they possessed, or fancied a mistress of undeniable charms, it was pretty nearly the same thing. The verses were not supposed to be the dictates of passion, but the amusements of an idle hour; not the tributes of deep affection, but the compliments of gallantry. And if, in the course of this exercise, the writer seldom reached either sublimity or pathos, yet practice gave him facility and sometimes elegance of composition. If he did not discover a hidden vein of genius in himself, and become a real poet, as Cowley and one or two others did, yet, he contented himself with the praise of an accomplished versifier. This is nearly all the merit which Robert Heath, the poet before us, has any right to claim, and that he has not been successful in maintaining with posterity. In truth, they who look into his volume with any other but a 'Retrospective' eye, will probably lay it down with feelings little short of contempt. But we are not accustomed thus to give way to despair. We have taken upon ourselves to read for those whose time is too valuable, or whose patience is too small to read for themselves,

and are not easily damped by page after page of frigid hyperbole, or perverse conceit. In the dullest writers, a spark of brighter intelligence is sometimes visible; and in the authors, whose chief fault or rather misfortune it is that they lived in an age when false principles and bad taste ruled the fashion, it is hard if the natural genius of the man does not now and then break out into strains worth recording. And in the worst case, when a rhymester has little to recommend him but long practice with his pen, we consider ourselves unfortunate indeed, if we do not find his verse run sometimes with ease, and occasionally mount to elegance. Such perhaps, if not greater, is the merit of the following stanzas, being the three first of the verses entitled, 'What is Love?'

"'Tis a child of phansie's getting,
Brought up between hope and fear,
Fed with smiles, grown by uniting
Strong, and so kept by desire:
'Tis a perpetual vestal fire
Never dying,
Whose smoak like incense doth aspire,
Upwards flying.

It is a soft magnetick stone,
Attracting hearts by sympathie,
Binding up close two souls in one,
Both discoursing secretlie:
'Tis the true gordian knot that ties
Yet ne'r unbinds,
Fixing thus two lovers' eies
As wel as minds.

'Tis the spheres' heavenly harmonie
Where two skilful hands do strike;
And every sound expressively
Marries sweetly with the like:
'Tis the world's everlasting chain
That all things ti'd,
And bid them like the fixed wain
Unmov'd to bide."

The following song, also, possesses similar merit, perhaps in a higher degree.

"Invest my head with fragrant rose
That on fair Flora's bosome grows!
Distend my veins with purple juyce,
That mirth may through my soul diffuse!

'Tis wine and love, and love in wine,
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

Thus crown'd with Paphian myrtle, I
In Cyprian shades wil bathing lie,
Whose snow if too much cooling, then
Bacchus shal warm my blood agen.
'Tis wine and love, and love in wine,
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

Life's short, and winged pleasures flie;
Who mourning live, do living die:
On down and flouds then swan-like I
Wil stretch my limbs, and singing die.
'Tis wine and love, and love in wine,
Inspires our youth with flames divine."

The stanzas to Clarastella, which we shall next extract, are of a higher order of poetry, and combine with exquisite ease of versification considerable moral beauty.

" 'Tis not your beautie I admire,
Nor the bright star-light of each eie,
Nor do I from their beams take fire
My love's torch to enlighten, I:
No: 'tis a glorie more divine
Kindles my tapour at your shrine.

Your comly presence takes not me,
Nor your much more inviting meen;
Nor your sweet looks; tho' graces be,
Fair creature! in your picture seen.
No: 'tis your soul to which I bow,
'Tis none of these I love, but you.

How blind is that philosophie
Doth onely nat'ral bodies know?
That views each orb o'th' glorious skie,
But sees not him that made it so.
I love thy informing part, i'th' whol
And every part, thy all; thy soul."

In the following lines, which commence *The Farewell to Clarastella*, the reader will see how the poet endeavours to cast himself into a huge fit of melancholy—but in vain.—He threatens a storm, but produces only a drizzling shower. The lines, however, are not unworthy of quotation.

"Passion o'me! why melt I thus with griefe
For her whose frozen heart denies reliefe?
Find out some other way to punish me,
Yee gods! and let me not the author be
Of mine own death! make me forget that e'r
I lov'd! at least that e'r I lov'd her!
Yet I must love her stil: O cruel fate!
That dost true love so il requite with hate!
Why e'r I saw her didst not make me blind?
Then had she as before continued kind
Without pow'r to displease, her charitie
Warm as my love, and I had stil been I:
But now alas! my distant bliss I see,
Which like my courted shadow flieth mee
As fast as I pursue: ay mee! she's gone,
And with her all my winged hopes are flown."

This beginning of a *Protest of Love by Damon to Stella*, is also pretty.

"When I thee all o'r do view
I all o'r must love thee too.
By that smooth forehead, wher's exprest
The candour of thy peaceful breast:
By those fair twin-like-stars that shine,
And by those apples of thine eyn:
By the lambkins and the kids
Playing 'bout thy fair eie-lids:
By each peachie blossom'd cheek,
And thy sattin skin more sleek
And white then Flora's whitest lillies
Or the maiden daffadillies:
By that ivorie porch, thy nose:
By those double blanched rows
Of teeth, as in pure coral set:
By each azure rivolet,
Running in thy temples, and
Those flowrie meadows 'twixt them stand:
By each pearl-tipt ear by nature, as
On each a jewel pendant was:
By those lips all dew'd with bliss,
Made happy in each other's kiss."

The stanzas called *Clarastella's Indictment*, though founded on a conceit, are ingenious, and we wish all the rest of the volume had been as amusing:

"My heart was slain when none was by
But only you and I:
Durst itself do this act?
No: a strange hand did shoot that dart
Which pierc'd so deep my heart,
Nor could I do the fact.
Then I'm o'th' fact acquitted, now
The guilt must lie on you;
I wil enquire no further;
The proof is plain, the boy that lies
Hid in your cruel eies,
Did do this wicked murther.

Witness your lips all stain'd with red,
They speak who did the deed,
The crimson bloud sticks there,
And makes them at each blush confess
(For they dare do no less)
And cry we guiltie are.
Your pale and self-accusing look
As soon as ere he strook
Proclaim'd you accessorie:
And your distorted angry brow
Your ful assent did show,
To make my death a storie.

In your heart's trembling doth appear
Your more than guilty fear:
You'r by your tongue bewraid,
Which silently accusing, tels
That 'twas by you, none els,
My heart was first betraid.
By signs thus murther's oft reveal'd,
Though it lie long conceal'd:
This doom I wish you then,
If stil a cruel mind you bear,
May each man prove, when ere
You love, unkind agen."

Out of the verses *To Clarastella on Valentine's Day*, some may be selected of more than ordinary elegance. The lover steals to the couch of the unconscious fair one, and, while gazing on her reposing beauty, exclaims:

"Behold where Innocence herself doth lie
Clad in her white array! Fair deitie!

I'l onely print upon her dewy lip
One loving kiss and so away wil part.
Shee wakes, and blushes on each cheek
So red, that I may say
There on each side doth truly break
The dawning of the day.

Startle not, fairest! It is I am come
Like th' Persian to adore the rising sun.
* * * * * *
'Tis I am come, who but a friend before
Am hap'ly now by fate adopted more,
A brother or what els you deem
To be more neer, or of more high esteem.
I'm come to joyn in sacrifice
To our dear Valentine;
Where I must offer to thine eies,
Knowing no other shrine.

Large hecatombs of kisses I wil lay
On th' altar of thy lips, that men may say
By their continuance we are true,
And wil keep so this year, nor change for new.
The birds instruct us to do so,
The season too invites;
When spring comes they a billing go,
As we to our delights.
* * * * * *
How sweet shee breaths! the zephyre wind that blows
Fresh fragrant odours on the modest rose
Sends forth not half so pure a smel
As that which on thy chaster lips doth dwel:
Here in this holy temple I
Could fix eternally,
And pay these vows until I die
Pitied of none but thee."

He thus describes his mistress, dancing:

" Robes loosly flowing, and aspect as free,
A carelesse carriage deckt with modestie;
A smiling look, but yet severe:
Such comely graces 'bout her were.
Her steps with such an evenness she wove,
As shee could hardly be perceiv'd to move;
Whilst her silk sailes displaied, shee
Swam like a ship with majestie."

With this stanza he concludes a long piece, persuading *Clarastella* from her resolution of going into a nunnery.

" Thyself a holy temple art
Where love shall teach us both to pray,
I'l make an altar of my heart,
And incense on thy lips wil lay.
Thy mouth shal be my oracle; and then
For beads we'l tel our kisses o'r agen."

* * * * * *

In the observations prefixed to this article, we have not given the poets of Heath's school much credit for nature or feeling—nor do they indeed deserve it. In Heath himself, however, we occasionally meet with touches which betoken that the man did sometimes peep out from beneath the fantastic versifier. It is not unfrequent with him to speak of his love in terms more tender than hyperbolical comparisons can convey, and he sometimes paints the charms of his mistress and the warmth of his passion with an earnestness and strength of expression which leave little doubt of their reality. The following verses, termed " Love's Silence," are a proof that our author could sometimes fall into a natural vein.

" Ay me! when I
Am blind with passion, why
Should my best reason speechlesse prove?
Doth joye's excesse
(Which words can nere expresse)
In silent rhetorick speak my love?
If so; each smother'd sigh will vent my smart,
And say, I love not with my tongue, but heart.
* * * *
O when thou see'st me stand thus mute and blind,
For pittie's sake (my Stella!) then be kind!
Know that such love,
Like Heaven's, comes from above,
And is beyond expression large;
Language is weak,
And should I strive to speak,
Words would but lessen, not discharge.
My love's deep sea's as silent, as profound:
* * * * * "

The lover thus enthusiastically addresses his Clarastella.

" Oh those smooth, soft, and rubie lips,

* * * *

Whose rosie and virmilion hue
Betray the blushing thoughts in you:
Whose fragrant amoratick breath
Would revive dying saints from death,
Whose syren-like harmonious air
Speaks musick and enchants the ear;
Who would not hang? and fixed there
Wish he might know no other sphere?
Oh for a charm to make the sun
Drunk, and forget his motion!
Oh that some palsie or lame gout
Would cramp old time's diseased foot!
Or that I might or mould or clip
His speedy wings, whilst on her lip
I quench my thirsty appetite
With the life honey dwels on it!
* * * * *
* * * * *
Then on his holy altar, I
Would sacrifice eternally,
Offring one long continued mine
Of golden pleasures to thy shrine."

Nothing can be more low or ludicrous than the most of the occasions which Heath thought worthy of being celebrated in song, provided they happened to his mistress. Clarastella could not lose her "black fan," get a cold, or get dust in her eye, but Mr. Heath was straight at her feet with a copy of verses in his hand. When we think of the nature of the subjects which he chose, we cease to wonder so much that many of them should be vilely handled, as that they should be selected, and being selected that any thing good could ever be written about them. It is easy to believe that the man who could chuse the most trivial accidents and the most low and familiar occurrences for his themes, would treat them in a corresponding style. But we cannot help both being surprised and lamenting to see ingenuity of thought, liveliness of fancy, and richness of expression wasted upon them.—And yet this is the case in some of the poems before us.—It is the case in one which we will venture to extract, which "builds the lofty rhyme" on no less a groundwork than the bite of an insect, which the quick-eyed lover espied on the fair hand of his mistress.

"Behold how like a lovely fragrant rose
Midst a fair lillie bed,
Or set in pearl, like a bright rubie, shows
This little spot of red!

Art could not die a crimson half so good
As this was made by th' tincture of her bloud.

The cunning leech knew that the richest bloud
In azure veins did lie;
Choosing the young soft tender flesh for food,
Resolv'd thus to feed high;
Thus being nectar-fill'd and swell'd with pride,
He thinks he's now to you by bloud alli'd.

O how I envy thee, smal creature, and
Ev'n wish thy shape on me,
That so I might but kisse that sacred hand, &c."

From the occasional poems which follow *Clarastella*, we shall make only one and that the last of our extracts, which shews our author had some talents for humour.—It is called *A sudden Phansie at Midnight*, and is as follows, excepting the two last lines, which add nothing to, but easily might take away from, the pleasure of the reader.

" How ist we are thus melancholie? what
Are our rich ferkins out? or rather that
Which did inspire them, the immortal wine,
That did create us, like itself, divine?
Or are we Nectar-sated to the hight?
Or do we droop under the aged night?
If so: wee'l vote it ne'r to be eleven
Rather than thus to part at six and seven:
Moult then thy speedy wings, old Time! and be
As slow-pac't as becomes thy age! that we
May chirp awhile, and when we take our ease,
Then flie and post as nimbly as you please!
Play the good fellow with us, and sit down
Awhile, that we may drink the t' other round!
I'l promise here is none shal thee misuse,
Or pluck thee by the foretop in abuse.
Time saies he wil nor can he stay, 'cause he
Thinks him too grave for your young companie.
It makes no matter———Sirs,
How say you yet to th' tother subsidie?
Yes, yes: and let our Ganymede nimbly flie
And fil us of the same poetick sherrie
Ben Jonson us'd to quaffe to make him merrie.
Such as would make the grey-beard botles talk
Had they but tongues, or had they legs, to walk:

Such as would make Apollo smile, or wu'd
Draw all the sisters to our brotherhood.
And though the bald fool staies not, let him know
Wee'l sit and drink as fast as he shal go."

After the occasional poems, follows a crowd of worthless Elegies and Epigrams, in the rear of which again come Satyrs as worthless as their companions.

Our readers will now be able to judge of Robert Heath at his best. Of the inferior part of this volume it is useless to take up our time and space in giving any specimens. Suffice it to say, that the bad is very bad indeed. The total absence of what is called taste in our poet is very remarkable. The unconscious manner in which he slides from the really beautiful to what is disgusting or ridiculous, prevents us from giving what might be made the most favorable view of his talents. Perhaps some of his most sparkling sentiments and expressions may yet sleep in the little volume which we have just closed: but, if they do, they are so intertwined and united with the worthless matter, that we found it impossible to separate them, or in such small and crumbling fragments only as to render them unfit for introduction here. Though it cannot be said that Heath soars very high, yet his course is unequal. His versification is one while harmonious in the extreme, at another as rugged—his language is sometimes rich, forcible, and copious; at another, flimsy, poor, and bald. He, at one time, discloses glimpses of fancy, feeling, and sentiment, and in the next page goes grovelling on in the dark, as if a ray of light or reason had never by any chance fallen on his path. He may be compared to that species of wine which when brisk is an elegant beverage, but which when flat and stale, of which there is more than an equal chance, loses all its inspiriting qualities, becomes disgusting to the palate, and excites surprise that in any state it could be thought delightful. Of the history or circumstances of Robert Heath we know nothing, save that Esquire is tagged to his name, and that he says of himself,

" No peasant bloud doth stein or chil my veins."

Mr. Ellis, in his Specimens, gives two short extracts from him, and we do think that he was not unworthy of the notice of Mr. Campbell, who has included in his *British Poets* many whose merits we cannot help thinking inferior to those of Robert Heath. It should not be forgotten that these poems were sent out into the world without the consent of the author, who probably was abroad at the time of their publication. This we learn from the address of the " Stationer to the reader," who

confesses the greatness of his presumption in having ventured to the press without the author's knowledge: "but," says he, "the gallantness and ingenuity of the gentleman is so eminent in every thing, that I could not imagine but that the meanest of his recreations (for such was this) might carry much in it worthy of public view: besides, the approbation of some friends hath heightened my desire of publishing it; who, upon their revising it, do assure me it is a *sweet piece of excellent fancie* and worthy to be called the author's own issue."

The commendatory lines which follow, addressed "to my honoured friend Mr. R. H. on his rich Poems and Satyrs," by G. H., clearly shew that the author was then abroad, and that he was a person of honour and fortune.

> "Thy dainties are for foreign palates, we
> Are bless'd with scraps, that too, no thanks to thee, &c."

From some of his poems Heath appears to have been a cavalier, and after the execution of Charles probably found it convenient to travel.

ART. III. *The Life of the Right Honourable* Francis North, *Baron of Guilford, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal under King Charles II. and King James II.; wherein are inserted the Characters of* Sir Matthew Hale, Sir George Jeffries, Sir Leoline Jenkins, Sidney Godolphin, *and others, the most eminent Lawyers and Statesmen of that time. By the Hon.* Roger North. *London,* 1742.

This old piece of legal biography, which has been lately republished, is one of the most delightful books in the world. Its charm does not consist in any marvellous incidents of Lord Guilford's life, or any peculiar interest attaching to his character, but in the unequalled naïveté of the writer—in the singular felicity with which he has thrown himself into his subject—and in his vivid delineations of all the great lawyers of his time. He was a younger brother of the Lord Keeper, to whose affection he was largely indebted, and from whom he appears to have been scarcely ever divided. His work, in nice minuteness of detail, and living picture of motive, almost equals the auto-biographies of Benvenuto Cellini, Rousseau, and Cibber. He seems to be almost as intensely conscious of all his brother's actions, and the movements of his mind, as they were of their own. All his

ideas of human greatness and excellence appear taken from the man whom he celebrates. There never was a more liberal or gentle penetration of the spirit. He was evidently the most human, the most kindly, and the most single-hearted, of flatterers. There is a beauty in his very cringing, beyond the independence of many. It is the most gentleman-like submission, the most graceful resignation of self, of which we have ever read. Hence there is nothing of the vanity of authorship —no attempt to display his own powers—throughout the work. He never comes forward in the first person, except as a witness. Indeed, he usually speaks of himself as of another, as though he had half lost his personal consciousness in the contemplation of his idol's virtues. The following passage, towards the conclusion, where he recounts the favours of Lord Guilford to a younger brother, and at last, in the fullness of his heart, discloses, by a little quotation, that he is speaking of himself—this sweet breaking from his usual modest narration into the only personal feeling he seems to have cherished—is beautifully characteristic of the spirit which he brought to his work.

"But I ought to come nearer home, and take an account of his benevolences to his paternal relations. His youngest brother (the honourable Roger North) was designed, by his father, for the civil law, as they call that professed at Doctors' Commons, upon a specious fancy to have a son of each faculty or employ used in England. But his lordship dissuaded him, and advised rather to have him put to the common law; for the other profession provided but for a few, and those not wonderful well; whereas the common law was more certain, and, in that way, he himself might bring him forwards, and assist him. And so it was determined. His lordship procured for him a petit chamber, which cost his father 60*l.* and there he was settled with a very scanty allowance; to which his lordship made a timely addition of his own money: more than all this, he took him almost constantly out with him to company and entertainments, and always paid his scot; and, when he was attorney general, let him into partnership in one of the offices under him; and when his lordship was treasurer, and this brother called to the bar, a perquisite chamber, worth 150*l.* fell; and that he gave to his brother for a practising chamber, and took in lieu only that which he had used for his studies. When his lordship was chief justice, he gave him the countenance of practising under him at *nisi prius*; and all the while his lordship was an housekeeper, his brother and servant were of his family at all meals. When the Temple was burnt, he fitted up a little room and study in his chambers in Serjeant's Inn, for his brother to manage his small affairs of law in, and lodged him in his house till the Temple was built, and he might securely lodge there. And his lordship was pleased with a back door in his own study, by which he could go in and out to his brother, to discourse of incidents; which way of life delighted his lordship exceedingly. And, what was more extraordinary, he went with his lord-

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ship in his coach constantly to and from the courts of *nisi prius* at Guildhall and Westminster. And, after his lordship had the great seal, his brother's practice (being then made of the king's counsel, and coming within the bar) encreased exceedingly, and, in about three years' time, he acquired the better part he afterwards was possessed of. At that time, his lordship took his brother into his family, and a coach and servants assigned him out of his equipages; and all at rack and manger, requiring only 200*l.* a year; which was a trifle as the world went then. And it may truly be said, that his brother was as a shadow to him, as if they had grown together. And, to show his lordship's tenderness, I add this instance of fact. Once he seemed more than ordinarily disposed to pensiveness, even to a degree of melancholy. His lordship never left pumping, till he found out the cause of it; and that was a reflection what should become of him, if he should lose this good brother, and be left alone to himself: the thought of which he could scarce bear; for he had no opinion of his own strength, to work his way through the world with tolerable success. Upon this his lordship, to set his brother's mind at ease, sold him an annuity of 200*l.* a year, at an easy rate, upon condition to re-purchase it, at the same rate, when he was worth 5000*l.* And this was all done accordingly.

"*O et præsidium et dulce decus meum.*"

We will now conduct our readers through Lord Guilford's life—introducing as many of the nice peculiarities of his historian as our limits will allow—and will then give them one or two of the portraits with which the book is enriched—and add a word on the changes which have taken place in the legal profession, since the time when the originals "held the noisy tenor of their way" through its gradations.

The Hon. Francis North, afterwards Baron Guilford, was the third son of Dudley, Lord North, Baron of Kirtling, who deserved the filial duty of his children by the veneration which he manifested towards his own father, beyond even the strictness of those times; for, though he was an old man before his father died, he never sate or was covered in his presence unbidden. He sent his son, at an early age, to school, but was not very fortunate in his selection, for the master was a rigid presbyterian, and his wife a furious Independant, who used "to instruct her babes in the gift of praying by the spirit, making them kneel by a bed-side and pray;" but as "this petit spark was too small for that posture, he was set upon the bed to kneel with his face to the pillow." This absurd treatment seems to have given the child an early disgust for those who were esteemed the fanatics, which never left him. He finished his scholastic education under a "cavalier master," with credit. After he left school, he became a fellow-commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he improved greatly in solid learn-

ing, and acquired a knowledge of music, which he afterwards used as a frequent solace amidst the toils of his profession.

He next became a member of the Middle Temple, and occupied "a moiety of a petit chamber, which his father bought for him." Here he "used constantly commons in the hall at noons and nights," studied closely, and derived much benefit from the practice of putting cases, which was followed in the old temple cloisters by the students, and for the convenience of which they were rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren in their present form. He, also, diligently common-placed the substance of his reading, having acquired a very small but legible hand—"for," as his biographer observes, "where contracting is the main business, it is not well to write, as the fashion then was, uncial or semi-uncial letters to look like pigs' ribbs." In his studies, he was wont by turns to read the reports and institutes; "as, after a fullness of the reports in a morning, about noon, to take a repast in Stamford, Crompton, or the Lord Coke's Pleas of the Crown, and Jurisdiction of Courts, Manwood of the Forest Law, and Fitzherbert's Natura Brevium." He, also, "dispatched the greatest part" of the year-books, beginning with the book, termed *Henry the Seventh*, from whence he regarded the common law derived "as from a copious fountain." While thus engaged, he did not altogether refuse recreation, but delighted in a small supper and a temperate glass with his friends in chambers, sometimes fancied "to go about town and see trade-work, which is a very diverting and instructive entertainment," and visited every thing extraordinary in town, "as engines, shews, lectures, and even so low as to hear Hugh Peters preach!" The only obstacle to his legal success was his excessive bashfulness, which so oppressed him, that when he dined or supped in the hall of the Middle Temple, he would not walk in alone, but "used to stand dogging at the skreen till other company came, behind whom he might enter."

At the bar, he derived great advantage from the favour of Sir Jeofry Palmer, the attorney-general, who gave him many opportunities of shewing his dexterity and knowledge of law, by procuring him to perform some of his own public duties, when he was himself disabled by sickness. Through the good offices of this zealous friend, Mr. North was appointed to argue for the king in the house of lords, on the writ of error in the famous case of the King *v.* Hollis and others, which was brought by order of the house of commons to reverse a judgment obtained in the time or Charles the First, against five of their members, who had been prosecuted for holding down the speaker in his chair, and other riotous proceedings. In consequence of the ability which he displayed on this occasion, though the commons succeeded, he was, on the recommendation of the Duke

of York, appointed one of his majesty's counsel. Thus, having precedence, the favour of the court, great assiduity, and knowledge in law, he soon considerably extended his practice. To this, indeed, his great wariness and prudence, trenching on the boundaries of meanness, did not contribute a little. "He was exceedingly careful to keep fair with the cocks of the circuit," especially Serjeant Earl, who was a miser, and with whom he was contented to travel, when no other would starve with him on his journies. If he discovered a point which his leader had omitted, he would not excite dislike by moving it himself, but suggest it to his senior, and thus conciliate his regard. He was, also, to use the words of his biographer, "a wonderful artist in nicking a judge's tendency to serve his turn, and yet never failed to pay the greatest regard and deference to his opinion." He never contested a point with a judge when he despaired to convince him, but resigned it, even when confident in its goodness, that he might not weaken his credit for the future. On the other hand, when the judge was wrongly on his side, and he knew it, he did not fail to echo "*aye, my lord,*" to the great annoyance of his rivals. Thus gifted by knowledge and pliancy, he soon "from a humble beginner rejoicing at a cause that came to him, became cock of the circuit; and every one that had a trial rejoiced to have him on his side." One piece of artifice which he used on behalf of a relative is so curious, that we will insert it in the words of our author.

"His lordship had a relation, one Mr. Whitmore, of Balms, near London, an humoursome old gentleman, but very famous for the meer eating and drinking part of housekeeping. He was owner of Waterbeach, near Cambridge, and took a fancy that his estate ought not to pay tithes, and ordered his tenants expressly to pay none, with promise to defend them. The parson had no more to do but to go to law, and by advice brought an action of debt, for treble damages upon the statute against substraction of tithes. The tenants got the whole demand to be put in one action; and that stood for trial at the assizes. Then he consults his cousin North, and retains him to defend this cause; but shews him no manner of title to a discharge. So he could but tell him he would be routed, and pay treble value of the tithes, and that he must make an end. This signified nothing to one that was abandoned to his own testy humour. The cause came on, and his lordship's utmost endeavour was to fetch him off with the single value and costs; and that point he managed very artificially: for first, he considered that Archer was the judge, and it was always agreeable to him to stave off a long cause. After the cause was opened, his lordship for the defendant, stept forwards, and told the judge that 'this would be a long and intricate cause, being a title to a discharge of tithes, which would require the reading a long series of records and ancient writings. That his client was no quaker, to deny payments of tithes where due, in which case the treble value was by the law intended

as a sort of penalty. But this was to be a trial of a title, which his client was advised he had to a discharge: therefore he moved, that the single value might be settled; and if the cause went for the plaintiff, he should have that and his costs (which costs, it seems, did not go if the treble value was recovered,) and then they would proceed to their title.' The other side mutinied against this imposition of Mr. North, but the judge was for him, and they must be satisfied. Then did he open a long history of matters upon record, of bulls, monasteries, orders, greater and lesser houses, surrenders, patents, and a great deal more, very proper, if it had been true, while the counsel on the other side stared at him; and having done, they bid him go to his evidence. He leaned back, as speaking to the attorney, and then, *My lord,* said he, *we are very unhappy in this cause. The attorney tells me, they forgot to examine their copies with the originals at the Tower;* and (so folding up his brief) *My lord,* said he, *they must have the verdict, and we must come better prepared another time.* So, notwithstanding all the mutiny the other side could make, the judge held them to it, and they were choused of the treble value. This was no iniquity, because it was not to defraud the duty, but to shift off the penalty. But the old gentleman told his cousin North, he had given away his cause. His lordship thought he had done him service enough; and could but just (with the help of the beforesaid reason) satisfy himself that he had not done ill."

There is nothing very worthy of remark in the private life of Mr. North, before the beginning of his speculations for a settlement by marriage. These are exceedingly curious, not for their romance, but the want of it. In the good old times, when our advocate flourished, the language of sentiment was not in fashion. Some doubtless there were, perhaps not fewer than in these poetical days, in whose souls Love held its "high and hearted seat"—whose nice-attuned spirits trembled with every change of the intensest, yet most delicate of affections—whose whole existence was one fervent hope and one unbroken sigh. Since then, the breathings of their deep emotion—the words and phrases which imperfectly indicated that which was passing within them, as light and airy bubbles rise up from the lowest spring to the surface of tranquil waters—have become the current language of every transitory passion, and serve to garnish out every prudent match as a necessary part of the wedding finery. Things were not thus confounded by our heartier ancestors. Language was some indication of the difference of minds, as dress was of ranks. The choice spirits of the time had their prerogative of words and figures, as the ancient families had of their coats of arms. The greater part of mankind, who never feel love in its depth or its purity, were contented to marry and be given in marriage without the affectation of its language. Men avowedly looked for good portions, and wo-

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men for suitable jointures—they made the contract for mutual support and domestic comfort in good faith, and did not often break it. They had their reward. They indulged no fairy dreams of happiness too etherial for earth, which, when dissipated, would render dreary the level path of existence. Of their open, plain-hearted course of entering into the matrimonial state, and of speaking about it, the Lord Keeper and his biographer are edifying examples. His lordship, as his fortune improved, felt the necessity of domestic comfort, and wisely thought his hours of leisure would be spent most happily in a family, "which is never well settled without a mistress." "He fancied," says his eulogist, "he might pretend to as good a fortune in a match as many others had found, who had less reason to expect it; but, without some advantage that way, he was not disposed to engage himself." His first attempt in this laudable pursuit was to obtain the daughter of an old usurer, which we will give in our author's words:

"There came to him a recommendation of a lady, who was an only daughter of an old usurer of Gray's-inn, supposed to be a good fortune in present, for her father was rich; but, after his death, to become worth nobody could tell what. His lordship got a sight of the lady, and did not dislike her; thereupon he made the old man a visit, and a proposal of himself to marry his daughter. There appeared no symptoms of discouragement; but only the old gentleman asked him what estate his father intended to settle upon him for present maintenance, jointure, and provision for children. This was an inauspicious question; for it was plain that the family had not estate enough for a lordship, and none would be to spare for him. Therefore he said to his worship only, *That when he would be pleased to declare what portion he intended to give his daughter, he would write to his father, and make him acquainted with his answer.* And so they parted, and his lordship was glad of his escape, and resolved to give that affair a final discharge, and never to come near the terrible old fellow any more. His lordship had, at that time, a stout heart, and could not digest the being so slighted; as if, in his present state, a profitable profession, and future hopes, were of no account. If he had had a real estate to settle, he should not have stooped so low as to match with his daughter: and thenceforward despised his alliance."

His next enterprise was directed to the "florishing widow" of Mr. Edward Palmer, who had been his most intimate friend. Her family favoured his addresses—the lady did not refuse him—but flirted, coquetted, and worried him, until he was heartily tired of being "held in a course of bo-peep play by a crafty widow." Her friends still urged him to persevere, which he did to please them rather than himself, until she relieved him by marrying another of her suitors. His third exploit is thus amusingly related.

"Another proposition came to his lordship, by a city broker, from Sir John Lawrence, who had many daughters, and those reputed beauties; and the fortune was to be 6000*l.* His lordship went and dined with the alderman, and liked the lady, who (as the way is) was dressed out for a muster. And coming to treat, the portion shrank to 5000*l.* and, upon that, his lordship parted, and was not gone far before Mr. Broker (following) came to him and said, Sir John would give 500*l.* more, at the birth of the first child; but that would not do, for his lordship hated such screwing. Not long after this dispatch, his lordship was made the king's solicitor general, and then the broker came again, with news that Sir John would give 10,000*l.* No; his lordship said, *after such usage he would not proceed, if he might have* 20,000*l.* So ended that affair; and his lordship's mind was once more settled in tranquillity."

At last, after these repeated disappointments, his mother "laid her eyes" on the Lady Frances Pope, one of three coheiresses, as a wife for her son—and with his consent made overtures on his behalf. After some little difficulties respecting his lordship's fortune, this match was happily concluded, and is celebrated by his biographer as "made in heaven." The lady, however, died of a consumption, in the prime of her days. On this occasion, our author rejoices that "his lordship's good stars" forced him to London about a fortnight before her death, because nearness to persons dying of consumptions is perilous—and "when she must expire, and probably in his arms, he might have received great damage in his health." Her husband erected a monument to her memory, on which a tremendous Latin epitaph was engraven, commemorating her father, husband, children, and virtues. Our author here expresses his opinion, that the eulogistic part should be left out, "because it is in the power of every cobbler to do the like;" but that the account of families cannot be too far extended, because they may be useful as evidence of pedigree. This is a curious self-betrayal, by a man of rank and family. The utility of monumental inscriptions, detailing the dignities of ancestry, is, indeed, urged—but it is easy to perceive the antithesis completed in the writer's mind—between all the virtues which a cobbler might share, and the immunities of which the high-born alone are partakers.

Meanwhile, his lordship proceeded to honour and fortune. He was made Solicitor General, became a candidate for the borough of Lynn Regis; and, on a visit, with his accustomed prudence, "regaled the corporation with a very handsome treat, which cost him above one hundred pounds." He could not, however, be present at the election, but sent our author, and Mr. Matthew Johnson, "to ride for him," with proper directions to economize their pecuniary resources. They did so;—"took

but one house, and there allowed scope for all taps to run;" and, as there was no opposition, all passed well, and "the plenipos returned with their purchase, the return of the election, back to London." His lordship, however, lost his seat by the vote of the House—despatched "his plenipos" once more to regain it, which they did, though with more difficulty than they first procured it; for Sir Simon Taylor, a wealthy merchant of wine, in that town, stood, and had procured "a butt of cherry, which butt of cherry was a potent adversary." Soon after, his lordship was made Attorney General, and some doubts arose as to his right to sit in parliament; which, however, he was able to remove.

In due time, Mr. North, wearied with the perpetual labours of extensive practice, not only in the courts of law but of equity, longed for and obtained the elevated repose of the cushion of the Court of Common Pleas. Here he sedulously endeavoured to resist the encroachments of the King's Bench, and shewed himself sufficiently versed in the arts by which each of the courts attempted to over-reach the other, and which would have done credit to the sagacity of a Solicitor at the Old Bailey. His biographer relates various instances of his skill in detecting falsehood, which do not quite entitle him to be regarded as a second Solomon—of his management of counsel, which we have seen excelled in no distant period—and of his repartees, which are the worst ever gravely told as good things by a devoted admirer. The story of "the dumb day," is, however, worth transcribing, especially as our author, though he speaks of himself as usual, in the third person, was the party on whose behalf the authority of the Chief Justice was exerted.

"It hath been the usage of the King's Bench, at the side bar below in the hall, and of the Common Pleas, in the chamber within the treasury, to hear attornies, and young counsel, that came to move them about matters of form and practice. His lordship had a younger brother (Hon. Roger North) who was of the profession of the law. He was newly called to the bar, and had little to do in the King's Bench; but the attornies of the Common Pleas often retained him to move for them, in the treasury, such matters as were proper there, and what they might have moved themselves. But however agreeable this kind of practice was to a novitiate, it was not worthy the observation it had; for once or twice a week was the utmost calculate of these motions. But the sergeants thought that method was, or might become, prejudicial to them, who had a monopoly of the bar, and would have no *water go by their mill*, and supposed it was high time to put a stop to such beginnings, for fear it might grow worse. But the doubt was, how they should signify their resentment, so as to be effectually remedial. At length they agreed, for one day, to make no motions at all; and opportunity would fall for shewing the reason how the court

came to have no business. When the court (on this dumb day, as it was called) was sat, the chief justice gave the usual signal to the eldest sergeant to move. He bowed, and had nothing to move: so the next, and the next, from end to end of the bar. The chief, seeing this, said, *brothers, I think we must rise; here is no business.* Then an attorney steps forward, and called to a sergeant to make his motion; and, after that, turned to the court and said, that he had given the sergeant his fee, and instructions over night, to move for him, and desired he might do it. But profound silence still. The chief looked about, and asked, *What was the matter?* An attorney, that stood by, very modestly said, *that he feared the sergeants took it ill that motions were made in the Treasury.* Then the chief scented the whole matter; and *brothers,* said he, *I think a very great affront is offered to us, which we ought, for the dignity of the court, to resent. But that we may do nothing too suddenly, but take consideration at full leisure, and maturely, let us now rise, and to-morrow morning give order as becomes us. And do you attornies come all here to-morrow, and care shall be taken for your dispatch, and, rather than fail, we will hear you, or your clients, or the barristers at law, or any person that thinks fit to appear in business, that the law may have its course;* and so the court rose. This was like thunder to the sergeants, and they fell to quarrelling, one with another, about being the cause of this great evil they had brought upon themselves: for none of them imagined it would have had such a turn as this was, that shaked what was the palladium of the coif, the sole practice there. In the afternoon, they attended the chief, and the other judges of the court, and, in great humility, owned their fault, and begged pardon, and that no farther notice might be taken of it; and they would be careful not to give the like offence for the future. The chief told them, that the affront was in public, and in the face of the court, and they must make their recognitions there next morning, and in such a manner as the greatness of their offence demanded; and then they should hear what the court would say to them. Accordingly they did; and the chief first, and, then, the rest, in order, gave them a formal chiding with acrimony enough; all which, with dejected countenances, they were bound to hear. When this discipline was over, the chief pointed to one to move; which he did (as they said) more like one crying than speaking: and so ended the comedy, as it was acted in Westminster-hall, called the dumb day."

His lordship used his travels on the circuit as the means of securing an interest in the country gentlemen; and with so much success, that Dr. Mew, Bishop of Winchester, who was called Patels, from a black plaister which he wore to cover a wound received in the civil war, termed him "deliciæ occidentis," the darling of the West; and the western members of Parliament "did so firmly ensconce him that his enemies could never get a clever stroke at him." Once, indeed, he was taken in by a busy fanatic, who importuned the judges to sup with him, at his house near Exeter; and, having them fairly in his

power, inflicted on them a long extemporaneous prayer, "after the Presbyterian way," which gave occasion to much merriment at the expense of their lordships, who were said to have been at a conventicle, and in danger of being presented with all their retinue for that offence by the Grand Jury. He also narrowly escaped being made the dupe or tool of the infamous Bedloe, who sent for him under pretence of making a confession. Excepting in so far as an excessive timidity influenced him, he appears to have acted in his high office with exemplary justice and wisdom. He was, indeed, a most faint-hearted judge, which his biographer, as in duty bound, discloses to his honor. He dreaded the trying of a witch, because he disbelieved the crime; and yet feared to offend the superstitious vulgar. On this nice subject, our author observes—

"It is seldom that a poor old wretch is brought to trial upon that account, but there is, at the heels of her, a popular rage that does little less than demand her to be put to death: and, if a judge is so clear and open as to declare against *that impious vulgar opinion*, that the devil himself has power to torment and kill innocent children, or that he is pleased to divert himself with the good people's cheese, butter, pigs, and geese, and the like errors of the ignorant and foolish rabble; the countrymen (the triers) cry this judge hath no religion, for he doth not believe witches; and so, to shew they have some, hang the poor wretches. All which tendency to mistake, requires a very prudent and moderate carriage in a judge, whereby to convince, rather by detecting of the fraud, than by denying authoritatively such power to be given to old women."

His lordship did, indeed, whenever he could, lay open the imposture, and procure the acquittal of witches. But when Mr. Justice Raymond and he went the circuit together, and his co-judge condemned two women to death for the crime, he appears to have contented himself, "with concern, that his brother Raymond's passive behaviour should let them die," without himself making any effort to save them. His opinions respecting libels were surprisingly liberal for a judge of the cavalier party, and may serve to put to shame the courtly lawyers of more enlightened days.

"As to the business of lies and libels, which, in those days, were an intolerable vexation to the court, especially finding that the community of gentle and simple strangely ran in with them; it was moved that there should be more messengers of the press, and spies, who should discover secret printing-houses, (which, then, were against law) and take up the hawkers that sold libels, and all other persons that dispersed them, and inflict severe punishments on all that were found guilty. But his lordship was of a very different opinion, and said that this prosecution would make them but the more enquired after; and

it was impossible to hinder the promulgation of libels; for the greediness of every one to get them, and the high price, would make men, of desperate fortunes, venture any thing; and, in such cases, punishments never regulate the abuse; but it must be done, if at all, by methods undermining the encouragement: yet, if any were caught, he thought it was fit to make severe examples of them. But an extraordinary inquisition to be set up, and make so much noise, and the punishment falling as was most likely, not on the authors and abettors, but some poor wretches that sought to get a penny by selling them, would, as he thought, rather incense than abate the abuse. His notion was, that his Majesty should order nothing extraordinary, to make people imagine he was touched to the quick; but to set up counter writers that, as every libel came out, should take it to task, and answer it. And, so, all the diurnal lies of the town also would be met with; *for,* said he, *either we are in the wrong, or in the right; if the former, we must do as usurped powers, use force, and crush all our enemies, right, or wrong. But there is no need of that, for we are in the right; for who will pretend not to own his Majesty's authority according to law? And nothing is done, by his Majesty and his ministers, but what the law will warrant, and what should we be afraid of? Let them lye and accuse till they are weary, while we declare at the same time, as may be done with demonstration, that all they say is false and unjust; and the better sort of the people, whom truth sways, when laid before them, will be with us.* This counsel was followed; and some clever writers were employed, such as were called the Observator and Heraclitus, for a constancy, and others, with them, occasionally; and then they soon wrote the libellers out of the pit, and, during that king's life, the trade of libels, which, before, had been in great request, fell to nothing."

Mr. North, notwithstanding the liberality of some of his opinions, was made a privy counsellor, and some time after Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. He opposed Jeffries, the celebrated Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, with mildness and caution, and secured and used wisely the esteem of his sovereign. He appears to have foreseen, that the consequence of the violent and arbitrary measures, which he was unable to prevent, would, if continued, work the downfall of the Stuart family. His private life was temperate and regular, untainted with the vices of the times. His brother-in-law, actually fearing his virtue might be visited as a libel on the court, seriously advised him to keep a mistress in his own defence; "for he understood, from very great men, that he was ill looked upon for want of doing so; because he seemed continually to reprehend them;" which notable advice was concluded by an offer, "that, if his lordship pleased, he would help him to one." His lordship's regard to virtue, as well as his usual caution, which told him "there was no spy like a female," made him regard this proffer with a scorn, which utterly puzzled his adviser. He

was, however, tremulously alive to ridicule. Aware of this infirmity, Jeffries and the Earl of Sunderland took advantage of a harmless visit he made to see a rhinoceros, to circulate a report, that he had ridden on the animal. This threw him into a state of rage and vexation truly surprising; he turned on his questioners with unexampled fury, was seriously angry with Sir Dudley North for not contradicting it with sufficient gravity, and sent for him that he might add his testimony to his own solemn denial. His biographer, who actually performs the duty of confidante, as described in *The Critic*, to laugh, weep, or go mad with the principal, is also in a towering passion at the charge. He calls it, "an impudent buffoon lie, which Satan himself would not have owned for his legitimate issue;" and is provoked beyond measure, that "the noble Earl, with Jeffries, and others of that crew, made merry, and never blushed at the lie of their own making; but valued themselves upon it, as a very good jest." He was afflicted by no *other* "great calumny," notwithstanding the watchfulness of his foes. One of his last public acts was, to stop the bloody proceedings of Jeffries in the West, which he did by his influence with the King. He did not long survive the profligate Prince, whom he sometimes was able to guide and to soften. He walked in the Coronation of James the Second, when imperfectly recovered from a fever; and, after a gradual decline of some months, expired at his house at Wroxton, really hurried to the grave by the political broils and vexations attendant on the Great Seal. "That pestiferous lump of metal," as our author terms it, was given to Jeffries, whom it did not save from an end more disastrous and fearful.

The work before us, as we have already intimated, is rendered more interesting by the admirable characters which it contains of the old lawyers. These are all drawn, not only with great and most felicitous distinctness, but are touched in a mild, gentlemanly, and humane spirit, which it is refreshing to recognise in these days of acrimony and slander. Even those who were most opposed in interest and in prejudice to the author, receive ample justice from his hands. Hale, whose dislike to the court rendered him obnoxious to the author, or which is the same thing to his brother, is drawn at full length in all his austere majesty. Even Serjeant Maynard, the acknowledged "anti-restoration lawyer," whose praise was in all the conventicles, and who was a hard rival of "his lordship," receives due acknowledgment of his learning, and that he was, to his last breath, true as steel to the principles of the times when he began his career. Sir William Scraggs, the fierce voluptuary and outrageous politician, is softened to us by the single engaging touch, that "in his house every day was a holiday." And Jef-

fries himself, as exhibited here, seems to have had something of real human warmth within him, which redeems him from utter hatred. The following is a summary of his character.

"His friendship and conversation lay much among the good fellows and humourists; and his delights were, accordingly, *drinking, laughing, singing, kissing*, and all the extravagances of the bottle. He had a set of banterers, for the most part, near him; as, in old time, great men kept fools to make them merry. And these fellows, abusing one another and their betters, were a regale to him. And no friendship or dearness could be so great, in private, which he would not use ill, and to an extravagant degree, in publick. No one, that had any expectations from him, was safe from his public contempt and derision, which some of his minions, at the bar, bitterly felt. Those above, or that could hurt or benefit him, and none else, might depend on fair quarter at his hands. *When he was in temper, and matters indifferent came before him, he became his seat of justice better than any other I ever saw in his place.* He took a pleasure in mortifying fraudulent attornies, and would deal forth his severities with a sort of majesty. He had extraordinary natural abilities, but little acquired, beyond what practice in affairs had supplied. He talked fluently, and with spirit; and his weakness was that he could not reprehend without scolding; and in such Billingsgate language, as should not come out of the mouth of any man. He called it *giving a lick with the rough side of his tongue.* It was ordinary to hear him say, *Go, you are a filthy, lousy, nitty rascal*; with much more of like elegance. Scarce a day past that he did not chide some one, or other, of the bar, when he sat in the Chancery; and it was commonly a lecture of a quarter of an hour long. And they used to say, *This is your's; my turn will be to-morrow.* He seemed to lay nothing of his business to heart, nor care what he did, or left undone; and spent, in the Chancery court, what time he thought fit to spare. Many times, on days of causes at his house, the company have waited five hours in a morning, and, after eleven, he hath come out inflamed, and staring like one distracted. And that visage he put on when he animadverted on such as he took offence at, which made him a terror to real offenders; whom also he terrified with his face and voice, as *if the thunder of the day of judgment broke over their heads:* and nothing ever made men tremble like his vocal inflictions. He loved to insult, and was bold without check; but that only when his place was uppermost. To give an instance. A city attorney was petitioned against for some abuse; and affidavit was made that when he was told of my lord chancellor, *My lord chancellor*, said he, *I made him;* meaning his being a means to bring him early into city business. When this affidavit was read, *Well*, said the lord chancellor, *then I will lay my maker by the heels.* And, with that conceit, one of his best old friends went to jail. One of these intemperances was fatal to him. There was a scrivener of Wapping brought to hearing for relief against a bummery bond; the contingency of losing all being shewed, the bill was going to be dismissed. But one of the plaintiff's counsel said that he was a strange fellow, and sometimes went to church,

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sometimes to conventicles; and none could tell what to make of him; and *it was thought he was a trimmer.* At that the chancellor fired; and, *A trimmer!* said he; *I have heard much of that monster, but never saw one. Come forth, Mr. Trimmer, turn you round, and let us see your shape:* and, at that rate, talked so long that the poor fellow was ready to drop under him; but, at last, the bill was dismissed with costs, and he went his way. In the hall, one of his friends asked him how he came off? *Came off,* said he, *I am escaped from the terrors of that man's face, which I would scarce undergo again to save my life; and I shall certainly have the frightful impression of it as long as I live.* Afterwards when the Prince of Orange came, and all was in confusion, this lord chancellor, being very obnoxious, disguised himself in order to go beyond sea. He was in a seaman's garb, and drinking a pot in a cellar. This scrivener came into the cellar after some of his clients; and his eye caught that face, which made him start; and the chancellor, seeing himself eyed, feigned a cough, and turned to the wall with his pot in his hand. But *Mr. Trimmer* went out, and gave notice that he was there; whereupon the mob flowed in, and he was in extreme hazard of his life; but the lord mayor saved him, and lost himself. For the chancellor being hurried with such croud and noise before him, and appearing so dismally, not only disguised, but disordered; and there having been an amity betwixt them, as also a veneration on the lord mayor's part, he had not spirits to sustain the shock, but fell down in a swoon; and, in not many hours after, died. But this Lord Jeffries came to the seal without any concern at the weight of duty incumbent upon him; for, at the first, being merry over a bottle with some of his old friends, one of them told him that he would find the business heavy. *No,* said he, *I'll make it light.* But, to conclude with a strange inconsistency, he would drink and be merry, kiss and slaver, with these bon companions over night, as the way of such is, and, the next day fall upon them, ranting and scolding with a virulence unsufferable."

But the richest portion of these volumes is the character of the Lord Chief Justice Saunders, the author of the Reports which Mr. Serjeant Williams has rendered popular by clustering about them the products of his learned industry. He has a better immortality in the Memoir. What a picture is exhibited of the stoutest industry, joined with the most luxurious spirit of enjoyment—of the most intense acquaintance with nice technicalities and the most bounteous humour—of more distressing infirmities and scarcely less wit than those of Falstaff! What a singular being is here—what a laborious, acute, happy, and affectionate spirit in a loathsome frame!—But, we forget;—we are indulging ourselves, when we ought to gratify our readers.

"The Lord Chief Justice Saunders succeeded in the room of Pemberton. His character, and his beginning, were equally strange. He was at first no better than a poor beggar boy, *if not a parish foundling, without known parents or relations.* He had found a way to live by obsequiousness (in Clement's-Inn, as I remember) and courting the

attornies' clerks for scraps. The extraordinary observance and diligence of the boy made the society willing to do him good. He appeared very ambitious to learn to write; and one of the attornies got a board knocked up at a window on the top of a staircase; and that was his desk, where he sat and wrote after copies of court and other hands the clerks gave him. He made himself so expert a writer that he took in business, and earned some pence by hackney writing. And thus, by degrees, he pushed his faculties, and fell to forms, and, by books that were lent him, became an exquisite entering clerk; and by the same course of improvement of himself, an able counsel, first in special pleading, then, at large. And, after he was called to the bar, had practice, in the King's Bench court, equal with any there. As to his person, he was very corpulent and beastly; a mere lump of morbid flesh. He used to say, *by his troggs*, (such an humorous way of talking he affected) *none could say he wanted issue of his body, for he had nine in his back.* He was a fetid mass that offended his neighbours at the bar in the sharpest degree. Those, whose ill fortune it was to stand near him, were confessors, and, in summer-time, almost martyrs. This hatefull decay of his carcase came upon him by continual sottishness; for, to say nothing of brandy, he was seldom without a pot of ale at his nose, or near him. That exercise was all he used; the rest of his life was sitting at his desk, or piping at home; and that *home* was a tailor's house in Butcher-Row, called his lodging, and the man's wife was his nurse, or worse; but by virtue of his money, of *which he made little account, though he got a great deal*, he soon became master of the family; and, being no changling, he never removed, but was true to his friends, and they to him, to the last hour of his life.

" So much for his person and education. As for his parts, none had them more lively than he. Wit and repartee, in an affected rusticity, were natural to him. He was ever ready, and never at a loss; and none came so near as he to be a match for Serjeant Maynard. His great dexterity was in the art of special pleading, and he would lay snares that often caught his superiors who were not aware of his traps. And he was so fond of success for his clients that, rather than fail, he would set the court hard with a trick; for which he met sometimes with a reprimand, which he would wittily ward off, so that no one was much offended with him. But Hales could not bear his irregularity of life; and for that, and suspicion of his tricks, used to bear hard upon him in the court. But no ill usage from the bench was too hard for his hold of business, being such as scarce any could do but himself. With all this, he had a goodness of nature and disposition in so great a degree that he may be deservedly styled a *philanthrope*. He was a very *Silenus* to the boys, as, in this place, I may term the students of the law, to make them merry whenever they had a mind to it. He had nothing of rigid or austere in him. If any, near him at the bar, grumbled at his stench, he ever converted the complaint into content and laughing with the abundance of his wit. As to his ordinary dealing, he was as honest as the driven snow was white; and *why not*, having no regard for money, or desire to be rich? And, for good nature and condescension, there was not his fellow. I have seen him, for hours and half hours to-

gether, before the court sat, stand at the bar, with an audience of students over against him, putting of cases, and debating so as suited their capacities, and encouraged their industry. And so in the Temple, he seldom moved without a parcel of youths hanging about him, and he merry and jesting with them.

"It will be readily conceived that this man was never cut out to be a presbyter, or any thing that is severe and crabbed. In no time did he lean to faction, but did his business without offence to any. He put off officious talk of government or politics, with jests, and so made his wit a catholicon, or shield, to cover all his weak places and infirmities. When the court fell into a steady course of using the law against all kinds of offenders, this man was taken into the king's business; and had the part of drawing and perusal of almost all indictments and informations that were then to be prosecuted, with the pleadings thereon if any were special; and he had the settling of the large pleadings in the *quo warranto* against London. His lordship had no sort of conversation with him, but in the way of business, and at the bar; but once after he was in the king's business, he dined with his lordship, and no more. And there he shewed another qualification he had acquired, and that was to play jigs upon an harpsichord; having taught himself with the opportunity of an old virginal of his landlady's; but in such a manner, not for defect but figure, as to see him were a jest. The king, observing him to be of a free disposition, loyal, friendly, and without greediness or guile, thought of him to be the chief justice of the King's Bench at that nice time. And the ministry could not but approve of it. So great a weight was then at stake, as could not be trusted to men of doubtful principles, or such as any thing might tempt to desert them. While he sat in the court of King's Bench, he gave the rule to the general satisfaction of the lawyers. But his course of life was so different from what it had been, his business incessant, and, withal, crabbed; and his diet and exercise changed, that the constitution of his body, or head rather, could not sustain it, and he fell into an apoplexy and palsy, which numbed his parts; and he never recovered the strength of them. He out-lived the judgment in the *quo warranto;* but was not present otherwise than by sending his opinon, by one of the judges, to be for the king, who, at the pronouncing of the judgment, declared it to the court accordingly, which is frequently done in like cases."

Although we have been able to give but a few of the choice peculiarities of these volumes, our readers will be able to gather, from our extracts, that the profession of the law was a very different thing in the reign of Charles the Second, from what it is in the present æra. There was something in it more robust and hearty than there is now. Lawyers treated on the dryest subjects, in a "full and heightened style," which now would receive merited ridicule, because it is natural no longer. When Lord Coke "wanders in the wilderness of the laws of the forest,"—or steps to "recreate himself with a view of Dido's deer,"—or looks on his own fourth institute, as "the high and honorable

building of the jurisdiction of the courts,"—we feel that he uses the language of metaphor, merely because he thinks in it. Modern improvement has introduced a division of labour among the faculties. The regions of imagination and of reality are separated by stricter and more definite limits, than in the days of old. Our poems and orations are more wild and extravagant, and our ordinary duties more dry and laborious. Men have learned to refine on their own feelings—to analyse all their sensations—to class all their powers, feelings, and fantasies, as in a museum; and to mark and label them so that they may never be applied, except to appropriate uses. The imagination is only cultivated as a kind of exotic luxury. No one unconsciously writes in a picturesque style, or suffers the colour of his thoughts to suffuse itself over his disquisitions, without caring for the effect on the reader. The rich conceit is either suppressed, or carefully reserved to adorn some cold oration where it may be duly applauded. Our ancestors permitted the wall-flower, when it would, to spread out its sweets from the massive battlement, without thinking there was any thing extraordinary in its growth, or desiring to transplant it to a garden, where its gentle influences would be little needed.

The study of the law has sunk greatly of late years. Formerly the path of those by whom it was chosen, though steep and rugged, was clear and open before them. Destitute of adventitious aids, they were compelled to salutary and hopeful toils. They were forced to trace back every doctrine to the principle which was its germ, and to search for their precedents amidst the remotest grandeur of our history. Patient labour was required of them, but their reward was certain. In the most barren and difficult parts of their ascent, they found at least in the masses which they surmounted the stains and colourings of a humanizing antiquity to soften and to dignify their labours. But abridgments, commentaries, and digests without number, have precluded the necessity of these liberal researches, while the vast accumulation of statutes and decisions have rendered them almost hopeless. Instead of a difficult mountain to ascend, there is a briery labyrinth to penetrate. Wearied out with vain attempts, the student accepts such temporary helps as he can procure, and despairs of reducing the ever-increasing multitude of decisions to any fixed and intelligible principles. Thus his labours are not directed to a visible goal—nor cheered by the venerableness of old time—nor crowned with that certainty of conclusion, which is the best reward of scientific researches. The lot of a superficial student of a dry science, is of all conditions the most harassing and fruitless. The evil must increase until it shall work its own cure—until accumulated reports shall lose their authority—or the legislature shall be compelled, by the

vastness of the mischief, to undertake the tremendous task of revising and condensing the whole statute law, and fixing the construction of the unwritten maxims within some tolerable boundaries.

ART. IV. *Posthumous Works, in Prose and Verse, written in the time of the Civil Wars, and Reign of K. Charles II. by* Mr. Samuel Butler, *Author of Hudibras; from original MSS. and scarce and valuable pieces formerly printed: with a Key to Hudibras, by* Sir Roger L'Estrange. *In three Volumes. The sixth Edition; with Cuts. London*, 1720.

The Genuine Remains, in Prose and Verse, of Mr. Samuel Butler, *Author of Hudibras. Published from the original MSS. formerly in the possession of* W. Longueville, Esq.; *with Notes by* R. Thyer, *Keeper of the Public Library at Manchester. In two Volumes. London*, 1759.

The *Hudibras* of Butler, like the fabled Arabian bird, is in itself a species: it had no precursor, and its imitators are forgotten. With all the disadvantages of a temporary subject, obsolete characters, and "a conclusion in which nothing is concluded," it continues to be the delight of the few, and the text-book of the many: its couplets have passed into proverbs—the names of its heroes are "familiar in our mouths as household words." With the exception of Shakspeare, there is, perhaps, no author whose expressions are so inextricably intertwined with our every-day discourse, and whose writings afford such an inexhaustible variety of apothegms of universal and apposite application; yet there is no author, enjoying any considerable share of popularity, who is so imperfectly understood and appreciated. How many of the readers of *Hudibras* take it up with the same feelings with which they peruse the *Scarronides*, and the *Homer Burlesqued?* They find, it is true, the adventures ludicrous and the characters grotesque—but then the speeches are long-winded, and, what is worse, they require some attention to comprehend them. When, by dint of reconnoitring and skipping, they have reached the political canto, where the story gives them the slip, they lay down the book, and forget to take it up again. Of those who look more deeply into the work, and whose attention is not confined to the quaintness of the style, and the eccentricity of the rhymes, how many are contented to contemplate the brilliancy of Butler's wit, through the dusky medium of notes, or to found their admiration of it

on "men's opinion and the world's report." The reader of *Hudibras* should not only be familiar with the history, the politics, and the religion, of the eventful period in which its author lived, but with its fashions, its feelings, its science, its follies, its literature, its superstitions. To enjoy it with a true and perfect relish, he should have sung catches in a tavern with a knot of jovial cavaliers—been compressed and stifled in a crowd of sturdy puritans, in a conventicle—deafened by the extempore eloquence of Dr. Burgess and Hugh Peters—been bewildered in the mazes of scholastic divinity with Aquinas and Duns Scotus—had his fortune told by Booker or Lilly—tried experiments with Sir Paul Neale—cross-examined the moon with the Royal Society—"seen countries far and near" with "Le Blanc the Traveller"—*sympathised* with Sir Kenelm Digby—yawned over the romantic tomes of Calprenede and Scuderi—been witty upon *Gondibert*—and deep in Cervantes and *Coke upon Littleton*.*

It is a common error among "the great vulgar and the small" to look upon *Hudibras* as extremely *low*—in fact, as a mere burlesque. It is as much above "the common cry" of burlesque, as the novels of Fielding and the author of *Waverley* are above the ephemeral trash of the Minerva Press. It is a mighty and comprehensive satire—as powerful in argument—as just in sentiment—as rich in illustration, as any that united wit and learning have ever produced. All the weapons of controversial warfare—invective, irony, sarcasm, and ridicule—are alternately and successfully wielded. The most opposite and conflicting absurdities—the excrescences of learning and the bigotry of ignorance—"time-honoured" prejudices and follies of recent growth or importation—are laid prostrate "at one fell swoop." Butler makes none but "palpable hits." His sentences have the pithy brevity of a proverb, with the sting of an epigram. His subject was local and transitory—his satire boundless and eternal. His greatest fault is profusion—he revels and runs riot in the prodigality of his imaginings—he bewilders himself and his readers amidst "thick-coming fancies"—his poem is o'er-informed with wit, and dazzles and overpowers by an unremitting succession of brilliant coruscations. His nar-

* The difficulty of translating such a work as *Hudibras*, without letting the wit and spirit evaporate, is sufficiently obvious. This arduous task has been achieved with extraordinary success, by Colonel Towneley, whose French version of *Hudibras* displays a singular union of spirit and fidelity. The German version of Soltau is also deserving of high praise.

rative is, to its embellishments, but as "one poor half-penny-worth of bread to all this intolerable quantity of sack." The adventures are meagre and unsatisfactory: we might

> "Make future times shake hands with latter,
> And that which was before come after,"

without impairing or confusing the story. Like Bayes, in *The Rehearsal*, our author probably thought a plot was good for nothing but to bring in good things, and consequently troubled himself very little about its consistency or probability. His hero is the personification of contradictions—he is not the representative of a class, a sect, a party—but of all classes, sects, and parties. It has been said of Dryden's bouncing *Almanzor*, that all the rays of romantic heat, whether amorous or warlike, glow in him by a kind of concentration: the follies, and vices, and deformities of human nature seem concentrated in Sir Hudibras The litigious justice and the crazy knight-errant

> "In soul, and body too, unite
> To make up one hermaphrodite."

The Geneva cap and band peep from beneath the rusty helm and buckler of chivalry. Aquinas's *Sum of all Theology* and Ovid's *Ars Amandi*—the *Assembly's Annotations* and the *Mirrour of Knighthood*, jostle on the shelves of his library. With wit and learning enough, if "sawed into quantities," to fit out all the heroes of all the octosyllabic epics that have ever been written, he is turned out to make us sport as a coxcomb and a driveller.—With more cunning than "Nick Machiavel," he is the butt and dupe of the knavery of duller spirits—and is abused, gulled, and buffeted, through eight long cantos, without measure or mercy.

It is, perhaps, idle to criticise a work, written in defiance of criticism, and unjust to try genius by laws to which it owns no allegiance; but Butler can afford to be found fault with. After making every possible deduction in the estimate of his merits, he will still remain one of the most original and powerful writers which this or any country has produced. That he had all the capabilities of more elevated composition than that in which he has been contented to excel, is sufficiently obvious in the pages of his *Hudibras*. We find scattered through the work a profusion of images and sentiments essentially poetical, the beauty of which, though obscured, cannot be entirely hidden by the homeliness of their dress.

The *Remains* of Butler partake of all the characteristic excellences of his greater work. The brilliant and inexhaustible wit—the liveliness of fancy, combined with the soundest sense

—the manly and independent spirit—the super-abundant erudition, and the vigour and originality of thinking, which distinguish his *Hudibras*, pervade equally his less elaborate effusions. His controversial weapons may not be always polished to the same brilliancy, or displayed in the same imposing order, but they belong to the same formidable armoury, and partake of the same ætherial temper.

Had these *Remains* been as well known and as much read as they deserve to be, we should not have deemed them a proper subject for our critical examination; for, should we extend our article far beyond its fair and natural limits, we could not pretend to compress into it "the twentieth part the tythe" of the beauties contained in Mr. Thyer's publication. But these volumes are little known, and less read; and, in introducing them to the notice of our readers, we are doing an act of service to them, and of justice to Butler.

The comparative neglect which the minor pieces of our author have experienced, is chiefly attributable to the currency obtained by a wretched compilation of contemporary ribaldry, which the ignorance or cupidity of the publisher had dignified with the title of *Butler's Posthumous Works*. Out of *fifty* pieces which this publication contains, there are only *three* which have any claim to be considered as the genuine productions of Butler; * the remainder are mere "shadows to fill up the muster-book"—stragglers that have been pressed into the service—as oddly assorted and as inefficient, as Sir John Falstaff's army of substitutes.† The metrical part of this collection is infinitely below mediocrity, and consists principally of bad imitations of, or direct plagiarisms from *Hudibras*. Of the prose pieces, some of which possess a considerable share of low humour, the best are the property of Sir John Birkenhead, a very industrious party scribbler, whose scurrility was rewarded with a lucrative

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* These are, the *Ode on Du Vall, Case of Charles I.* and *Letters of Audland and Prynne;* they are included in Thyer's publication.

† The following instances, among many, will sufficiently shew the clumsiness, as well as impudence, of this imposture. Shirley's fine moral stanzas on death, ending with the often quoted lines,

> "Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust,"

are inserted under the title of *A thought upon death after hearing of the Murder of Charles I.* There are, also, *The Assembly Man*, notoriously written by Sir John Birkenhead; *Lines [commendatory!] to Felton in the Tower*, dated 1628, when Butler was only sixteen; and *Hudibras at Court*, a continuation of Butler's Poem, dated 1659, four years before the *first* part of that poem was published.

place, by the court which left the author of *Hudibras* to starve in obscurity. For upwards of fifty years, this collection continued to circulate unquestioned under "the shadow of a mighty name," and, during that time, went through a variety of editions. Dr. Grey, whose taste and discernment bore no proportion to his industry, entertained no doubt of their genuineness, and, in his notes on *Hudibras*, frequently alludes to and quotes from them, as the productions of Butler. Tardy justice was, however, done to our author's reputation, by Mr. Thyer's publication of his *Genuine Remains* from the original manuscripts, previously in the possession of Mr. Longueville, the friend and patron of Butler.

Of the poems, which form about a third part of this collection, we shall give no specimens, as they have been reprinted in more than one edition of the English poets. The principal one, in length and merit, is *The Elephant in the Moon*, a very witty and severe satire on the proceedings of the Royal Society. Among the smaller pieces, is an admirable parody on the unnatural fustian of the *heroic* drama, which, supported by the perverted genius of Dryden, succeeded, for awhile, in banishing nature and common sense from the stage. It is equal to any thing in *The Rehearsal*, and exactly imitates (it could not caricature) the manner in which sentiments and metaphors were bandied backwards and forwards, and the dialogue kept up, like a game at shuttlecock, between puling ruffians and their metaphysical mistresses. Butler is equally just and happy in his animadversions on the ridiculous pedantry which regarded a servile adherence to the rules of the Ancients as essential to dramatic excellence.

Of the prose pieces, which form the most interesting and least known portion of this publication, the most important in number and talent are the *Characters*, which occupy the whole of the second volume. The writing of Characters was a species of composition much in vogue in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. The most successful writers of this description were Sir Thomas Overbury and Bishop Earle: the *Characters* of the former went through fourteen editions previous to 1632, and the bishop's *Microcosmographie* through six between 1628 and 1633. Butler is one of the latest authors who have succeeded in this style of writing: in instinctive perception of character—in practical knowledge of the world—as well as in the richness and variety of his imagination, and the boldness and originality of his thoughts—he has far excelled most of his predecessors.

We shall commence our extracts with two characters, that can never be obsolete, and who "are of imagination all compact"—*The Small Poet*, and *The Romance-writer*.

A Small Poet

Is one, that would fain make himself that, which nature never meant him; like a fanatic, that inspires himself with his own whimsies. He sets up haberdasher of small poetry, with a very small stock, and no credit. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit; and whatsoever he lights upon, either in books, or company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly, that you may perceive his own wit has the rickets, by the swelling disproportion of the joints. You may know his wit not to be natural, 'tis so unquiet and troublesome in him: for as those that have money but seldom, are always shaking their pockets, when they have it; so does he, when he thinks he has got something, that will make him appear. He is a perpetual talker; and you may know by the freedom of his discourse, that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get. He is like an Italian thief, that never robs but he murthers, to prevent discovery; so sure is he to cry down the man from whom he purloins, that his petty larceny of wit may pass unsuspected. He appears so over concerned in all men's wits, as if they were but disparagements of his own; and crys down all they do, as if they were encroachments upon him. He takes jests from the owners and breaks them, as justices do false weights, and pots that want measure. When he meets with any thing that is very good, he changes it into small money, like three groats for a shilling, to serve several occasions. He disclaims study, pretends to take things in motion, and to shoot flying, which appears to be very true by his often missing of his mark. As for epithets, he always avoids those that are near a-kin to the sense. Such matches are unlawful, and not fit to be made by a Christian poet; and therefore all his care is to chuse out such as will serve, like a wooden leg, to piece out a maim'd verse, that wants a foot or two; and if they will but rhime now and then into the bargain, or run upon a letter, it is a work of supererogation. For similitudes, he likes the hardest and most obscure best: for as ladies wear black patches to make their complexions seem fairer than they are; so when an illustration is more obscure than the sense that went before it, it must of necessity make it appear clearer than it did: for contraries are best set off with contraries. He has found out a new sort of poetical Georgics, a trick of sowing wit like clover-grass on barren subjects, which would yield nothing before. This is very useful for the times, wherein, some men say, there is no room left for new invention. He will take three grains of wit, like the elixir, and, projecting it upon the *iron-age*, turn it immediately into *gold*. All the business of mankind has presently vanished, the whole world has kept holiday; there has been no men but heroes and poets, no women but nymphs and shepherdesses: trees have born fritters, and rivers flowed plum-porridge. When he writes, he commonly steers the sense of his lines by the rhyme that is at the end of them, as butchers do calves by the tail. For when he has made one line, which is easy enough, and has found out some sturdy hard word, that will but rhime, he will hammer the sense upon it, like a piece of hot iron upon an anvil, into what form he pleases. There is no art in the world so rich in terms as poetry; a whole dictionary is

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scarce able to contain them: for there is hardly a pond, a sheep-walk, or a gravel-pit, in all Greece, but the antient name of it is become a term of art in poetry. By this means, small poets have such a stock of able hard words lying by them, as dryades, hamadryades, aönides, fauni, nymphæ, sylvani, &c. that signify nothing at all; and such a world of pedantic terms of the same kind, as may serve to furnish all the new inventions and *thorough reformations*, that can happen between this and Plato's great year.

A Romance Writer

Pulls down old histories to build them up finer again, after a new model of his own designing. He takes away all the lights of truth in history to make it the fitter tutoress of life; for Truth herself has little or nothing to do in the affairs of the world, although all matters of the greatest weight and moment are pretended and done in her name; like a weak Princess, that has only the title, and Falsehood all the power. He observes one very fit decorum in dating his histories in the days of old, and putting all his own inventions upon ancient times; for when the world was younger, it might, perhaps, love, and fight, and do generous things at the rate he describes them; but since it is grown old, all these heroic feats are laid by and utterly given over, nor ever like to come in fashion again; and therefore all his images of those virtues signify no more than the statues upon dead men's tombs, that will never make them live again. He is like one of Homer's Gods, that sets men together by the ears, and fetches them off again how he pleases; makes love and lovers too, brings them acquainted, and appoints meetings when and where he pleases, and at the same time betrays them, in the height of all their felicity, to miserable captivity, or some other horrid calamity; for which he makes them rail at the Gods, and curse their own innocent stars, when he only has done them all the injury—makes men villains, compels them to act all barbarous inhumanities by his own directions, and after inflicts the cruelest punishments upon them for it. He makes all his knights fight in fortifications, and storm one another's armour, before they can come to encounter body for body; and always matches them so equally one with another, that it is a whole page before they can guess which is likely to have the better; and he that has it is so mangled, that it had been better for them both to have parted fair at first; but when they encounter with those that are no knights, though ever so well armed and mounted, ten to one goes for nothing. As for the Ladies, they are every one the most beautiful in the whole world, and that's the reason why no one of them, nor all together, with all their charms, have power to tempt away any knight from another. He differs from a just historian as a joiner does from a carpenter; the one does things plainly and substantially for use, and the other carves and polishes merely for show and ornament.

After these literary offenders comes the *Critic*, in virtue of his office: this formidable race appears to have been as vigorous in those days, if not so thorough-bred, as in our own.

A Modern Critic

Is a Corrector of the Press, gratis; and as he does it for nothing, so it is to no purpose. He fancies himself Clerk of Stationer's-Hall, and nothing must pass current that is not entered by him. He is very severe in his supposed office, and cries, *Woe to ye Scribes*, right or wrong. He supposes all writers to be malefactors without clergy, that claim the privilege of their books, and will not allow it, where the law of the land and common justice does. He censures in gross, and condemns all without examining particulars. If they will not confess and accuse themselves, he will rack them until they do. He is a *committee-man* in the commonwealth of letters, and as great a tyrant; so is not bound to proceed but by his own rules, which he will not endure to be disputed. He has been an apocryphal scribbler himself; but his writings wanting authority he grew discontent, and turned apostate, and thence becomes so severe to those of his own profession. He never commends any thing but in opposition to something else that he would undervalue, and commonly sides with the weakest, which is generous any where but in judging. He is worse than an *Index expurgatorius*; for he blots out all, and, when he cannot find a fault, makes one. He *demurrs* to all writers, and when he is *overruled*, will run into *contempt*. He is always bringing *writs of errour*, like a pettifogger, and *reversing of judgements*, though the case be never so plain. He is a mountebank, that is always quacking of the infirm and diseased parts of books, to shew his skill; but has nothing at all to do with the sound. He is a very ungentle reader, for he reads sentence on all authors that have the unhappiness to come before him; and therefore pedants, that stand in fear of him, always appeal from him before hand, by the name of Momus and Zoïlus, complain sorely of his extra-judicial proceedings, and protest against him as corrupt, and his judgement void, and of none effect; and put themselves into the protection of some powerful patron, who, like a knight-errant, is to encounter with the magician, and free them from his enchantments.

We speak with unfeigned earnestness when we recommend the following character to the attention of some of our good-natured friends, who, like honest Dogberry, "find in their hearts to bestow the whole of their tediousness upon us."

A Prater

Is a common nuisance, and as great a grievance to those that come near him, as a pewterer is to his neighbours. His discourse is like the braying of a mortar, the more impertinent the more voluble and loud, as a pestle makes more noise when it is rung on the sides of a mortar, than when it stamps downright, and hits upon the business. A dog that opens upon a wrong scent will do it oftener than one that never opens but upon a right. He is as long-winded as a ventiduct, that fills as fast as it empties, or a trade-wind, that blows one way for half a year together, and another as long, as if it drew in its breath

for six months, and blew it out again for six more. He has no mercy on any man's ears or patience, that he can get within his sphere of activity, but tortures him, as they correct boys in Scotland, by stretching their lugs without remorse. He is like an ear-wig, when he gets within a man's ear, he is not easily to be got out again. He is a siren to himself, and has no way to escape shipwreck but by having his mouth stopped, instead of his ears. He plays with his tongue as a cat does with her tail, and is transported with the delight he gives himself of his own making.

Butler is traditionally said to have been a man of bashful and reserved manners, till enlivened by the cheering influence of the bottle. In the following character, and elsewhere,* he has drawn, in strong colours, the blessings of a comfortable assurance.

An Impudent Man

Is one, whose want of money and want of wit have engaged him beyond his abilities. The little knowledge he has of himself being suitable to the little he has in his profession, has made him believe himself fit for it. This double ignorance has made him set a value upon himself, as he that wants a great deal appears in a better condition than he that wants a little. This renders him confident, and fit for any undertaking; and sometimes (such is the concurrent ignorance of the world), he prospers in it, but oftner miscarries, and becomes ridiculous; yet this advantage he has, that as nothing can make him see his error, so nothing can discourage him that way; for he is fortified with his ignorance, as barren and rocky places are by their situation, and he will rather believe that all men want judgement than himself. For as no man is pleased, that has an ill opinion of himself, Nature, that finds out remedies herself, and his own ease, render him insensible of his defects. From hence he grows impudent; for, as men judge by comparison, he knows as little what it is to be defective, as what it is to be excellent. Nothing renders men modest, but a just knowledge how to compare themselves with others; and where that is wanting, impudence supplies the place of it; for there is no vacuum in the minds of men, and commonly, like other things in nature, they swell more with rarefaction than condensation. The more men know of the world, the worse opinion they have of it; and the more they understand of truth, they are better acquainted with the difficulties of it, and consequently are the less confident in their assertions, especially in matters of probability, which commonly is squint-eyed, and looks

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* — he that hath but impudence,
To all things hath a fair pretence;
And, put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.
Hudibras.

nine ways at once. It is the office of a just judge to hear both parties, and he that considers but the one side of things, can never make a just judgement, though he may, by chance, a true one. Modesty is but a noble jealousy of honour, and impudence the prostitution of it; for he, whose face is proof against infamy, must be as little sensible of glory. Nature made man barefaced, and civil custom has preserved him so; but he that's impudent does wear a vizard more ugly and deformed than highway thieves disguise themselves with. Shame is the tender moral conscience of good men. When there is a crack in the skull, Nature herself, with a tough horny callus, repairs the breach; so a flawed intellect is with a brawny callus face supplied. The face is the dial of the mind; and where they do not go together, 'tis a sign that one or both are out of order. He that is impudent, is like a merchant that trades upon his credit without a stock, and, if his debts were known, would break immediately. He passes in the world like a piece of counterfeit coin, looks well enough until he is rubbed and worn with use, and then his copper complection begins to appear, and nobody will take him but by owl-light.

The Vintner will bring ungrateful recollections to such of our readers as have imbibed the "villainous compound" of his undegenerate descendants. We would recommend Mr. Accum to prefix the following passage to the next edition of his *Culinary Poisons*.

A Vintner

Hangs out his Bush to shew he has not good wine; for that, the proverb says, needs it not. He had rather sell bad wine than good that stands him in no more; for it makes men sooner drunk, and then they are the easier over-reckoned. By the knaveries he acts above-board, which every man sees, one may easily take a measure of those he does under-ground in his cellar; for he that will pick a man's pocket to his face, will not stick to use him worse in private, when he knows nothing of it. He does not only spoil and destroy his wines, but an ancient reverend proverb, with brewing and racking, that says, *In vino veritas*, for there is no truth in his, but all false and sophisticated; for he can counterfeit wine as cunningly as Apelles did grapes, and cheat men with it, as he did birds. He is an Anti-christian cheat; for Christ turned water into wine, and he turns wine into water. He scores all his reckonings upon two tables, made like those of the Ten Commandments, that he may be put in mind to break them as oft as possibly he can; especially that of stealing and bearing false witness against his neighbour, when he draws him bad wine, and swears it is good; and that he can take more for the pipe than the wine will yield him by the bottle; a trick that a Jesuit taught him to cheat his own conscience with. When he is found to over-reckon notoriously, he has one common evasion for all; and that is, to say it was a mistake; by which he means, that he thought they had not been sober enough to discover it; for if it had past, there had been no error at all in the case.

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The folly of the *Sot* is a fit companion for the knavery of the *Vintner.*

A Sot

Has found out away to renew, not only his youth, but his childhood, by being stewed, like old Æson, in liquor; much better than the virtuoso's way of making old dogs young again: for he is a child again at second hand, never the worse for the wearing, but as purely fresh, simple, and weak, as he was at first. He has stupified his senses by living in a moist climate according to the poet—*Bœotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.* He measures his time by glasses of wine, as the ancients did by water glasses; he is like a statue placed in a moist air; all the lineaments of humanity are mouldered away, and there is nothing left of him but a rude lump of the shape of a man, and no one part entire. He has drowned himself in a butt of wine, as the Duke of Clarence was served by his brother. He has swallowed his humanity, and drunk himself into a beast; as if he had pledged Madam Circe, and done her right. He is like a spring-tide; when he is drunk to his high-water mark, he swells and looks big, runs against the stream, and overflows every thing that stands in his way; but, when the drink within him is at an ebb, he shrinks within his banks, and falls so low and shallow, that cattle may pass over him. He governs all his actions by the drink within him, as a quaker does by the light within him; has a different humour for every nick his drink rises to, like the degrees of the weather glass, and proceeds from ribaldry and bawdery, to politics, religion, and quarrelling, until it is at the top, and then it is the dog-days with him; from whence he falls down again, until his liquor is at the bottom, and then he lies quiet, and is frozen up.

The *Melancholy Man* is unfortunately a character which is indigenous in our island. Butler's subject has the disorder in its greatest virulence: his is not "the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these."

A Melancholy Man

Is one, that keeps the worst company in the world, that is, his own, and though he be always falling out and quarrelling with himself, yet he has not power to endure any other conversation. His head is haunted, like a house, with evil spirits and apparitions, that terrify and fright him out of himself, till he stands empty and forsaken. His soul lives in his body, like a mole in the earth, that labours in the dark, and casts up doubts and scruples of his own imaginations, to make that rugged and uneasy, that was plain and open before. The temper of his brain being earthy, cold, and dry, is apt to breed worms, that sink so deep into it, no medicine in art or nature is able to reach them. He leads his life, as one leads a dog in a slip that will not follow, but is dragged along until he is almost hanged, as he has it often under con-

sideration to treat himself in convenient time and place, if he can but catch himself alone. He makes the infirmity of his temper pass for revelations, as Mahomet did by his falling sickness; and inspires himself with the wind of his own hypochondries. His mind is full of thoughts, but they are all empty, like a nest of boxes. He sleeps little, but dreams much, and soundest when he is waking. He sees visions further off than a second-sighted man in Scotland, and dreams upon a hard point with admirable judgement. He is just so much worse than a madman, as he is below him in degree of frenzy; for among madmen, the most mad govern all the rest, and receive a natural obedience from their inferiors.

The *Pedant* is one of those excrescences of learning which Butler delighted to cauterize.

A Pedant

Is a dwarf scholar, that never outgrows the mode and fashion of the school, where he should have been taught. He wears his little learning unmade up, puts it on before it was half finished, without pressing or smoothing. He studies and uses words with the greatest respect possible, merely for their own sakes, like an honest man, without any regard of interest, as they are useful and serviceable to things; and among those he is kindest to strangers, (like a civil gentleman,) that are far from their own country, and most unknown. He collects old sayings and ends of verses, as antiquaries do old coins, and is as glad to produce them upon all occasions. He has sentences ready lying by him for *all* purposes, though to *no one*, and talks of authors as familiarly as his fellow collegiates. He handles arts and sciences like those, that can play a little upon an instrument, but do not know whether it be in tune or not. He converses by the book; and does not talk, but quote. If he can but screw in something that an ancient writer said, he believes it to be much better than if he had something of himself to the purpose. His brain is not able to concoct what it takes in, and therefore brings things up, as they were swallowed, that is, crude and undigested, in whole sentences, not assimilated sense, which he rather affects; for his want of judgement, like want of health, renders his appetite preposterous. He is worse than one that is utterly ignorant, as a cock that sees a little fights worse than one that is stark-blind. He speaks in a different dialect from other men, and much affects forced expressions, forgetting that hard words, as well as evil ones, corrupt good manners. If he professes physic, he gives his patients sound hard words for their money, as cheap as he can afford; for they cost him money and study too, before he came by them, and he has reason to make as much of them as he can.

We shall conclude our extracts with the character of the *Antiquary*—the true progenitor of our worthy friend, Jonathan Oldbuck, but without the excellent qualities of head and heart which ennoble the whimsies of the Laird of Monkbarns.

An Antiquary

Is one that has his being in this age, but his life and conversation is in the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation, and slights the future; but has a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra.

All his curiosities take place of one another according to their seniority, and he values them not by their abilities, but their standing. He has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged that they have outlived their employments.—These he uses with a respect agreeable to their antiquity, and the good services they have done. He is a great time-server, but it is of time out of mind, to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retired from the present. His days were spent and gone long before he came into the world, and since his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of them. He has so strong a natural affection to any thing that is old, that he may truly say to dust and worms, *you are my father,* and to rottenness, *thou art my mother.* He has no providence nor fore-sight; for all his contemplations look backward upon the days of old, and his brains are turned with them, as if he walked backwards. He values things wrongfully upon their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all things in the world, like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence of which they are made up. He esteems no customs but such as have outlived themselves, and are long since out of use: as the catholics allow of no saints, but such as are dead, and the fanatics, in opposition, of none but the living.

Butler was a man who insisted on thinking and judging for himself. He was not one who would allow his mind to be "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in" by names and precedents. The gravest authorities are fearlessly weighed by him "in the balance, and found wanting." Though a party writer, he never compromises his independence or his intellect. The political and religious fanaticism of the puritans roused his unmingled hatred and contempt, and if he pursues them with incessant and unjustifiable bitterness, much allowance should be made for a man of a warm temperament and a satiric turn of mind, who saw religion used as a watchword for sedition and violence—an ignorant and intolerant zeal trampling upon every thing which was holy and venerable—and civil and religious liberty monopolized by its pretended champions. At this distance of time, we can perceive faults enow on both sides to justify a conscientious man in having been the enemy of either. To Butler's honour be it recorded, that while exposing the inconsistencies and absurdities of one party, he never glosses over the faults of the other. We meet in his writings with none of the slavish doctrines which, after the restoration, were so industriously inculcated by hirelings of all ranks, from the bench, and from the pulpit—in the

senate, and in Grub-street. He never prostitutes his talents to enforce the fashionable tenets of passive obedience and non-resistance—"the right divine of kings to govern wrong"—which cost the first Charles his head and his family the throne.

That such a writer as Butler should have been neglected by a profligate and arbitrary court ought not to excite a moment's surprise. His intellect was too sturdy and independent for their purposes: he was not a fit companion for the L'Estranges and the Birkenheads—"he stood amongst them, but not of them." *They* were labourers worthy of their hire, and went through their dirty work without any compunctious visitings. They received their reward, and Butler trusted for his to his conscience and to posterity.

Of Mr. Thyer's annotations we have only to add, that, excepting a few strange oversights,* they are generally pertinent and sensible, and have always the merit of being brief.

Since this article was written, the following passage has appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, in a critique on Mr. Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*—"That we may have enough of so good a thing, he subjoins the prose character of a whig 'drawn by the celebrated Butler,' and which sets out with stating him to be 'the spawn of a regicide, *hammered* out of a rank *Anabaptist hypocrite*,' and forthwith becomes too indecent to be farther transcribed. We will here just mention, for the edification of Mr. Hogg, that 'the celebrated Butler,' who, among many other vituperations, compares a whig to the nettle, because 'the more gently you handle him, the more he is apt to hurt you,' is well known to those who know any thing of literary history, to have lived in the family, supported by the bounty of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's captains, at the very time he planned his *Hudibras*, of which he was pleased to make his kind and hospitable patron the hero.—Now we defy the history of whiggism to match this anecdote—or to produce so choice a specimen of the human nettle."

Unfortunately for the infallibility of the Reviewer, it happens, that the passage which calls forth this tirade is NOT Butler's—it is not included in his *Genuine Remains*, nor even in the spurious collection which bears his name; but in the *Secret History of the Calves-head Club*, under the title of *The Character of a Calves-head Club-man*. It would require better authority than the assertion or the publisher of that miserable work, to make us believe the author of *Hudibras* guilty of such impotent

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* As for instance, doubting the existence of such a writer as Benlowes, (the well-known mock Mæcenas of his time,) and shrewdly conjecturing that Denham was the person aimed at.

scurrility. The charge against Butler of ingratitude is more serious, but, we trust, equally unfounded. Butler, it is true, lived some time in the family of Sir Samuel Luke, who was a justice of the peace, as his *clerk*. Of his treatment, while in his service, we know nothing: to take it for granted, that it was "kind" and "hospitable," in order to enhance the perfidy of Butler, is wanton and gratuitous malice, and it is equally uncandid and unjust to describe him as "supported by the *bounty*" of his employer. After all, it is extremely problematical, whether Sir Samuel was the hero of Butler's poem. The circumstance of the poet s having lived some time in the service of a distinguished puritan, was sufficient to make public report exalt the latter to that "bad eminence;" to say nothing of Sir Henry Rosewell and the other candidates for that distinction. Dr. Nash is decidedly of opinion, that he was *not* the Hero, and gives it as his belief, that Butler began his *Hudibras* while in the service of the Countess of Kent, *previous* to his living with Sir Samuel. But the strongest proof against the charge is in the work itself: there is so little of individuality about the knight—his folly is of such a motley description—his notions so heterogeneous—and his whole character so *outré*—that if Butler intended it for a likeness of any one man, we must say, he was a most wretched dauber: the portraits of Lilly, of Lilburne, of Shaftesbury, disprove such a supposition. It is a circumstance worthy of remark, that in his *Genuine Remains*, he never makes the slightest allusion to his reputed hero.

ART. V. *Lingua; or, The combate of the Tongue and the five Sences for Superioritie. A pleasant Comedie. London, Printed by Augustine Mathewes, for Simon Waterson.* 1632. 4*to.* [*Other editions;* 4*to.* 1607; 4*to.* 1617; 4*to.* 1622; 8*vo.* 1657.]

There are many reasons why we should select this excellent drama for the subject of our notice. It will be sufficient to mention two, its singular merit and its singular nature. The characters may be termed allegorical, though not strictly so; and yet there is as much of life and individuality infused into them as are to be found in the best copies of reality. Though they are abstract, yet the scenes pass off with as much spirit and humour as in the best wrought comedy, filled with actions drawn from nature, and persons whose originals are to be met with every day. And, in addition to this, the unknown author of *Lingua* possessed an invention and a store of rich expression which cannot but cause us to lament not only that he is unknown, but that he has not left us more of the productions of his manifestly

fertile brain. Before we proceed to describe the plot of this comedy, and make a selection from its scenes, we will give our readers some idea of the nature of the dramatis personæ. The principal mover of the action is *Lingua*, or the Tongue, who is apparelled in a white satten gowne, a dressing of white roses, a little skeane tied in a purple scarfe, a paire of white buskins drawne with white ribbands, silke garters, gloves, &c.

The five Senses are the next chief personages: *Auditus*, or the sense of Hearing; *Tactus*, that of Touch; *Visus*, or that of Sight; *Olfactus*, of Smell; and *Gustus*, the Taste—all attired in suitable dresses. *Communis Sensus*, or Common Sense, "a grave man in a black velvet cassocke like a counsellor," figures as a very important personage.

Added to these is *Memoria*, or Memory, "an old decrepit man, in a blacke velvet cassocke, a taffeta gowne, furred with white grogaram, a white beard, velvet slippers, a watch, staffe, &c.;" together with his page *Anamnestes*, or Remembrancer. We have also *Phantastes*, or Fancy, a most fantastical creature to behold, with his page *Heuresis*, or Invention; with a crowd of other equally substantial individuals, as *Appetitus*, *Somnus*, *Crapula*, &c.

The scene is *Microcosmus*, in a grove, and the Queen of *Microcosmus* is *Psyche*, or Empress Soul.

The moving spring of the action is no other than the ambition of *Lingua*, who considers that she has as much right to be esteemed a Sense as any of the Five, who treat her claims with contempt. With the assistance of her page *Mendacio*, or Liar, she devises means to set the five Senses at loggerheads, and, in the contention, she thinks she shall stand a chance of being heard, and may then take the opportunity of setting her pretensions in a formidable light. The five Senses quarrel about a robe and crown, which Mendacio feigns Mercury had sent "for the best," and straightway proceed to determine their respective claims by arms in the field. Common Sense, however, Chief Justice of *Microcosmus*, interferes, and prevails upon them to submit to his decision. He sits in judgment, contrives to soothe all parties; but *Lingua*, to whom he assigns the rank of a *sense* among women alone, is discontented with his award, and contrives, at the dinner of reconciliation given by *Gustus* or Taste, to make all the Senses drunk; who straightway begin to enact most ridiculous fancies, and are only quieted by *Somnus*, who lays them all asleep—*Lingua* among the rest. *Lingua*, however, talks in her sleep, and unconsciously discloses her whole contrivance and designs. The five Senses awake in a most amicable humour, are reconciled to each other, and Common Sense pronounces sentence of imprisonment upon *Lingua*, who is committed to the charge of *Gustus*, to be kept "under

XUM

the custodie of two strong doores ; and every day, till she come to eighty yeeres of age, to be well garded by thirty tall watchmen, without whose license she shall by no means wag abroad ; nevertheless to be used lady-like, according to her estate."

The following contains part of the objurgation between Lingua and Auditus. Lingua thus replies to the tauntings of Auditus, who treats her claims, to be considered a Sense, with contempt.

" *Ling.* If then your confidence esteeme my cause,
To be so frivolous and weakely wrought,
Why doe you dayly subtill plots devise,
To stop me from the eares of Common Sense ?
Whom since our great Queene Psyche hath ordain'd,
For his sound wisedome, our vice-governour,
To him, and to his too-wise assistance,
Nymble Phantastes, and firme Memory,
Myselfe and cause, I humbly doe commit,
Let them but heare and judge, I wish no more.
Aud. Should they but know thy rash presumption,
They would correct it in the sharpest sort :
Good Jove, what sense hast thou to be a sense ;
Since, from the first foundation of the world,
We never were accounted more than five ;
Yet you, forsooth, an idle prating dame,
Would faine increase the number, and upstart
To our high seates, decking your babling selfe
With usurp't titles of our dignity.
Ling. An idle prating dame : know, fond Auditus,
Records affirme my title full as good,
As his amongst the five is counted best.
Aud. Lingua, confesse the truth, th'art wont to lye.
Ling. I say so too, therefore I doe not lye,
But now, spight of you all, I speake the truth.
You five amongst us subiects tyrannize,
Making the sacred name of Common Sense
A cloak to cover your enormities :
He beares the rule, he's iudge, but iudgeth still,
As hee's inform'd by your false evidence.
So that a plaintiffe cannot have accesse,
But through your gates, he heares, but what ? nought else
But that thy crafty eares to him convayes,
And all he sees, is by proud Visus shew'd him,
And what he touches is by Tactus' hand,
And smels I know, but through Olfactus' nose,
Gustus begins to him what ere he tastes :

By these quaint tricks free passage hath beene bar'd,
That I could never equally be heard.
But well, 'tis well.

Aud. Lingua, thy feeble sexe
Hath hitherto with-held my ready hands,
That long'd to plucke that nimble instrument.

Ling. O, horrible ingratitude! that thou,
That thou of all the rest should'st threaten me:
Who by my meanes conceiv'st as many tongues,
As Neptune closeth lands betwixt his armes:
The ancient Hebrew, clad with mysteries,
*The learned Greeke, rich in fit epithites,**
Blest in the lovely marriage of pure words,
The Caldy wise, the Arabian physicall,
The Romane eloquent, the Tuscane grave,
The braving Spanish, and the smooth-tong'd French,
These precious iewels that adorne thine eares,
All from my mouthe's rich cabinet are stolne:
How oft hast thou beene chain'd vnto my tongue?
Hang'd at my lips, and ravisht with my words,
So that a speech, faire feather'd, could not flie,
But thy eares' pit-fall caught it instantly.
But now, O, heavens!

Aud. O, heavens, thou wrong'st me much,
Thou wrong'st me much thus falsely to upbraid me:
Had I not granted thee the use of hearing,
That sharpe-edg'd tongue, whetted against her master,
Those puffing lungs, those teeth, those dropsie lips,
That scalding throat, those nostrils full of ire;
Thy palate, proper instruments of speech,
Like to the winged chaunters of the wood,
Uttering nought else but idle sistements,

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* Mr. Payne Collier, in his very interesting *Poetical Decameron*, vol. 1. p. 34, thus cites these two lines,

——————"the learned Greek,
Blest in the lovely marriage of sweet words,"

as *Middleton* beautifully expresses it in that odd play of his with an odd title, *A Mad World, my Masters.*"—Mr. C. probably quoted from memory; but it seems extraordinary that he should attribute two beautiful verses like these to a comedy of the nature of the one to which he has referred them. The only connection we can perceive between *Lingua* and the *Mad World, my Masters,* is, that they stand next to one another in Dodsley's Collection.

Tunes without sense, words inarticulate,
Had nere bin able t'have abus'd me thus:
Words are thy children, but of my begetting.

Ling. Perfidious lyar, how can I endure thee,
Cal'st thou my unspotted chastity in question?
O, could I use the breath mine anger spends,
Id'e make thee know—

Aud. Heavens looke on my distresse!
Defend me from this rayling viperesse,
For if I stay, her words' sharpe vinegar
Will fret me through—Lingua, I must be gone:
I heare one call me more than earnestly. [*exit Auditus.*

Ling. May the loud cannoning of thunder-bolts,
Screeking of wolves, howling of tortur'd ghosts
Pursue thee still, and fill thy amaz'd eares
With cold astonishment and horrid feares.
O, how these senses muffle Common Sense,
And more and more with pleasing objects strive,
To dull his judgement and pervert his will
To their behests; who, were he not so wrapt
I'th duskie clouds of their darke policies,
Would never suffer right to suffer wrong:
Fie, Lingua, wilt thou now degenerate?
Art not a woman? do'st not love revenge?
Delightfull speeches, sweete perswasions
I have this long time us'd to get my right,
My right, that is, to make the senses sixe;
And have both name and power with the rest.
Oft have I season'd savory periods
With sugred words, to delude Gustus' taste,
And oft embelisht my entreative phrase
With smelling flowers of vernant rhetorique,
Limning and flashing it with various dyes,
To draw proud Visus to me by the eyes:
And oft perfum'd my petitory stile,
With civet speeches, t'entrap Olfactus' nose,
And clad myselfe in silken eloquence,
To allure the nicer touch of Tactus' hand.
But al's become lost labour, and my cause
Is still procrastinated; therefore, now
Hence ye base offspring of a broken mind,
Supple intreaties and smooth flatteries:
Go, kisse the love-sicke lippes of puling guls,
That still their braine to quench their love's disdaine;
Go gild the tongues of bawds and parasites,

Come not within my thoughts. But thou, Deceit,
Breake up the pleasure of my brim-full brest,
Enrich my mind with subtill policies.
Well then I'le goe—whither? nay, what know I?
And do, in faith I will, the devill knowes what;
What if I set them all at variance,
And so obtaine to speak, it must be so.
It must be so, but how? there lies the point:
How? thus;—tut, this device will never prove—
Augment it so—'twill be too soone discride,
Or so—not so, 'tis too too dangerous.
Pish, none of these—what if I take this course, ha?
Why there it goes, good, good, most excellent—
He that will catch eeles must disturbe the floud;
The chickens hatcht, y'faith, for they are proud,
And soone will take a cause of disagreement."

Lingua, producing a crown and robe, which she intends to throw in the way of the Senses as a bone of contention, describes the prize in these terms:

"*Ling.* Whilome this crowne and gorgeous ornament,
Were the great prize, for which five orators,
With the sharpe weapon of their tongues contended;
But all their speeches were so equall wrought,
And alike gracious, that if his were witty,
His was as wise; the third's faire eloquence
Did paralell the fourth's firme gravity,
The last good gesture kept the ballance even
With all the rest, so that the sharpest eye
And most judicious censor could not judge
To whom the hanging victory should fall:
Therefore with one consent they all agreed,
To offer up both crowne and robe to me,
As the chief patronesse of their profession;
Which heretofore I holily have kept,
Like to a miser's gold, to looke on only;
But now I'de put them to a better use."

Tactus first finds the insidious treasures, and, after admiring them, puts them on, and exclaims—*

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* Winstanley tells us, that on this play being acted by the students of Trinity College, Cambridge, Oliver Cromwell, then at that university, performed the part of *Tactus*, and of course had occasion

" Roses and bayes, packe hence: this crowne and robe,
My browes and body circles and invests.
How gallantly it fits me, sure the slave
Measur'd my head that wrought this coronet.
They lie that say complections cannot change;
My blood's enobl'd, and I am transform'd
Unto the sacred temper of a king:
Methinkes I heare my noble parasites
Stiling me Cæsar, or great Alexander,
Licking my feete, and wond'ring where I got
This precious ointment: how my pace is mended!
How princely doe I speake, how sharpe I threaten!
Peasants, I'le curbe your head-strong impudence,
And make you tremble when the lyon roares,
Ye earth-bred wormes! oh, for a looking glasse:
Poets will write whole volumes of this scarre,
Wher's my attendants? Come hither, sirra, quickly,
Or by the wings of Hermes."——

He is interrupted by some of the other Senses, and is compelled to resort to some very humorous shifts, to conceal his treasure and send them off.

Common Sense demands of Mendacio, or the Liar, some account of the respective armaments of the Senses, whom he is informed are drawn up in battle array to contend for the crown and robe. Mendacio gives him a long description of the armies, written in an admirable vein of ludicrous exaggeration and mock-heroic dignity.

" *Pha.* Hot youths I protest, saw you those warlike preparations?
Men. Lately, my lords, I spied into the army,
But oh, 'tis farre beyond my reach of wit,
Or strength of utterance, to describe their forces.
Com. S. Go to, speake what thou canst.
Men. Upon the right hand of a spacious hill,

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to repeat this speech. He, it is said, entered with such spirit and animation into the part, that it is supposed the promptings of his future ambition then first rose in his breast—an anecdote curious enough if it were true. It is possible that Cromwell may have assisted in the representation of this play, though it was published many years before he was born. The consequence attributed to its effects is, however, sufficiently absurd. It should be recollected that Cromwell was a fellow commoner of Sidney, while the play is said to have been represented at Trinity College, a circumstance which almost alone destroys the credit of the story.

Proud Visus marshalleth a puissant army,
Three thousand eagles strong, whose valiant captaine
Is Jove's swift thunder-bearer, that same bird,
That hoist up Ganimede from the Troyan plaines:
The vant-gard strengthen'd with a wonderous flight
Of faulcons, haggards, hobbies, terselets,
Lanards, and goshaukes, spar-haukes, and ravenous birds,
The rereward granted to Auditus' charge,
Is stoutely follow'd with an impetuous heard
Of stiffe-neckt buls, and many horne-mad stagges
Of the best head the forrest can afford.

Pha. I promise you a fearefull troupe of souldiers.

Men. Right opposite stands Tactus, strongly mann'd,
With three thousand bristled urchins for his pikemen:
Four hundreth tortesses for elephants,
Besides a monstrous troupe of ugly spiders,
Within an ambushment, he hath commanded
Of their owne guts to spin a cordage fine,
Whereof t'have fram'd a net (O, wondrous worke)
That, fastned by the concave of the moone,
Spreads downe itselfe to th' earth's circumference.

Mem. 'Tis very strange, I cannot remember the like engine at any time.

Men. Nay more, my lord, the maskes are made so strong,
That I myselfe upon them scal'd the heavens,
And boldly walk't about the middle region,
Where, in the province of the meteors,
I saw the cloudy shops of haile and raine,
Garners of snow, and christals full of dew,
Rivers of burning arrowes, dens of dragons,
Huge beames of flames, and speares like fire-brands,
Where I beheld hot Mars and Mercurie,
With rackets made of speares, and balls of starres,
Playing at tennis for a tunne of nectar:
And that vast gaping of the firmament
Under the southerne pole, is nothing else
But the great hazzard of their tennis court:
The Zodiacke is their line. The shooting starres
Which in an eye-bright evening seem to fall,
Are nothing but the bals they lose at bandy.
Thus having tooke my pleasure with those sights,
By the same net I went up, I descended.

Com. S. Well, sirra, to what purpose tends this stratagem?

Men. None know directly, but I thinke it is
T' intrap the eagles when the battailes joyne.

Pha. Who takes Tactus his part?

Men. Under the standard of thrice hardy Tactus,
Thrice valiant Gustus leades his warlike forces,
An endlesse multitude of desperate apes,
Five hundred marmosets, and long tail'd monkies,
All trained to the field, and nimble gunners.

Pha. I imagine ther's odd mowing amongst them, methinkes a handful of nuts would turne them all out of their souldier's coates.

Men. Ramparts of pastry-crust and forts of pies,
Entrench'd with dishes full of custard stuffe,
Hath Gustus made, and planted ordinance,
Strange ordinance, cannons of hollow canes,
Whose powder's rape-seede, charg'd with turnip-shot.

Mem. I remember, in the country of Utopia, they use no other kind of artillery.

Com. S. But what's become of Olfactus?

Men. He politickly leanes to neither part,
But stands betwixt the camps as at recite,
Having great wine, his pioneers, to entrench them.

Pha. In my foolish imagination, Olfactus is very like the goddesse of victory, that never takes any part but the conquerors.

Men. And in the woods, he placed secretly
Two hundred couple of hounds and hungry mastiffes:
And o're his head hover at his command
A cloud of vultures, which o'respread the light,
Making a night before the day be done,
But to what end not knowne, but fear'd of all.

Pha. I conjecture hee intends to see them fight, and after the battel, to feed his dogs, hogs, and vultures, upon the murthered carcasses.

Mem. My lorde, I thinke the fury of their anger wil not bee obedient to the message of Lingua, for otherwise in my conceit they should have beene here ere this: with your lordship's good liking, weel'e attend upon you to see the field for more certainty.

Com. S. It shall be so. Come Master Register, let's walke."

In the trial before Common Sense, each Sense brings his respective *shew*, in order to exhibit his merits in the most striking manner, and is also required to "describe his respective instrument, that is, his house where he performs his dayly duty, so that, by the object and the instrument, my Lord can with great ease discern their place and dignities." Visus first submits his pretensions, and comes on to the stage accompanied by figures attired as *Lumen*, *Cœlum*, *Terra*, and with globes, rainbows, looking-glasses, &c. Visus thus opens his case.

Vis. Lo, here the object that delights the sight.

The goodliest objects that man's heart can wish,
For all things that the orbe first moveable,
Wrapt in the circuit of his large stretcht armes,
Are subject to the power of Visus' eyes,
That you may know what profit light doth bring,
Note Lumen's words, that speakes next following.

Lu. Light, the faire grand-child to the glorious sun,
Opening the casements of the rosie morne,
Makes the abashed heavens soone to shunne
The ugly darkenesse it embrac't beforne,
And, at his first appearance, puts to flight
The utmost reliques of the hel-borne night.
This heavenly shield, soone as it is displaid,
Dismaies the vices that abhorre the light:
To wanderers, by sea and land, gives ayd,
Conquers dismay, re-comforteth affright,
Rouzeth dull idlenesse, and starts soft sleepe,
And all the world to dayly labour keepes.
This a true looking-glasse impartiall,
Where beautie's selfe her selfe doth beautifie,
With native hue, not artificiall,
Discovering falshood, opening verity.
The daye's bright eye colours distinction:
Just judge of measure and proportion.
The onely meanes by which each mortall eye
Sends messengers to the wide firmament,
That to the longing soule brings presently
High contemplation and deepe wonderment;
By which aspirement she her wings displaies,
And herselfe thither whence she came upraise.

Pha. What blue thing's that, that's dapled so with stars?

Vis. He represents the heaven.

Pha. In my conceit it were pretty, if hee thundred when hee speakes.

Vis. Then none could understand him.

Cœl. Tropicke, colours, the equinoctial,
The zodiacke, poles, and line ecliptical,
The nadir, zenith, and anomalies;
The azimuth, and ephimerides,
Stars, orbes, and planets, with their motions,
The oriental regradations;
Excentricks, epicycts, and—and—and—

Pha. How now, Visus, is your heaven at a stay?
Or is it his Motus trepidationis that makes him stammer?
I pray you, Memory, set him agate againe.

* * * * * * *

Com. S. Leave your jesting, you'le put the fresh actor out of countenance.

Cœl. Excentricks, epicyctes, and aspects,
In sextile, trine, and quadrate, which effects
Wonders on earth; also the oblique part
Of signes, that make the day both long and short,
The constellations rising cosmical.
Setting of stars, chronicke,and heliacall,
In the horizon or meridionall,
And all the skill in deepe astronomy,
Is to the soule derived by the eye.

Pha. Visus, you have made Cœlum a heavenly speech, past earthly capacity, it had bin as good for him he had thundred. But I pray you, who taught him to speake and use no action? methinks it had bin excellent to have turn'd round about in his speech.

Vis. He hath so many motions, he knowes not which to begin withall.

Pha. Nay, rather it seemes hee's of Copernicus' opinion, and that makes him stand stil. [*Terra comes to the midst of the stage, stands still a while, says nothing, and steps back.*

Com. S. Let's heare what Terra can say,——just nothing.

Vis. An it like your lordship, 'twere an indecorum Terra should speake.

Mem. You are deceiv'd, for I remember, when Phaëton rul'd the sun, I shal never forget him, he was a very pretty youth, the earth opened her mouth wide, and spoke a very good speech to Jupiter.

Anam. By the same token, Nilus hid his head then, he could never find it since.

Pha. You know, Memory, that was an extreame hot day, and 'tis likely Terra sweat much, and so tooke cold presently after, that ever since she hath lost her voice."

The trial thus proceeds, till Visus is called on to describe his dwelling in Mount Cephalon, or the Head. He then gives this beautiful allegorical description of the eyes.

" *Vis.* Under the fore-head of Mount Cephalon,
That overpeeres the coast of Mycrocosme,
Al in the shadow of two pleasant groves,
Stand my two mansion houses, both as round
As the cleare heavens, both twins as like each other
As starre to starre, which, by the vulgar sort,
For their resplendent composition,
Are nam'd the bright eyes of Mount Cephalon;
With foure fair roomes those lodgings are contriv'd,
Foure goodly roomes in forme most spherical,
Closing each other like the heavenly orbes:

The first whereof, of Nature's substance wrought,
As a strange moate the other to defend,
Is trained moveable by art divine,
Stirring the whole compacture of the rest:
The second chamber is most curiously
Composed of burnisht and transparent horne.

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The third's a lesser roome of purest glasse,
The fourth's smallest, but passeth all the former,
In worth of matter: built most sumptuously
With wals transparant of pure christaline.
This the soule's mirrours, and the bodie's guide,
Lov's cabinet, bright beacons of the realme,
Casements of light, quiver of Cupid's shafts:
Wherein I sit, and immediatly receive
The species of things corporeall.
Keeping continuall watch and centinell,
Lest forraine hurt invade our microcosm,
And warning give, if pleasant things approach
To entertaine them; from this costly roome
Leadeth, my lord, an entry to your house,
Through which I hourely to yourselfe convey
Matters of wisedome by experience bred:
Art's first invention, pleasant vision,
Deepe contemplation, that attires the soule
In gorgeous robes of flowing literature.
Then, if that Visus hath deserved best,
Let his victorious brow with crowne be blest."

But far the most delightful of these scenes, in which the Senses are supposed to be pleading their cause before the grave and wise Lord Common Sense, is that wherein Auditus is introduced, who enters in a trance of admiration at sounds, which none can hear save himself. Phantasy, however, soon works himself up to imagine he hears them too; and old Memory, as usual, does remember him that he heard them a long time ago. Nothing can be more admirable than the spirit with which these two characters are supported through the whole drama. There is hardly a scene to which Phantasy does not give some portion of romantic wildness, or in which Memory, by his deep reaches into old time, does not excite a great many venerable associations. Indeed, the whole play gives one an idea of a fairy land, where we are indulged with glimpses of a race of most amusing creatures, composed of a strange mixture of drollery and seriousness, whose persons we seem to have some recollection

of, though we are well assured we could never have seen them before. But it is time to listen with Auditus—See, he enters:

Aud. Harke, harke, harke, harke, peace, peace, O, peace, O, sweet, admirable, swan-like, heavenly; harke, O, most mellifluous straine, O, what a pleasant close was there, O, ful, most delicate.

Com. S. How now, Phantastes, is Auditus mad?

Pha. Let him alone, his musicall head is alwayes full of odde crotchets.

Aud. Did you marke the dainty driving of the last point? an excellent maintaining of the song, by the choise tympan of mine eare, I never heard a better, hist, st, st, harke, why there's a cadence able to ravish the dullest stoicke.

Com. S. I know not what to thinke on him.

Aud. There, how sweetly the plaine song was dissolved into descant, and how easily they came off with the last rest? harke, harke, the bitter-sweetest achromaticke.

Com. S. Auditus!

Aud. Thanks, good Apollo, for this timely grace, never could'st thou in fitter: O, more than musicall harmony! O, most admirable concert! have you no eares? doe you not hear this musicke?

Pha. It may be good, but, in my opinion, they rest too long in the beginning.

Aud. Are you then deafe? do you not yet perceive the wonderous sound the heavenly orbes do make with their continuall motion? harke, O, honey sweet.

Com. S. What tune do they play?

Aud. Why such a tune as never was, nor ever shall be heard, marke now, now marke, now, now.

Pha. List, list, list.

Aud. Harke, O, sweete, sweete, sweete.

Pha. List, now my heart envies my happy eares. Hisht, by the gold-strung harp of Apollo, I heare the celestial musick of the spheres as plainly as ever Pythagoras did. O, most excellent diapason! good, good, good. It playes *fortune my foe*, as distinctly as may bee.

Com. S. As the foole thinketh, the bel clinketh; I protest I heare no more than a post.

Pha. What, the Lavata hay? Nay, if the heavens fiddle, Phansy must needes daunce.

Com. S. Prithee, sit stil, thou must daunce nothing but the passing measures; Memory, do you heare this harmony of the spheres?

Mem. Not now, my lord, but I remember about some four thousand yeeres ago, when the sky was first made, we heard very perfectly.

Ana. By the same token, the first tune the planets played I remember, Venus the treble ran sweet division upon Saturne the base. The first tune they placed was *Sellengers round*, in memory whereof, ever since, it hath bin called the beginning of the world.

Com. S. How comes it we cannot heare it now?

Mem. Our eares are so wel acquainted with the sound, that wee never marke it. As I remember, the Ægyptian Catadupes never heard

the roaring of the fal of Nylus, because the noyse is so familiar unto them.

Com. S. Have you no other objects to judge by than these, Auditus?

Aud. This is the rarest and most exquisite,
Most spherical, divine, angelicall,
But since your duller eares cannot reforme it,
May it please your worship to withdraw yourselfe
Unto this neighboring grove, there shall you see
How the sweete treble of the chirping birds,
And the soft stirring of the moved leaves,
Running delightful descant to the sound
Of the base murmuring of the bubling brooke,
Becomes a concert of good instruments;
While twenty babling ecchoes round about,
Out of the stony concave of their mouths,
Restore the vanisht musicke of each close,
And fill your eares ful with redoubled pleasure.

Com. S. I wil walke with you very willingly, for I grow weary of sitting. Come, M. Register and M. Phantastes."

Worthy old Common Sense, whom we plainly see is not of a kind to relish the unsubstantial treats of Auditus, thus departs; but not the witty knaves in waiting, Mendacio and Anamnestes.

Men. Prithee, Nam, be perswaded, is't not better go to a feast then stay here for a fray?

Ana. A feast? dost thinke, Auditus wil make the judges a feast?

Men. Faith I, why should he carry them to his house else?

Ana. Why, sirra, to heare a set or two of songs, and his banquets are nothing but fish; all sol, sol, sol. I'le teach thee wit, boy; never go mee to a musitian's house for junkets, unlesse thy stomacke lies in thine eares; for there's nothing but commending this song's delicate ayre, that motet's dainty aire, this sonnet's sweet ayre; that madrigal's melting ayre; this dirge's mournefull ayre; this church ayre; that chamber ayre, French ayre, English ayre, Italian ayre; why, lad, they bee pure Camelions, they feede only upon the ayre."

On their return, Auditus describes his dwelling-place to the Umpire, in these ingenious lines:

"Upon the sides of faire mount Cephalon
Have I two houses, passing humane skill,
Of finest matter by Dame Nature wrought,
Whose learned fingers have adorn'd the same
With gorgeous porches of so strange a forme,
That they command the passengers to stay:

The doores whereof in hospitality
Nor day, nor night, are shut, but open wide,
Gently invite all comers; whereupon
They are nam'd, the open eares of Cephalon.
But, least some bolder sound should boldly rush,
And break the nice composture of the worke,
The skilful builder wisely hath inrang'd
An entry from each port, with curious twines
And crookt meanders, like the labyrinth
That Dedalus fram'd to inclose the Minotaure;
At end whereof is plac't a costly portal,
Resembling much the figure of a drumme,
Granting slow entrance to a private closet;
Where, dayly with a mallet in my hand,
I sit and frame al words and sounds that come
Upon an anvile, and so make them fit
For the perewinckling pore, that winding leads
From my close chamber to your lordship's cell;
Thither do I, chief justice of all accents,
Psyche's next porter, Microcosme's front,
Learning's rich treasurer, bring discipline,
Reason's discourse, knowledge of forraine states,
Loud fame of great Heroes' vertuous deeds:
The marrow of grave speeches and the flowers
Of quickest wits, neat jests, and pure conceits,
And often times to ease the heavy burthen
Of government your lordship's shoulders beare,
I thither do conduce the pleasing nuptials
Of sweetest instruments, with heavenly noise:
If then, Auditus have deserv'd the best,
Let him be dignified before the rest."

Tactus enters for the trial without his shew, and appears in anger; whereupon Common Sense asks—

"*Com. S.* What, in such anger, Tactus? what's the matter?
Tact. My lord, I had thought, as other Senses did,
By sight of objects to have prov'd my worth:
Wherefore considering that of all the things
That please me most, women are counted chiefe,
I had thought to have represented in my shew
The queen of pleasure, Venus, and her sonne,
Leading a gentleman enamored,
With his sweete touching of his mistresse lips,
And gentle griping of her tender hands,

And divers pleasant relishes of touch,
Yet all contained in the bounds of chastity.

Pha. Tactus, of all I long to see your objects.
How comes it we have lost those pretty sports?

Tact. Thus 'tis, five houres agoe, I set a dozen of maids to attire a boy like a nice gentlewoman, but there is such doing with their looking-glasses, pinning, unpinning; setting, unsetting; formings and conformings; painting blew veines and cheekes; such stirre with stickes and combes, cascanets, dressings, purles, falles, squares, buskes, bodies, scarffes, necklaces, carcanets, rebatoes, borders, tires, fannes, palizadoes, puffes, ruffes, cuffes, muffes, pusles, fusles, partlets, frislets, bandlets, fillets, croslets, pendulets, amulets, anulets, bracelets, and so many lets, that she is scarce drest to the girdle: and now there's such calling for fardingalls, kirtles, buske-points, shooeties, &c. that seven pedlers' shops, nay, all Sturbridge-faire, will scarce furnish her: a ship is sooner rig'd by far, than a gentlewoman made ready.

Pha. 'Tis strange, that women, being so mutable,
Will never change in changing their apparel.

Com. S. Well, let them passe; Tactus, we are content to know your dignity by relation.

Tact. The instrument of instruments, the hand,
Courtesie's index, chamberlaine to nature,
The bodie's souldier, and mouth's caterer,
Psyche's great secretary, the dumbe's eloquence,
The blind man's candle, and his forehead's buckler,
The minister of wrath, and friendship's signe,
This is my instrument: neverthelesse, my power
Extends itselfe farre as our queene commands,
Through all the parts and climes of Microcosme.
I am the roote of life, spreading my vertue
By sinewes that extend from head to foote,
To every living part.
For, as a subtle spider closely sitting
In center of her web, that spreadeth round,
If the least flie but touch the smallest thread,
She feeles it instantly; so doth myselfe,
Casting my slender nerves and sundry nets
Over every particle of al the body,
By proper skill perceive the difference
Of several quallities, hot, cold, moist, and dry;
Hard, soft, rough, smooth, clammy, and slippery,
Sweet pleasure and sharpe paine profitable,
That makes us wounded seeke for remedy:
By these meanes doe I teach the body flie
From such bad things as may endanger it.
A wall of brasse can be no more defence

Unto a towne, than I to Microcosme.
Tell me, what Sense is not beholding to me?
The nose is hot or cold, the eyes do weepe,
The eares doe feele, the taste's a kind of touching,
That, when I please, I can command them all,
And make them tremble when I threaten them:
I am the eldest and biggest of the rest,
The chiefest note, and first distinction,
Betwixt a living tree and living beast;
For, though one heare, and see, and smell, and taste,
If he want touch, he is counted but a blocke.
Therefore, my lord, grant me the royalty,
Of whom there is such great necessity."

After a fair hearing of all sides, Common Sense comes to a decision, and thus awards: addressing himself to the Senses, he says:

Com. S. Though you deserve no small punishment for these uprores, yet, at the request of these my assistants, I remit it, and by the power of judgement our gracious soveraigne, Psyche, hath given me, I thus determine of your controversies: hum! By your former objects, instruments, and reasons, I conceive the state of Sense to be divided into two parts, one of commodity, the other of necessitie, both which are either for our queene, or for our countrey; but, as the soule is more excellent than the body, so are the senses that profit the soule to bee estimated before those that are needful for the body. Visus and Auditus serve yourselves; Master Register, give me the crowne; because it is better to be wel, than simply to be, therefore I judge the crowne, by right, to belong to you of the commoditie's part, and the robe to you of the necessitie's side; and since you, Visus, are the author of invention, and you, Auditus, of increase and addition to the same; seeing, it is more excellent to invent than to augment, I establish you, Visus, the better of the two, and chiefe of al the rest, in token whereof I bestow upon you this crowne to weare at your liberty.

Vis. I most humbly thanke your lordships.

Com. S. But, lest I should seeme to neglect you, Auditus, I here chuse you to be the lord's intelligencer to Psyche, her majesty; and you, Olfactus, we bestow upon you the chiefe priesthood of Microcosme, perpetually to offer incense in her majestie's temple: as for you, Tactus, upon your reasons alleged, I bestow upon you the robe.

Tactus. I accept it most gratefully at your just hands, and will weare it in remembrance of your good lordship.

Com S. And lastly, Gustus, we elect you Psyche her only taster, and great purveyor for all her dominions both by sea and land, in her realme of Microcosme.

Gust. We thanke your lordship, and rest wel content with equall arbitrement.

Com. S. Now for you, Lingua.

Ling. I beseech your honour, let me speake; I will neither trouble the company, nor offend your patience.

Com. S. I cannot stay so long, wee have consulted about you, and find your cause to stand upon these terms and conditions. The number of senses in this little world is answerable to the first bodies in the great world: now, since there be but five in the universe, the foure elements, and the pure substance of the heavens, therfore there can bee but five senses in our Microcosme, correspondent to those; as the sight to the heavens, hearing to the aire, touching to the earth, smelling to the fire, tasting to the water; by which five meanes onely, the understanding is able to apprehend the knowledge of all corporeall substances, wherefore wee judge you to bee no sense simply; onely thus much wee from henceforth pronounce, that all women for your sake shall have sixe senses: that is, seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, touching, and the last and feminine sense, the sense of speaking."

Besides the main stream of the principal action, there are numerous scenes between the minor personages, which do not only afford considerable amusement, but, likewise, give us interesting information concerning the manners of the times in which our unknown author wrote. Take, for instance, the following dialogue between the imaginative Mendacio and the gluttonous Appetitus, or, as he styles himself, King of Hungary.

"*Ap.* Hang this superiority, crowne me no crowne, but Bacchus' crowne of roses; give me no scepter, but a fat capon's leg, to shew that I am the great King of Hungary; therefore I prithee, talke no more of state matters, but, in briefe, tell mee, my little rascall, how thou hast spent thy time this many a day?

Men. Faith, in some credit, since thou saw'st me last.

Ap. How so? where?

Men. Every where: in the court, your gentlewomen hang me at their apron-strings, and that makes them answere so readily. In the city, I am honoured like a god, none so well acquainted with your tradesmen: your lawyers all the terme time hire me of my lady; your gallants, if they heare my name abused, stabbe for my sake; your travailers so dote upon me as passes. O, they have good reason, for I have carried them to many a good meale under the countenance of my familiaritie; nay, your statesmen have oftentimes closely conveied me under their tongues, to make their policies more current; as for old men, they challenge my company by authoritie.

Ap. I am exceeding glad of your great promotion.

Men. Now, when I am disposed, I can philosophy it in the universitie with the subtilest of them all.

Ap. I cannot be perswaded that th'art acquainted with scholars, ever since thou wert prest to death in a printing-house.

Men. No; why I was the first founder of the three sects of philosophy, except one of the peripateticks, who acknowledge Aristotle (I confesse) their great grandfather.

XUM

Ap. Thou boy, how is this possible? thou art but a boy, and there were sects of philosophy before thou wert borne.

Men. Appetitus, thou mistakest me; I tell thee, three thousand yeares' agoe was Mendacio borne in Creete, nurst in Greece, and ever since honoured every where: I'le bee sworne, I held old Homer's pen, when hee writ his Iliads and his Odyssees.

Ap. Thou hadst need, for I heare say he was blind.

Men. I helped Herodotus to pen some part of his Muses, lent Pliny inke to write his history, rounded Rabalais in the eare when he historified Pantagruell; as for Lucian I was his genius, O those two bookes, De vera Historia, howsoever they got under his name, I'le be sworne I writ them every tittle.

Ap. Sure as I am hungry, thou'st have it for lying. But hast thou rusted this latter time for want of exercise?

Men. Nothing lesse; I must confesse, I would faine have jogged Stow and great Holingshead on their elbowes, when they were about their chronicles; and, as I remember, Sir John Mandevil's travels, and a great part of the Decads, were of my doing. But for the Mirrour of Knighthood, Bevis of Southampton, Palmerin of England, Amadis of Gaule, Huen of Burdeaux, Sir Guy of Warwicke, Martin Marprelate, Robinhood, Garagantua, Gerilion, and a thousand such exquisite monuments as these, no doubt but they breathe on my breath up and downe."

Phantastes exclaims:

"Oh, heavens! how have I bin troubled in this latter times with women, fooles, babes, taylers, poets, swaggerers, guls, ballad-makers, they have almost disrobed mee for all the toies and trifles I can devise; were it not that I pitty the multitude of printers, these sonnet-mungers should starve for conceits of all Phantastes. But the puling lovers, I cannot but laugh at them and their encomions of their mistresses: they make, forsooth, her haire of gold, her eyes of diamond, her cheekes of roses, her lips of rubies, her teeth of pearle, and her whole bodie of ivorie; and when they have thus idol'd her, like Pigmalion, they fall down and worship her. Psyche, thou hast layd a hard taske upon my shoulders, to invent at every one's aske, were it not that I refresh my dulnes once a day with thy most angelicall presence, 'twere unpossible for me to undergoe it."

Memory says:

"I remember that I forgot my spectacles, I left them in the 349th page of Hall's Chronicle, where hee tells a great wonder of a multitude of mice which had almost destroyed the countrey, but that there resorted a great mighty flight of owles that destroied them: Anamnestes, read these articles distinctly."

We are, however, compelled to take our leave of this amusing production, and we cannot do it better than with the following extract. It seems, that the year 1632 was as much

afflicted with critics, antiquaries, and newsmongers, as the present, or, at least, if the evil had not arrived to its present extent, its novelty caused it to be as severely felt.

" *Com. S.* Come, good Master Register, I wonder you bee so late now adayes.

Mem. My good lord, I remember that I knew your grandfather in this your place, and I remember your grandfather's great grandfather's grandfather's father's father, yet, in those dayes, I never remember that any of them could say, that Register Memory ever broke one minute of his appointment.

Com. S. Why, good father, why are you so late now adayes?

Mem. Thus 'tis; the most customers I remember myselfe to have are (as your lordship knowes) schollers, and now adayes the most part of them are become critickes, bringing me home such paltry things to lay up for them, that I can hardly find them againe.

Pha. Jupiter, Jupiter, I had thought these flies had bit none but myselfe; doe critickes tickle you yfaith?

Mem. Very familiarly; for they must know of me, forsooth, how every idle word is written, in all the mustie, moth-eaten manuscripts, keepe in all the old libraries in every city betwixt England and Peru (is requisite.)

Com. S. Indeed, I have noted these times to affect antiquities more than——

Mem. I remember, in the age Assaracus and Ninus, and about the warres of Thebes, and the siege of Troy, there was few things committed to my charge, but those that were well worthy the preserving; but now every trifle must be wrapt up in the volume of eternitie; a rich pudding-wife or a cobler cannot die, but I must immortallize his name with an epitaph: a dogge cannot soil a nobleman's shoe, but it must be sprinckled into the chronicles, so that I never could remember my treasure more full, and never emptier of honourable and true heroicall actions.

Pha. By your leave, Memory, you are not alone troubled; chronologers, many of them, are so phantasticke, as when they bring a captaine to the combat, lifting up his revengefull arme to dispart the head of his enemy, theile hold up his armes so long, til they had bestowed three or foure pages in discribing the gold hilts of his threatning faulchion. So that in my fancy, the reader may well wonder his adversary stabs him not before he strikes: moreover, they become most palpable flatterers, alwayes begging at my gates for invention.

Com. S. This is great fault in a chronologer to turne parasite, an absolute history should be in feare none, neither should hee write any thing more than trueth for friendship, or lesse for hate, but keepe himselfe equall and constant in all his discourses; but for us, we must be contented, for as our honors encrease, so must the burthen of the cares of our offices urge us to waxe heavy.

Pha. But not till our backes breake, s'lud, there was never any so hanted as I am; this day there comes a sophister to my house, knocks at my doore, his errand being ask'd, forsooth his answere was, to bor-

row a faire suit of conceits out of my wardrop, to apparell a shew he had in hand; and what thinke you is the plot?

Com. S. Nay, I know not, for I am little acquainted with these toyes.

Pha. Meanewhile, hee's somewhat acquainted with you, for hee's bold to bring your person upon the stage.

Com. S. What, me? I cannot remember that I was ever brought upon the stage before.

Pha. Yes; you, and you, and myselfe, with all my phantasticall tricks and humours; but I trow, I have fitted them with fooleries, I trust he'l never trouble me againe.

Com. S. O times, O manners! when boyes dare to traduce men in authority; was ever such an attempt heard?

Mem. I remember there was. For (to say the trueth) at my last being at Athens (it is now, let me see, about one thousand six hundred yeres agoe) I was at a comedy of Aristophanes' making, (I shall never forget it.) The arch-governour of Athens tooke me by the hand, and placed me; and there, I say, I saw Socrates abused most grossely, himselfe beeing then a present spectator; I remember, he sate full against me, and did not so much as shew the least countenance of discontent.

Com. S. In those dayes it was lawfull, but now the abuse of such liberty is unsufferable.

Pha. Thinke what you will of it, I thinke 'tis done, and I thinke it is acting by this time; harke, harke, what drumming's yonder; I'le lay my life they are comming to present the shew I spake off.

Com. S. It may be so; stay, wee'le see what 'tis."

This play has been commonly attributed to Antony Brewer, the author of the *Country Girl* and the *Love-sick King;* a mistake originating with Phillips, who, not rightly comprehending the plan of Kirkman's Catalogue of Plays, gave birth to a great number of similar errors.* The talents of Brewer, it is true, were esteemed highly by his contemporaries, but we have no proofs remaining in his surviving productions, which warrant us in assigning to him a drama so full of various talent as *Lingua.* The date of its publication is, moreover, forty or fifty years prior to the two plays of which he is doubtless the author: and it cannot be supposed that a genius equal to the production of *Lingua* would lie dormant for forty years, and then rouse itself to achieve a play of no higher merit than the *Country Girl.* The claim of Antony Brewer seems to us founded upon the slightest grounds, and we lament that so much praise as would justly accrue to the author of this excellent play must still remain unappropriated.

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* Vide Biog. Dram. Art. Brewer.

ART. VI. *Disquisitions on several Subjects;* 1782; 12*mo.*—*pp.* 182. [*By* Soame Jenyns.]

We venture to assert, that there are few books in the language, of the same size as the little volume before us, containing more acute and ingenious reasoning, abounding in more lively illustration or more elegant and polished composition. Its author is Soame Jenyns; a writer of whose life or works it is unnecessary for us to give any account, as the particulars of both are to be found in every biographical dictionary. Suffice it to say, that he was a gentleman of the best kind—independent in his feelings and circumstances, and drawing a fund of calm and equable pleasure from study and reflection, and the resources of a cultivated and accomplished mind. Of the peculiar and characteristic traits of his genius, the little book, which we are about to recommend to the notice of our readers, will afford ample means of judging. What may be the share of public attention which the works of our author are in the habit of receiving at the present day, we are unable to state; but we are led to believe, that it is not very considerable, and that such as it may be, it is confined to his excellent treatise on the *Evidences of Christianity*, and his *Enquiry into the Origin of Evil.* So that we hold ourselves amply justified in noticing so late a production as the present Disquisitions, which possess both the internal claim of excellence and the external one of neglect. To those who do not possess this little volume we fearlessly recommend them to procure it, and unhesitatingly promise them a rich, though small, store of instruction and entertainment. This recommendation, however, we do not wish should rest on our authority alone; for we are well convinced that the extracts, which we shall quote, will be a sufficient inducement not only to purchase, but to read.

The Disquisitions are eight in number:—1. On the chain of universal being. 2. On cruelty to inferior animals. 3. On a pre-existent state. 4. On the nature of time. 5. On the analogy between things material and intellectual. 6. On rational Christianity. 7. On government and civil liberty. 8. On religious establishments.—Some of these subjects, it will be observed, are of an abstruse nature; but let not any one be deterred, by supposing that an abstruse subject must be treated in a dry and uninteresting manner. It will readily be seen, that most of them are of so extensive and deep an order that they cannot be fully discussed in so short a compass. But it is not the way of Soame Jenyns to run into full discussion on any

topic, if by full discussion is meant a deliberate view of the matter in all its different aspects, and a regular clearing away of all the opinions and assertions that have been maintained by others on the question. Our author invariably looks upon his subject in some novel and interesting point of view, and is perfectly regardless of what may or may not have been said by other writers. He takes but one line or stream of argument, and that is from a source of his own discovery, which almost invariably leads him to the point he aims at. It is most curious to see the penetrating manner in which he contrives to dive into the question through the stagnant collections of error, prejudice, and the rubbishy opinions of others. There is nothing more striking to the reader, than the short cut which he always makes to a conclusion, and that by no means by any false or deceitful road. The subjects upon which we are accustomed to see bulky volumes written, here dwindle into a few pages of lively and elegant composition. And when we have perused a disquisition, we involuntarily ask, what more is wanted, or why have we been so laden hitherto with divisions, sub-divisions, deductions, and definitions. We are not, indeed, of opinion, that our author is always right in his conclusions, for we more than in one instance disagree with him—but then, though far from being in every case convinced, we have been in every case entertained by ingenious composition, and subtile reasoning placed in a novel point of view.

The first Essay, on the chain of universal being, is chiefly remarkable for the complete and elegant manner in which this mysterious connection is shewn to exist. The reasoning in it is of that sort which carries conviction, by the method of stating and setting forth the bearings of the question. It may, perhaps, be not unfitly called the reasoning of developement, which requires nothing more than an unveiling or disclosing of the hidden link of circumstances, and not an invention of arguments, but a mere opening of the eyes to the nature of things; as the microscope only betrays, and does not produce the veins of a leaf or the pores of an insect.

From this we shall only extract the following short passage.

"The manner by which the consummate wisdom of the divine Artificer has formed this gradation, so extensive in the whole, and so imperceptible in the parts, is this:—he constantly unites the highest degree of the qualities of each inferior order to the lowest degree of the same qualities, belonging to the order next above it; by which means, like the colours of a skilful painter, they are so blended together, and shaded off into each other, that no line of distinction is any where to be seen. Thus, for instance, solidity, extension, and gravity, the qualities of mere matter, being united with the lowest degree of vegetation,

compose a stone; from whence this vegetative power ascending through an infinite variety of herbs, flowers, plants, and trees, to its greatest perfection in the sensitive plant, joins there the lowest degree of animal life in the shell-fish, which adheres to the rock; and it is difficult to distinguish which possesses the greatest share, as the one shows it only by shrinking from the finger, and the other by opening to receive the water which surrounds it. In the same manner this animal life rises from this low beginning in the shell-fish, through innumerable species of insects, fishes, birds, and beasts, to the confines of reason, where, in the dog, the monkey, and chimpanzè, it unites so closely with the lowest degree of that quality in man, that they cannot easily be distinguished from each other. From this lowest degree in the brutal Hottentot, reason, with the assistance of learning and science, advances through the various stages of human understanding, which rise above each other, till in a Bacon or a Newton it attains the summit."

The next, on cruelty to animals, is a most able enforcement of the feelings of humanity, produced by merely counteracting the effects of custom, which familiarizes us to behold scenes of barbarity without the slightest regard. By stating the treatment of the inferior race of beings as it really exists, and by placing us in a new relative situation towards them by an analogical supposition, he completely effects his purpose of striking us with horror at the actions which we are every day witnesses of.

"No small part of mankind derive their chief amusements from the deaths and sufferings of inferior animals; a much greater, consider them only as engines of wood or iron, useful in their several occupations. The carman drives his horse, and the carpenter his nail, by repeated blows; and so long as these produce the desired effect, and they both go, they neither reflect or care whether either of them have any sense of feeling. The butcher knocks down the stately ox with no more compassion than the blacksmith hammers a horse-shoe; and plunges his knife into the throat of the innocent lamb, with as little reluctance as the taylor sticks his needle into the collar of a coat."

Again:

"If there are some few, who, formed in a softer mould, view with pity the sufferings of these defenceless creatures, there is scarce one who entertains the least idea, that justice or gratitude can be due to their merits or their services. The social and friendly dog is hanged without remorse, if, by barking in defence of his master's person and property, he happens unknowingly to disturb his rest: the generous horse, who has carried his ungrateful master for many years with ease and safety, worn out with age and infirmities contracted in his service, is by him condemned to end his miserable days in a dust-cart, where the more he exerts his little remains of spirit the more he is whipped, to save his stupid driver the trouble of whipping some other, less obedient

to the lash. Sometimes, having been taught the practice of many unnatural and useless feats in a riding-house, he is at last turned out and consigned to the dominion of a hackney-coachman, by whom he is every day corrected for performing those tricks which he has learned under so long and severe a discipline. The sluggish bear, in contradiction to his nature, is taught to dance, for the diversion of a malignant mob, by placing red-hot irons under his feet: and the majestic bull is tortured by every mode which malice can invent, for no offence, but that he is gentle, and unwilling to assail his diabolical tormentors."

He thus concludes:

"Though civilization may in some degree abate this native ferocity, it can never quite extirpate it; the most polished are not ashamed to be pleased with scenes of little less barbarity, and, to the disgrace of human nature, to dignify them with the name of sports. They arm cocks with artificial weapons, which nature had kindly denied to their malevolence, and, with shouts of applause and triumph, see them plunge them into each other's hearts: they view with delight the trembling deer and defenceless hare flying for hours in the utmost agonies of terror and despair, and at last, sinking under fatigue, devoured by their merciless pursuers: they see with joy the beautiful pheasant and harmless partridge drop from their flight, weltering in their blood, or, perhaps, perishing with wounds and hunger, under the cover of some friendly thicket to which they have in vain retreated for safety: they triumph over the unsuspecting fish, whom they have decoyed by an insidious pretence of feeding, and drag him from his native element by a hook fixed to and tearing out his entrails: and, to add to all this, they spare neither labour nor expense to preserve and propagate these innocent animals, for no other end but to multiply the objects of their persecution.

"What name should we bestow on a superior Being, whose whole endeavours were employed, and whose whole pleasure consisted in terrifying, ensnaring, tormenting, and destroying, mankind? Whose superior faculties were exerted in fomenting animosities amongst them, in contriving engines of destruction, and inciting them to use them in maiming and murdering each other? Whose power over them was employed in assisting the rapacious, deceiving the simple, and oppressing the innocent? Who, without provocation or advantage, should continue from day to day, void of all pity and remorse, thus to torment mankind for diversion, and at the same time endeavour with their utmost care to preserve their lives, and to propagate their species, in order to increase the number of victims devoted to his malevolence, and be delighted in proportion to the miseries which he occasioned? I say, what name detestable enough could we find for such a being? Yet, if we impartially consider the case, and our intermediate situation, we must acknowledge, that, with regard to inferior animals, just such a being is a sportsman."

The Essay on the pre-existent state, though, doubtless, inconclusive, is equally beautiful and ingenious with the rest.—If

it have no other effect, it will set the reader's thoughts to work on a curious and interesting subject.

The most striking of all these Disquisitions is the fourth, on the nature of time; in which the author proves time to be *nothing*, and draws from this seeming paradox various new and amusing corollaries. He thus commences:

"We are so accustomed to connect our ideas of time with the history of what passes in it, that is, to mistake a succession of thoughts and actions for time, that we find it extremely difficult, perhaps impossible, totally to separate or distinguish them from each other: and, indeed, had we power to effect this in our minds, all human language is so formed, that it would fail us in our expression: yet certain it is, that time abstracted from the thoughts, actions, and motions, which pass in it, is actually nothing: it is only the mode in which some created beings are ordained to exist, but in itself has really no existence at all.

"Though this opinion may seem chimerical to many, who have not much considered the subject, yet it is by no means new, for it was long since adopted by some of the most celebrated philosophers of antiquity, particularly by the Epicureans; and is thus well expressed by Lucretius:

> "*Tempus item per se non est; sed rebus ab ipsis*
> *Consequitur sensus, transactum quod sit in ævo,*
> *Tum quæ res instat, quid porro deinde sequatur;*
> *Nec per se, quemquam tempus sentire, fatendum est,*
> *Semotum ab usum, motu, plăcidaque quiete."*

> "Time of itself is nothing; but from thought
> Receives its rise, by lab'ring fancy wrought,
> From things consider'd: while we think on some
> As present, some as past, and some to come:
> No thought can think on time, that's still confess'd,
> But thinks on things in motion, or at rest." CREECH.

He thus states the nature of time in contradistinction to eternity.

"With the other mode of existence we are sufficiently acquainted, being that in which Providence has placed us, and all things around us, during our residence on this terrestrial globe; in which all ideas follow each other in our minds in a regular and uniform succession, not unlike the tickings of a clock; and by that means all objects are presented to our imaginations in the same progressive manner: and if any vary much from that destined pace, by too rapid or too slow a motion, they immediately become to us totally imperceptible. We now perceive every one, as it passes, through a small aperture separately, as in the camera obscura, and this we call time; but at the

conclusion of this state we may probably exist in a manner quite different; the window may be thrown open, the whole prospect appear at one view, and all this apparatus, which we call time, be totally done away: for time is certainly nothing more, than the shifting of scenes necessary for the performance of this tragi-comical farce, which we are here exhibiting, and must undoubtedly end with the conclusion of the drama. It has no more a real essence, independent of thought and action, than sight, hearing, and smell have, independent of their proper organs, and the animals to whom they belong, and when they cease to exist, time can be no more. There are, also, several passages in the scriptures, declaring this annihilation of time, at the consummation of all things: *And the angel, which I saw stand upon the sea and the earth, lifted up his hand towards heaven, and swore by him that liveth for ever and ever, &c. that there should be time no longer.**

"To this opinion of the non-entity of time it has by some been objected, that time has many attributes and powers inherent in its nature; and that whatever has attributes and powers must itself exist: it is infinite, say they, and eternal; it contains all things; and forces itself on our imaginations in the absence of all other existence: but to this it may be answered, that the human mind is able in the very same manner to realize nothing; and then all the same attributes and powers are applicable with equal propriety to that nothing, thus supposed to be something:

> † Nothing, thou elder brother ev'n to shade!
> Thou had'st a being, ere the world was made,
> And well fix'd art alone of ending not afraid.

"Nothing is infinite and eternal; that is, hath neither beginning nor end: it contains all things; that is, it begins where all existence ends; and therefore surrounds and contains all things: it forces itself on the mind in the absence of all existence; that is, where we suppose there is no existence we must suppose there is nothing: this exact resemblance of their attributes and powers, more plainly demonstrates that time is nothing."

From the principles he lays down, some "useful and entertaining conclusions are drawn." The first is as follows:

"If time be no more than the succession of ideas and actions, however these may be accelerated or retarded, time will be just the same: that is, neither longer or shorter, provided the same ideas and actions succeed one another, as far, I mean, as it relates to beings so thinking and acting. For instance, were the earth and all the celestial bodies to perform the same revolutions in one day which they now perform in a whole year, and were all the ideas, actions, and lives, of mankind hastened on in the same proportion, the period of our lives would not be in the least shortened; but that day would be exactly

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* Rev. x. 5. † Lord Rochester.

equal to the present year: if in the space of seventy or eighty of these days a man was born, educated, and grown up, had exercised a profession, had seen his children come to maturity, his grand-children succeed them, and during this period had had all his ideas and actions, all his enjoyments and sufferings, accelerated in the same proportion, he would not only seem to himself and to all who lived in the same state with him, and measured time by the same standard, to have lived so long, but actually and in fact would have lived as long as one who resides on this globe as great a number of our present years."

And the third:

"From hence it is evident, that we can form no judgment of the duration of the lives, enjoyments, and sufferings, of other animals, with the progression of whose ideas we are totally unacquainted, and who may be framed in that respect, as well as in many others, so widely different from ourselves. The gaudy butterfly, that flutters in the sunshine but for a few months, may live as long as the stupid tortoise, that breathes for a century; the insect, that survives not one diurnal revolution of the sun, may, for any thing we know, enjoy an age of happiness; and the miserable horse, that appears to us to suffer the drudgery of ten or twenty years, may finish his laborious task in as many months, days, or hours."

The sixth corollary is, also, well worth quoting.

"From what has been said, we may perceive into what amazing absurdities many of our ablest divines and metaphysicians have plunged, in their investigations of eternity, for making which their receipt is usually this: they take of time a sufficient quantity, and chopping it in small pieces, they dispose them in imaginary lengths, which they distinguish by the names of minutes, hours, days, years, and ages: then, feeling in their own minds a power of multiplying these as often as they think fit, they heap millions upon millions; and finding this power to be a machine that may be worked backwards and forwards with equal facility, they extend their line both ways, and so their eternity is compleated, and fit for use: they then divide it in the middle, and out of a single eternity they make two, as they term them, *a parte ante* and *a parte post;* each of which having one end, may be drawn out, like a juggler's ribband, as long as they please. The contradictions so manifest in this system, sufficiently declare its falsehood: for in adopting it we must acknowledge, that each half of this eternity is equal to the whole: that in each the number of days cannot exceed that of the months, nor the months be more numerous than the years, they being all alike infinite; that whether it commenced yesterday or ten thousand years since, the length of its duration must be the same; for the length depends not on the beginning but on the end, but that cannot be different where there is no end at all: the absurdity of all these propositions is too glaring to stand in need of any refutation; for it is evident, that whatever contains parts,

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length, or numbers, can never be infinite; whatever had a beginning must have an end, because beginning and ending are the modes of temporary existence: what has no end could have no beginning, because both are equally inconsistent with eternity. In truth, all these absurdities arise from applying to eternity our ideas of time, which, being two modes of existence intirely different, bear not the least relation to each other: time is in its nature finite and successive; eternity infinite and instantaneous; and therefore their properties are no more applicable to each other, than those of sounds to colours, or of colours to sounds; and we can no more form eternity out of time, than, by mixing red, blue, and green, we can compose an anthem or an opera."

The following, we think, will strike our readers as very satisfactory and ingenious.

"It has been frequently asked, why God created the universe at the time in which he did create it, and why he suffered millions of ages to pass away before the commencement of so glorious a work? To this it may be replied with equal conciseness and truth, that in fact no such ages ever did or could pass before it was created; nor was it created in any time at all; for neither the essence or actions of God have the most distant relation to time; he has been pleased in his infinite wisdom to bestow on some parts of his creation a temporal mode of existence, and from this alone time derives its origin: to suppose time antecedent to temporal existence, is to suppose effects to precede their causes; and not less absurd, than to imagine, that there could be perception before sensitive beings, or thought before intelligent beings existed. This very question proves the absurdity of connecting time and eternity together; for if God's power of creating is coeval with his existence, that existence eternal, and that eternity only time extended, this evident contradiction follows, that God, though always equally able, yet in fact never could create any thing so soon, but that he might have created it sooner: that is, in other words, that he never could create any thing as soon as he could. All this puzzle arises from our foolishly supposing, that eternal and temporal beings must act in a manner similar to each other; if we do any thing, it must be done at some time or other; but God acts in ways as different from ours, as inconceivable to us; his ways are not like our ways, nor his thoughts like our thoughts: one day is to him as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day; that is, neither of them, with his manner of existing, thinking, or acting, have any connection whatever.

"All disputes about God's foreknowledge and predestination are of the same species, and derive their birth intirely from the same absurd supposition. Foreknowledge and predestination imply succession, and are relative to time, which has no relation to the essence or perception of the Creator of all things: and therefore, in the sense usually applied to them, cannot with any propriety be attributed to him. He knows all things and ordains all things; but as all things are equally present to the divine intuition, it is impossible that he can foreknow or predestinate any thing.

"Of the same kind are all questions concerning the præ-existent and future state of the soul, arising likewise from confounding our ideas of these two modes of existence, temporal and eternal: whenever the soul is united with a body, perceiving all things by succession through material organs, it acquires ideas of time, and can form none of existence unconnected with it; but whenever this union is dissolved, it probably returns again to its native mode of eternal existence, in which the whole circle of its perception being at once visible, it has nothing further to do with time; it is neither old or young, it lives no more in the seventeenth than in the seventh century, no nearer to the end than the beginning of the world: all ideas of years and ages, of præ-existence and futurity, of beginning and ending, will be totally obliterated: and possibly it will be as incapable of forming any conceptions of time, as it is now of eternity. The soul, therefore, being quite unconnected with time, whenever it is unconnected with a body, cannot properly be said to exist in another time, either prior or posterior, but only in another manner.

"Every argument, also, endeavouring to prove the injustice and disproportion of eternal punishments for temporal offences, is founded on the same erroneous principles, and admits of the same answer; that all computations of the magnitude of such punishments from their duration, by heaping years and ages upon each other, are absurd and inconsistent with that state in which they are to be inflicted: crimes will there be punished according to the degrees of their malignity, but neither for a long, or a short, nor for any time at all; for all punishments must be correspondent to the state in which they are suffered: in an eternal state they must be eternal, in a temporal they must be temporal; for it is equally impossible that a being can be punished for a time, where no time is, as that it should be punished everlastingly in a state which itself cannot last. As therefore, from the nature of things, this dispensation is necessary, it cannot be unjust, and from the infinite wisdom and goodness of the Author of nature, we may reasonably presume that it cannot be disproportioned to its several objects."

He concludes in the following lively strain:

"After all that has been here advanced, I am not insensible that we are here so constantly conversant with temporal objects, and so totally unacquainted with eternal, that few, very few, will ever be able to abstract existence from time, or comprehend that any thing can exist out of, and unconnected with it: in vain should I suggest, that the various planets are peopled by the divine wisdom with a variety of beings, and even this terrestrial globe with innumerable creatures, whose situations are so different, that their manner of existence is quite unknown and incomprehensible to each other; that millions inhabit the impenetrable recesses of the unfathomable ocean, who can no more form conceptions of any existence beyond the limits of that their native element, than we ourselves can beyond the boundaries of time; and that therefore, in reality, time may be no more necessary to

existence than water, though the mode of that existence we are unable to comprehend. But, I well know, these analogous arguments have little weight; the prejudice of education, the strength of habit, and the force of language, all formed on the supposed union of existence with time, will persuade men to reject this hypothesis as vain and chimerical. To all busy men, and men of business, to all jogging on in the beaten roads of professions, or scrambling up the precipices of ambition, these considerations must appear unprofitable illusions, if not incomprehensible nonsense; for to endeavour to convince a merchant subsisting on long credit, a lawyer enriched by delay, a divine who has purchased a next presentation, a general who is in no hurry to fight, or a minister whose object is the continuance of his power, that time is nothing, is an arduous task, and very unlikely to be attended with success. Whoever desires to taste or understand such abstracted speculations, must leave for awhile the noisy bustle of worldly occupations, and retire into the sequestered shades of solitude and contemplation: from whence he will return, certainly not richer, possibly not wiser, but probably more susceptible of amusement from his own company for want of better, and more able to draw entertainment from his own imaginations; which, in his journey through life, he will often find an acquisition not altogether inconsiderable."

In the Essay "on the analogy between things material and intellectual," the language is more florid and polished than in any of the others, and the ingenuity with which he displays the curious coincidences and relations existing between the moral and the material world, equally remarkable.

Take the following specimens.

"In the material world, for instance, we see all disorders cured by their own excesses; a sultry calm fails not to produce a storm, which dissipates the noxious vapours, and restores a purer air; the fiercest tempest, exhausted by its own violence, at length subsides; and an intense sun-shine, whilst it parches up the thirsty earth, exhales clouds, which quickly water it with refreshing showers. Just so in the moral world, all our passions and vices, by their excesses, defeat themselves: excessive rage renders men impotent to execute the mischiefs which they threaten; repeated treacheries make them unable to deceive, because none will trust them; and extreme profligacy, by the diseases which it occasions, destroys their appetites, and works an unwilling reformation.

"As in the natural world, the elements are restrained in their most destructive effects, by their mutual opposition; so in the moral, are the vices of mankind prevented from being totally subversive of society, by their continually counteracting each other: profusion restores to the public the wealth which avarice has detained from it for a time; envy clips the towering wings of ambition; and even revenge, by its terrors, prevents many injuries and oppressions: the treachery of the thief discovers his accomplices; the perfidy of the prostitute brings the highwayman to justice; and the villainy of the assassin puts an end to the cruelty of a tyrant."

And again:

"We behold with admiration the vivid azure of the vaulted sky, and variegated colours of the distant clouds; but, if we approach them on the summit of some lofty mountain, we discover that the beauteous scene is all illusion, and find ourselves involved only in a dreary fog, or a tempestuous whirlwind; just so, in youth, we look up with pleasing expectation to the pleasures and honours which we fondly imagine will attend maturer age; at which, if we arrive, the brilliant prospect vanishes in disappointment, and we meet with nothing more than a dull inactivity or turbulent contentions.

"The properties of the various seasons of the year, the gaiety of spring, the vigour of summer, the serenity of autumn, and the gloom of winter, have been so often assimilated to the corresponding periods of human life; the dangers and disquietudes of grandeur so often compared to the tempestuous situation of lofty mountains; and the quiet safety of inferior stations, to the calm security of the humbler vale, that a repetition of them here would be impertinent and useless; yet they all contribute to point out that analogy which uniformly pervades every part of the creation with which we are acquainted."

The tendency of the three remaining Essays may be considered doubtful. Our author certainly does not lean to what is called the liberal side of the question, but yet his views are too elevated, and his reasoning too lively and ingenious, to be confounded with the prejudiced and bigoted diatribes of men, who loudly defend the systems that be, only because they are. In religion, perhaps, our author too decidedly rejects the co-operation of reason with faith; and in civil and ecclesiastical polity, allows his love of ease and quiet to blind him to the difference between personal security and personal liberty.

Though we may refuse our assent to the conclusions to be drawn from the following passage, we cannot deny it to be very amusing.

"That all men are born free. This is so far from being true, that the first infringement of this liberty is being born at all; which is imposed upon them, without their consent given either by themselves or their representatives; and *it may easily be shewn, that man, by the constitution of his nature, never subsists a free and independent being, from the first to the last moment of his residence on this terrestrial globe; where, during the first nine months of his existence, he is confined in a dark and sultry prison, debarred from light and air; till at length, by an habeas corpus brought by the hand of some kind deliverer, he is set at liberty: but what kind of liberty does he then enjoy? he is bound hand and foot, and fed upon bread and water, for as long a period; no sooner is he unbound, than he makes so bad a use of his liberty, that it becomes necessary that he should be placed in a state of the severest discipline; first under a nurse, and then a schoolmaster, both equal tyrants in their several departments; by whom he is again confined without law,*

condemned without a jury, and whipt without mercy. In this state of slavery he continues many years, and at the expiration of it, he is obliged to commence an involuntary subject of some civil government; to whose authority he must submit, however ingeniously he may dispute her right, or be justly hanged for disobedience to her laws. And this is the sum total of human liberty. Perhaps it may be said, that all this may be ingenious ridicule, but cannot be intended for serious argument; to which I reply, that it is the most serious argument that can be offered, because it is derived from the works and the will of our Creator; and evidently shews, that man was never designed by him to be an independent and self-governed being, but to be trained up in a state of subordination and government in the present life, to fit him for one more perfect in another: and, if it was not a reflection too serious, I should add, that, in the numerous catalogue of human vices, there is not one which so completely disqualifies him from being a member of that celestial community, as a factious and turbulent disposition, and an impatience of controul; which frequently assumes the honourable title of the love of liberty."

He thus attempts to explode the doctrine of the tacit compact between the governors and the governed.

"This imaginary compact is represented by some, as a formal agreement entered into by the two contracting parties, by which the latter give up part of their natural independence, in exchange for protection granted by the former; without which voluntary surrender, no one man, or body of men, could have a right to controul the actions of another; and some have gone so far as to assert, that this surrender cannot be made binding by representation, that parents cannot consent to it for their children, or nations for individuals, but that every one must give his personal concurrence, and that on this alone the constitution of every government is or ought to be founded: but all this is a ridiculous fiction, intended only to subvert all government, and let mankind loose to prey upon each other; for, in fact, no such compact ever was proposed or agreed to, no such natural independence ever possessed, and consequently can never have been given up. We hear a great deal about the constitutions of different states, by which are understood some particular modes of government, settled at some particular times, which ought to be supported with religious veneration through all succeeding ages: in some of these, the people are supposed to have a right to greater degrees of liberty than in others, having made better bargains for themselves, and given up less of their natural independence: but this, and all conclusions drawn from these premises, must be false, because the facts on which they are founded are not true; for no such constitutions, established on general consent, are any where to be found; all which, we see, are the offsprings of force or fraud, of accident, and the circumstances of the times, and must perpetually change with those circumstances: in all of them, the people have an equal right to preserve or regain their liberty, whenever they are able. But the question is not, what right

they have to liberty; but, what degree of it they are capable of enjoying, without accomplishing their own destruction. In some countries this is very small, and in none can it be very great, because the depravity of human nature will not permit it. Compact is repugnant to the very nature of government; whose essence is compulsion, and which originates always from necessity, and never from choice or compact; and it is the most egregious absurdity, to reason from the supposed rights of mankind in an imaginary state of nature, a state the most unnatural, because in such a state they never did or can subsist, or were ever designed. The natural state of man is by no means a state of solitude and independence, but of society and subordination; all the effects of human art are parts of his nature, because the power of producing them is bestowed upon him by the author of it. It is as natural for men to build cities, as for birds to build nests; and to live under some kind of government, as for bees and ants; without which he can no more subsist than those social and industrious insects; nor has he either more right or power than they, to refuse his submission. But if every man was possessed of this natural independence, and had a right to surrender it on a bargain, he must have an equal right to retain it; then he has a right to chuse, whether he will purchase protection at the price of freedom, or whether he prefers liberty and plunder to safety and constraint: a large majority of mankind, who have neither property nor principles, would undoubtedly make choice of the latter, and all these might rob, and murder, and commit all manner of crimes with impunity; for, if this their claim to natural independence is well founded, they could not be justly amenable to any tribunal upon earth, and thus the world would soon become a scene of universal rapine and bloodshed. This shews into what absurdities we run, whenever we reason from speculative principles, without attending to practicability and experience: for the real truth is no more than this, every man, by the constitution of human nature, comes into the world under such a degree of authority and restraint, as is necessary for the preservation and happiness of his species and himself; this is no more left to his choice, than whether he will come into the world or not; and this obligation he carries about with him, so long as he continues in it. Hence he is bound to submit to the laws and constitution of every country in which he resides, and is justly punishable for disobedience to them. To ask a man whether he chuses to be subject to any law or government, is to ask him, whether he chuses to be a man, or a wild beast, and wishes to be treated accordingly. So far are men from being possessed of this natural independence, on which so many systems of anarchy have been erected, that submission to authority is essential to humanity, and a principal condition on which it is bestowed: man is evidently made for society, and society cannot subsist without government, and therefore government is as much a part of human nature, as a hand, a heart, or a head; all these are frequently applied to the worst of purposes, and so is government; but it would be ridiculous from thence to argue, that we should live longer and happier without them. The Supreme Governor of the world has not determined who shall be his vicegerents,

nor what forms of government shall be adopted; but he has unalterably decreed, that there shall be some; and therefore, though no particular governors can lay claim to a divine right of ruling, yet government itself is of divine institution, as much as eating, and for the same reason, because we cannot subsist without it."

This lively little work was written at the advanced age of seventy-eight. It met with considerable attention on its appearance, and a few answers were excited by the paradoxical nature of some of its opinions. Since which time, we believe this specimen of pure and animated English has been classed with the ephemeral publications which die with the sensation they produce.

ART. VII.—*Gondibert, an Heroick Poem. Written by* Sir William Davenant, 12mo. *London,* 1651, *pp.* 243.

It is not our intention in this place to give any biographical account of the eventful life of Sir William Davenant. Our sole design is to consider the heroic fragment on which his fame as a poet chiefly depends. The two first books of it were ushered into the world by a long preface, developing the plan of the poem, which the author addressed to Mr. Hobbes; and by the answer of that philosopher, together with commendatory verses by Waller and Cowley. Its appearance excited the raillery of the wits of the day, who attacked the author in a pamphlet of satirical verses, to which he replied with equal wit and some temper.* Davenant's rejection of all supernatural machinery has given rise to a great deal of discussion and inconsistent criticism. His audacity in choosing to think for himself, and write an epic poem on a principle contrary to the ancient and approved receipt for its construction, has been treated as a high crime against the laws of Parnassus, and himself deemed worthy of banishment from its domains. It is not our wish to revive this controversy, more especially after the ample though tardy justice which has been rendered to Davenant on this subject, by an elegant critic† of the present day. His scheme of construct-

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* Mr. D'Israeli differs from all preceding critics, and considers this second publication a continuation of the satirical attack of the 'Club of Wits,' the irony deriving additional bitterness from being concealed under the disguise of a pretended defence.—*Quarrels of Authors,* v. 2, p. 231.

† Miscellanies in Prose, by John Aikin, M.D., and Letitia Barbauld.

ing it on the exact model of a drama, the five books being parallel to the five acts, and the cantos to the scenes, was more plausible in theory, than feasible in execution. To think of making a poem, which is in its nature essentially narrative, bear any strict resemblance to a drama, which is the converse, was a vain attempt. And the author's hope, that he had not only observed the symmetry of the drama as a whole, but exactly followed all the shadowings, happy strokes, secret graces, and even the drapery which constitute the second beauty of those compositions, may be pronounced to have been entirely fallacious. *Gondibert* is framed on a rigid principle, and executed in a chaste and severe style. It is in fact too didactic, and is written with such curious and elaborate study, as not only incumbers, but in some degree hides, the progress of the story. There is a want of earnestness and vital heat about it, of

"The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind."

To compensate for this, however, there is a chivalrous spirit and grandeur in the sentiments—a deep perception of the noble and majestic qualities of human nature, and a reach of philosophical thought which is truly admirable. It might indeed, with almost as much propriety, be termed a philosophical as an epic poem.—The diction displays an extraordinary power of compressed and vigorous expression, but it is rather the result of rude strength shaping his language to his ideas by the force of will, than that comprehensive command over it which enables a writer to express his thoughts with facility and grace.—Although it possesses power, it wants flexibility,—arising probably from his extreme labour and scrupulousness to convey his sentiments with the utmost possible force and brevity; the consequence is, that he is sometimes affected and not unfrequently obscure. This defect is increased by the elegiac stanza which Davenant has selected; a choice which, notwithstanding a great master of versification has professedly followed it, we do not think judicious, nor our author's reasons for it sufficient.—But on such a subject, Davenant has a right to be heard in his own words.

"I believed, it would be more pleasant to the reader, in a work of length, to give this respite or pause between every stanza (having endeavour'd that each should contain a period) than to run him out of breath with continu'd couplets. Nor doth alternate rhyme, by any lowliness of cadence, make the sound less heroick, but rather adapt it to a plain and stately composing of musick; and the brevity of the stanza renders it less subtile to the composer, and more easie to the singer; which in stilo recitativo, when the story is long, is chiefly requisite. And this was indeed (if I shall not betray vanity in my con-

fession) the reason that prevail'd most towards my choice of this stanza, and my division of the main work into cantos, every canto including a sufficient accomplishment of some worthy design or action; for I had so much heat (which you, sir, may call pride, since pride may be allow'd in Pegasus, if it be a praise to other horses) as to presume they might, like the works of Homer ere they were joyn'd together, and made a volume by the Athenian king, be sung at village-feasts; though not to monarchs after victory, nor to armies before battel. For so, as an inspiration of glory into the one, and of valour into the other, did Homer's spirit, long after his bodie's rest, wander in musick about Greece."

Davenant, having nearly completed a third book during his imprisonment at Cowes Castle, in the Isle of Wight, desisted from his design, thinking it "high time to strike sail and cast anchor, (though he had run but half his course) when at the helm he was threatened with death, who, though he can visit us but once, seems troublesome, and even in the innocent may beget such a gravity as diverts the music of verse." The hope of fame, which he had fondly cherished, was not likely to be much encouraged by the reception of his two first books; and from his postcript, which is written in a beautiful strain, he appears to have grown less sanguine, although not altogether out of heart.

"If thou art a malicious reader, thou wilt remember, my preface boldly confessed, that a main motive to this undertaking, was a desire of fame; and thou mayst likewise say, I may very possibly not live to enjoy it. Truly I have some years ago consider'd, that fame, like time, onely gets a reverence by long running; and that, like a river, 'tis narrowest where 'tis bred, and broadest afar off; but this concludes it not unprofitable; for he, whose writings divert men from indiscretion and vice, becomes famous, as he is an example to others' endeavours: and exemplary writers are wiser than to depend on the gratuities of this world; since the kind looks and praises of the present age, for reclaiming a few, are not mentionable with those solid rewards in heaven, for a long and continual conversion of posteritie.

"If thou (reader) art one of those, who has been warm'd with poetick fire, I reverence thee as my judge, and whilst others tax me with vanitie, as if the preface argued my good opinion of the work, I appeal to thy conscience, whether it be more than such a necessarie assurance, as thou hast made to thyself in like undertakings?"

His ardour however was damped, and he never more resumed his task "to build the lofty rhyme." This being but the fragment of a story, it will be sufficient to give the reader a brief abstract of the main plot, so far as it is developed.

In the reign of Aribert, King of Lombardy, Prince Oswald and Duke Gondibert were the most renowned for all

knightly and warlike accomplishments. Oswald, who was of a rash and impetuous courage, was openly a pretender to the hand of Rhodalind, the only daughter of Aribert, and heiress to the crown. The king, however, had in his own mind destined her for the better tempered and less ambitious valour of Gondibert—a choice in which the lady Rhodalind fully concurred. It happened that

> "In a fair forrest, near Verona's plain,
> Fresh, as if Nature's youth chose there a shade,
> The duke, with many lovers in his train,
> Loyal and young, a solemn hunting made."

The Duke, on his return from the chase, is surprised by an ambush, laid by the jealous Oswald. A parley succeeds, and it is finally arranged that the quarrel shall be decided by the two leaders, and three of their chief captains on each side. The combat accordingly takes place.—Oswald and two of his friends are slain, and a third wounded and disarmed. Oswald's men are so enraged at this unexpected defeat, that they immediately prepare for a general attack upon Gondibert.—An engagement ensues, and the Duke, although himself severely wounded, is again victorious. After the battle, Gondibert retires to the house of Astragon, a famous philosopher and physician, where he is scarcely recovered from his wounds before he receives others of a more gentle kind from the eyes of Birtha, the daughter of Astragon, by whose permission he becomes her professed, but secret lover.—While the friends of Oswald are forming schemes of revenge for their recent defeat, a messenger arrives from Aribert to signify his intention of honouring Gondibert with the hand of Rhodalind, and he and his daughter follow shortly afterwards. The Duke is obliged to accompany them back to court, and leave that behind which is far more precious than a crown or Rhodalind.—On parting from Birtha, he gives her an emerald ring which had been for ages the token of his ancestors to their betrothed brides; and which by its change of colour would indicate any change in his affection.—The arrival of some of the party at the capital concludes this singular and original fragment.

The poem opens with a description of the several persons and characters of the chief actors in this heroic drama, some of which appear to us to be more elaborate than happy. There is a want of that facile and felicitous sketchiness which at once stamps on the mind an express and definite image of form and quality, and by which characters are impressed on the memory with as much accuracy and distinctness as the portraits of our ancestors which repose on the wainscots of our halls or galleries. Sir William Davenant's characters are rather an assem-

blage of general than individual qualities and of the mind than the person. There is however, occasionally, a fullness and depth of colouring, which shews that he sometimes thought intensely.

We shall commence our extracts by the description of Rhodalind, whom, as the heroine of the poem, it would be unpardonable to omit, though we shall produce others which are more to our mind—it is, however, well worth quoting.

" Her father's prosp'rous palace was the sphear,
Where she to all with heav'nly order mov'd;
Made rigid virtue so benign appear,
That 'twas without Religion's help belov'd.

Her looks, like empire shew'd, great above pride,
Since pride ill counterfeits excessive height;
But Nature publish'd what she fain would hide,
Who, for her deeds, not beautie, lov'd the light.

To make her lowly mind's appearance less,
She us'd some outward greatness for disguise;
Esteem'd as pride the cloist'ral lowliness,
And thought them proud who even the proud despise.

Her father (in the winter of his age)
Was, like that stormie season, froward grown,
Whom so her spring's fresh presence did asswage,
That he, her sweetness tasted as his own.

The pow'r that with his stooping age declin'd,
In her transplanted, by remove increas'd;
Which doubly back in homage she resign'd,
'Till power's decay, the throne's worst sickness, ceas'd.

Oppressors, big with pride, when she appear'd,
Blush'd, and believ'd their greatness counterfeit;
The lowly thought, they them in vain had fear'd;
Found virtue harmless, and nought else so great.

Her mind (scarce to her feeble sex of kin)
Did as her birth, her right to empire show;
Seem'd careless outward when imploy'd within,
Her speech, like lovers watch'd, was kind and low.

She shew'd that her soft sex contains strong minds,
Such as evap'rates through the coarser male,
As through coarse stone elixar passage finds,
Which scarce through finer christal can exhale.

Her beautie (not her own but Nature's pride)
Should I describe, from every lover's eye
All beauties, this original must hide,
Or, like scorn'd copies, be themselves laid by;

Be by their poets shunn'd, whom beautie feeds,
Who, beautie like, hyr'd witnesses protect,
Officiously averring more than needs,
And make us so the needfull truth suspect.

And since fond lovers (who disciples be
To poets) think in their own loves they find
More beautie than yet Time did ever see,
Time's curtain I will draw o'er Rhodalind."

The two rivals, Gondibert and Oswald, are depicted and contrasted with great spirit and discrimination.

"In court, Prince Oswald costly was and gay,
Finer than near vain kings their fav'rites are;
Out-shin'd bright fav'rites on their nuptial day,
Yet were his eyes dark with ambitious care.

Duke Gondibert was still more gravely clad,
But yet his looks familiar were and clear;
As if with ill to others never sad,
Nor tow'rds himself could others practise fear.

The prince could, porpoise-like, in tempests play,
And in court-storms on ship-wrack'd greatness feed;
Not frighted with their fate when cast away,
But to their glorious hazzards durst succeed.

The duke would lasting calms to courts assure,
As pleasant gardens we defend from winds;
For he who bus'ness would from storms procure,
Soon his affairs above his manage finds.

Oswald in throngs the abject people sought
With humble looks; who still too late will know
They are Ambition's quarrie, and soon caught
When the aspiring eagle stoops so low.

The duke did these by stedie virtue gain,
Which they in action more than precept tast;
Deeds shew the good, and those who goodness feign
By such even through their vizards are out-fac't.

Oswald in war was worthily renown'd,
Though gay in courts, coarsly in camps could live ;
Judg'd danger soon, and first was in it found,
Could toil to gain what he with ease did give.

Yet toils and dangers through ambition lov'd,
Which does in war the name of virtue own ;
But quits that name, when from the war remov'd,
As rivers theirs when from their channels gon.

The duke (as restless as his fame in war)
With martial toil could Oswald wearie make ;
And calmly do what he with rage did dare,
And give so much as he might deign to take.

Him, as their founder, cities did adore,
The court he knew to steer in storms of state ;
In field, a battel lost he could restore,
And after force the victors to their fate."

The following stanza is very beautiful.—Gondibert guessed not, that for his love, fair Rhodalind

" Made sleep of late a stranger to her eyes.

Yet sadly it is sung, that she in shades,
Mildly as mourning doves love's sorrows felt ;
Whilst in her secret tears her freshness fades,
As roses silently in lymbecks melt."

The character of Oswald's sister is powerful.

" Gartha, whose bolder beauty was in strength
And fulness plac'd, but such as all must like ;
Her spreading stature talness was, not length,
And whilst sharp beauties pierce, hers seem'd to strike.

Such was the palace of her mind, a prince
Who proudly there, and still unquiet lives ;
And sleep (domestick ev'ry where) from thence,
To make ambition room, unwisely drives.

Of manly force was this her watchfull mind,
And fit in empire to direct and sway,
If she the temper had of Rhodalind,
Who knew that gold is currant with allay."

Gondibert's army is described with uncommon nerve and vigour of expression.

" Temp'rate in what does needy life preserve,
As those whose bodies wait upon their minds;
Chaste as those minds which not their bodies serve,
Ready as pilots wak'd with sudden winds.

Speechless in diligence, as if they were
Nightly to close surprize and ambush bred;
Their wounds yet smarting, mercifull they are,
And soon from victory to pitie led.

When a great captive they in fight had ta'ne,
(Whom in a filial duty some fair maid
Visits, and would by tears his freedom gain)
How soon his victors were his captives made?

For though the duke taught rigid discipline,
He let them beauty thus at distance know;
As priests discover some especial shrine,
Which none must touch, yet all may to it bow.

When thus as suitors mourning virgins pass
Through their clean camp, themselves in form they draw,
That they, with martial reverence, may grace
Beauty, the stranger, which they seldom saw.

They vayl'd their ensigns as it by did move,
Whilst inward (as from native conscience) all
Worship'd the poet's darling godhead, Love,
Which grave philosophers did nature call.

* * * * * *

This rev'rend army was for age renown'd,
Which long, through frequent dangers, follow'd time,
Their many trophies gain'd with many a wound,
And fame's last hill did with first vigour climb."

These characters are in a similar style.

" And here was Hugo, whom Duke Gondibert
For stout and stedfast kindness did approve;
Of stature small, but was all over heart,
And though unhappy, all that heart was love.

In gentle sonnets he for Laura pin'd,
Soft as the murmures of a weeping spring;
Which, ruthless, she did as those murmures mind:
So ere their death sick swans unheeded sing.

Young Goltho next these rivals we may name,
Whose manhood dawn'd early as summer light;
As sure and soon did his fair day proclaim,
And was no less the joy of publick sight.

If Love's just pow'r he did not early see,
Some small excuse we may his errour give;
Since few (though learn'd) know yet blest love to be
That secret vital heat by which we live:

But such it is; and though we may be thought
To have in childhood life, ere love we know,
Yet life is useless, till by reason taught,
And love and reason up together grow.

Nor more the old shew they out-live their love,
If, when their love's decay'd, some signs they give
Of life, because we see them pain'd and move,
Than snakes, long cut, by torment shew they live.

If we call living, life, when love is gone,
We then to souls (God's coyn) vain rev'rence pay;
Since reason (which is love, and his best known
And currant image) age has worn away.

And I, that love and reason thus unite,
May, if I old philosophers controul,
Confirm the new by some new poet's light;
Who, finding love, thinks he has found the soul.

The next, bold but unlucky Hubert led,
Brother to Oswald, and no less ally'd
To the ambitions which his soul did wed:
Lowly without, but lin'd with costly pride.

Most to himself his valour fatal was,
Whose glories oft to others dreadful were;
So commets (though suppos'd destruction's cause)
But waste themselves to make their gazers fear.

And though his valour seldom did succeed,
His speech was such as could in storms perswade;
Sweet as the hopes on which starv'd lovers feed,
Breath'd in the whispers of a yielding maid."

Tybalt is described thus.

"Publick his valour was, but not his love,
One fill'd the world, the other he contain'd;
Yet quietly alike in both did move,
Of that ne'r boasted, nor of this complain'd."

We have now introduced our readers to the principal persons of the heroic group, whose actions are recorded in the poem, and they are worthy to be placed by the side of each other.

As only three, on each side, were to be engaged in the combat between the Duke and Oswald, in additon to the leaders, and as there were several candidates, it became necessary to determine by lots, whether Tybalt or Hugo should enter the lists on the side of Gondibert. The two last lines, in the following quotation, are eminently poetical and expressive.

"And here they trembling reach'd at honour so,
As if they, gath'ring flow'rs, a snake discern'd;
Yet fear'd Love onely, whose rewards then grow
To lovers sweetest, when with danger earn'd.

From this brave fear, lest they should danger scape,
Was little Hugo eas'd; and, when he drew
The champion's lot, *his joy inlarg'd his shape,*
And, with his lifted mind, he taller grew."

The introduction to the combat is written in a fine spirit, and with great dignity and beauty.

"By what bold passion am I rudely led,
Like Fame's too curious and officious spie,
Where I these rolls in her dark closet read,
Where worthies wrapt in Time's disguises lie?

Why should we now their shady curtains draw,
Who by a wise retirement hence are freed,
And gone to lands exempt from Nature's law,
Where love no more can mourn, nor valour bleed?

Why to this stormy world, from their long rest,
Are these recall'd to be again displeas'd,
Where, during Nature's reign, we are opprest,
Till we, by Death's high priviledge, are eas'd?

Is it to boast that verse has chymick pow'r,
And that its rage (which is productive heat)
Can these revive, as chymists raise a flower,
Whose scatter'd parts their glass presents compleat?

Though in these worthies gone, valour and love
Did chastely, as in sacred temples, meet;
Such reviv'd patterns us no more improve,
Than flowers, so rais'd by chymists, make us sweet.

Yet, when the soul's disease we desp'rate find,
Poets, the old renown'd physitians are,
Who, for the sickly habits of the mind,
Examples, as the ancient cure, prepare.

And bravely then physitians honour gain,
When, to the world, diseases cureless seem ;
And they (in science valiant) ne'er refrain
Art's war with Nature, till they life redeem.

But poets their accustom'd task have long
Forborn, (who, for examples, did disperse
The heroe's virtues in heroick song)
And now think virtue sick, past cure of verse.

Yet to this desp'rate cure I will proceed,
Such patterns shew as shall not fail to move;
Shall teach the valiant patience when they bleed,
And hapless lovers constancy in love."

Hurgonil and Tybalt depart for Verona, with the dead bodies of their slain companions, Hugo and Arnoldo.

"They slowly rode till night's dominion ceast;
When infant morn (her scarce wak'd beams display'd)
With a scant face, peept shylie through the east,
And seem'd as yet of the black world afraid.

* * * * * *

To this vast inn, where tydes of strangers flow,
The Morn and Hurgonil together came;
The Morn, whose dewy wings appear'd but slow,
When men the motion mark'd of swifter fame.

For Fame (whose journeys are through waies unknown,
Traceless and swift, and changing as the wind)
The Morn and Hurgonil had much out-gone,
Whilst temp'rate Truth mov'd patiently behind."

In the description of the matin appearance of the streets of Verona, the following stanzas, with the exception of the fifth and sixth lines, are extremely forcible.

"Here through a secret postern issues out
The skar'd adult'rer, who out-slept his time;
Day, and the husband's spie, alike does doubt,
And, with a half hid face, would hide his crime.

There, from sick mirth, neglectful feasters reel,
Who cares of want in wine's false Lethe steep.
There, anxious empty gamsters homeward steal,
And fear to wake, ere they begin to sleep."

The cabinet of death, which is a sort of anatomical museum in the house of Astragon, presents us with two stanzas, written with singular brevity and compression—the two lines in italics cannot be excelled.

"This dismall gall'ry, lofty, long, and wide,
Was hung with skelitons of ev'ry kind;
Humane, and all that learned humane pride,
Things made t'obey man's high immortal mind.

Yet on that wall hangs he too, who so thought;
And she dry'd by him, whom that He obey'd;
By her an el'phant, that which herds had fought,
Of which the smallest beast made her afraid."

The temples of Penitence and of Prayer, attached to the house of Astragon, are finely contrasted. The former is an exact emblem—a material representation of the feeling, for the expression of which it is appropriated, in all the pomp and power of verse. It is, at once, grand and imposing—solemn and appalling.

"Since the requir'd extream of penitence
Seems so severe, this temple was design'd
Solemn and strange without, to catch the sense,
And dismal shew'd within, to awe the mind.

Of sad black marble was the outward frame,
(A mourning monument to distant sight)
But by the largeness when you near it came,
It seem'd the palace of eternal night.

Black beauty (which black Meroens had prais'd
Above their own) gravely adorn'd each part;
In stone, from Nyle's head quarries, slowly rais'd,
And slowlyer polish'd by Numidian art.

Hither a loud bell's tole, rather commands,
Than seems t'invite the persecuted ear;
A summons nature hardly understands;
For few, and slow are those who enter here.

Within a dismal majesty they find!
All gloomy great, all silent does appear!

As Chaos was, ere th' elements were design'd;
Man's evil fate seems hid and fashion'd here.

Here all the ornament is rev'rend black;
Here, the check'd sun his universal face
Stops bashfully, and will no entrance make;
As if he spy'd night naked through the glass.

Black curtains hide the glass; whilst from on high
A winking lamp still threatens all the room;
As if the lazy flame just now would die:
Such will the sun's last light appear at doom!

This lamp was all that here inform'd all eyes;
And by reflex, did on a picture gain
Some few false beams, that thence from Sodom rise;
Where pencils feign the fire which heav'n did rain.

This on another tablet did reflect,
Where twice was drawn the am'rous Magdaline;
Whilst beauty was her care, then her neglect;
And brightest through her tears she seem'd to shine.

Near her, seem'd crucifi'd, that lucky thief
(In heav'n's dark lot'ry prosp'rous, more than wise)
Who groap'd at last, by chance, for heav'n's relief,
And throngs undoes with hope, by one drawn prize.

In many figures by reflex were sent,
Through this black vault (instructive to the mind)
That early, and this tardy penitent;
For with Obsidian stone 'twas chiefly lin'd.

The seats were made of Ethiops swarthy wood,
Abstersive ebony, but thinly fill'd;
For none this place by nature understood;
And practise, when unpleasant, makes few skill'd.

Yet these whom heav'n's mysterious choice fetch'd in,
Quickly attain devotion's utmost scope;
For having softly mourn'd away their sin,
They grow so certain as to need no hope."

It is not unusual to find a pleasing effect produced upon the mind by a skilful collocation of numerous words, although they may not have any very distinct idea attached to them. They cheat us by their melody into a belief, that "more is meant than meets the ear," and dispose us to think, that what sounds so nobly must have something in it. This effect is produced by parts of the description of the House of Praise, which

is a beautiful, splendid, and luminous building, adapted, by the poet, with exquisite art and propriety, to its peculiar use. The versification is more melodious than that of the greater part of the poem. The language of Davenant is, indeed, very often neither flowing nor perspicuous, and the careless reader will have occasionally to turn back and re-peruse a stanza before he can comprehend its full force and beauty.—His heroic poem is full of weighty matter and divine philosophy, and he who reads it with a kindred spirit will find in it a quick, bold, and excursive fancy, and a moral sublimity about the conceptions, which is but seldom met with. His principal defect is a want of passion, and the minor graces and gentler touches of poetry.

The House of Praise is thus described.

" Dark are all thrones to what this temple seem'd,
Whose marble veins out-shin'd heav'n's various bow;
And would (eclipsing all proud Rome esteem'd)
To northern eies, like eastern mornings show.

From Paros isle was brought the milkie white;
From Sparta came the green, which cheers the view;
From Araby, the blushing onichite;
And from the Misnian hills, the deeper blew.

The arched front did on vast pillars fall,
Where all harmonious instruments they spie
Drawn out in boss, which, from the astrigall
To the flat frise, in apt resemblance lie.

Toss'd cymbals (which the sullen Jews admir'd)
Were figur'd here, with all of ancient choice
That joy did ere invent, or breath inspir'd,
Or flying fingers touch'd into a voice.

In statue o'er the gate, God's fav'rite king,
(The author of celestial praise) did stand;
His quire (that did his sonnets set and sing)
In niches rang'd, attended either hand.

From these, old Greeks sweet musick did improve;
The solemn Dorian did in temples charm,
The softer Lydian sooth'd to bridal love,
And warlike Phrygian did to battail warm:

They enter now, and, with glad rev'rence, saw
Glory, too solid great to taste of pride;
So sacred pleasant, as preserves an awe;
Though jealous priests it neither praise nor hide.

* * * * *

Praise is devotion fit for mightie minds!
The diff'ring world's agreeing sacrifice,
Where heav'n divided faiths united finds,
But pray'r in various discord upward flies.

For pray'r the ocean is, where diversly
Men steer their course, each to a sev'ral coast;
Where all our int'rests so discordant be,
That half beg winds by which the rest are lost.

By Penitence, when we ourselves forsake,
'Tis but in wise design on pitious heav'n;
In praise we nobly give, what God may take,
And are, without a begger's blush, forgiv'n.

Its utmost force, like powder's, is unknown!
And though weak kings excess of praise may fear,
Yet when 'tis here, like powder, dang'rous grown,
Heav'n's vault receives, what would the palace tear."

We do not think we shall mis-spend either our own time, or that of our readers, in selecting a few insulated stanzas, which possess considerable beauty.

The following comparison is well worth extracting.

"As rivers to their ruin hastie be,
So life, still earnest, loud, and swift, runs post
To the vaste gulf of death, as they to sea,
And vainly travels to be quickly lost."

His apostrophe to Honor is exceedingly beautiful.

"O, honour! Frail as life thy fellow flower!
Cherish'd and watch'd, and hum'rously esteem'd,
Then worn for short adornments of an hour;
And is, when lost, no more than life, redeem'd."

These four lines, on the two friends of Oswald who were slain in the combat, are written in that pointed and epigrammatic style which distinguishes our author.

"And cold as he lies noble Dargonet,
And Paradine, who wore the victor's crown;
Both swift to charge, and lame in a retreat;
Brothers in bloud, and rivals in renown."

And again:

"Borgio and he from this dire region haste,
Shame makes them sightless to themselves, and dumb;

Their thoughts flie swift as Time from what is past,
And would, like him, demolish all to come."

In speaking of Gondibert's father, the poet has the following stanza, which is nobly expressed.

"He to submiss devotion more was given
After a battel gain'd, than ere 'twas fought;
As if it nobler were to thank high Heav'n
For favours past, than bow for bounty sought."

And also:

"Care, that in cloysters onely seals her eyes,
Which youth thinks folly, age as wisdom owns;
Fools, by not knowing her, outlive the wise;
She visits cities, but she dwells in thrones."

This stanza conveys a very striking impression of vastness.

"So vast of height, to which such space did fit,
As if it were o're-syz'd for modern men;
The ancient giants might inhabit it,
And there walk free as winds that pass unseen."

Gartha, the sister of Oswald, arrives at the camp of the army of her late brother, to rouse them to revenge. Her anger is depicted by this fine image.

"The sun did thus to threatned Nature show
Her anger red, whilst guilt look'd pale in all,
When clouds of flouds did hang about his brow,
And then shrunk back to let that anger fall."

In the character and love of Birtha, we have a picture of most absolute loveliness and dove-like simplicity. Never was that delightful passion pourtrayed with a more chaste and exquisite pencil. Venus, when she arose from the white spray of the sea, a fresh and beautiful creation, and gazed around with hardly awakened consciousness and strange timidity, was not more retiringly pure—more delicately graceful. The art of the poet is most conspicuous—"most sweet and commendable."

"To Astragon, heav'n for succession gave
One onely pledge, and Birtha was her name;
Whose mother slept, where flowers grew on her grave,
And she succeeded her in face and fame.

* * * * *

She ne'r saw courts, yet courts could have undone
With untaught looks and an unpractis'd heart;
Her nets, the most prepar'd could never shun;
For nature spred them in the scorn of art.

She never had in busie cities bin,
Ne'r warm'd with hopes, nor ere allay'd with fears;
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin;
And sin not seeing, ne'r had use of tears.

But here her father's precepts gave her skill,
Which with incessant bus'ness fill'd the hours;
In Spring, she gather'd blossoms for the still,
In Autumn, berries; and in Summer, flow'rs.

And as kind nature with calm diligence
Her own free virtue silently employs,
Whilst she, unheard, does rip'ning growth dispence,
So were her virtues busie without noise.

Whilst her great mistress, Nature, thus she tends,
The busie houshold waits no less on her;
By secret law, each to her beauty bends;
Though all her lowly mind to that prefer.

* * * * *

The just historians, Birtha thus express,
And tell how, by her syre's example taught,
She serv'd the wounded duke in life's distress,
And his fled spirits back by cordials brought.

Black melancholy mists, that fed despair
Through wounds' long rage, with sprinkled vervin cheer'd,
Strew'd leaves of willow to refresh the air,
And with rich fumes his sullen senses cheer'd.

He that had serv'd great Love with rev'rend heart,
In these old wounds, worse wounds from him endures;
For Love makes Birtha shift with Death his dart,
And she kills faster than her father cures.

Her heedless innocence as little knew
The wounds she gave, as those from Love she took;
And Love lifts high each secret shaft he drew;
Which at their stars he first in triumph shook!

Love he had lik'd, yet never lodg'd before;
But finds him now a bold unquiet guest;
Who climbs to windows when we shut the door;
And, enter'd, never lets the master rest.

So strange disorder, now he pines for health,
Makes him conceal this reveller with shame;
She not the robber knows, yet feels the stealth,
And never but in songs had heard his name.

Yet then it was, when she did smile at hearts
Which countrey lovers wear in bleeding seals;
Ask'd where his pretty godhead found such darts,
As make those wounds that onely Hymen heals.

And this, her ancient maid with sharp complaints
Heard and rebuk'd; shook her experienc'd head,
With tears besought her not to jest at saints,
Nor mock those martyrs, Love had captive led.

Nor think the pious poets ere would waste
So many tears in ink, to make maids mourn,
If injur'd lovers had in ages past
The lucky mirtle, more than willow, worn.

This grave rebuke, officious memory
Presents to Birtha's thought; who now believ'd
Such sighing songs, as tell why lovers die,
And prais'd their faith, who wept when poets griev'd.

She, full of inward questions, walks alone,
To take her heart aside in secret shade;
But knocking at her breast, it seem'd, or gone,
Or by confed'racie was useless made;

Or else some stranger did usurp its room;
One so remote, and new in ev'ry thought,
As his behaviour shews him not at home,
Nor the guide sober that him thither brought.

Yet with this foreign heart, she does begin
To treat of love, her most unstudy'd theam;
And like young conscienc'd Casuists, thinks that sin,
Which will by talk and practice lawfull seem.

With open ears, and ever-waking eyes,
And flying feet, love's fire she from the sight
Of all her maids does carry, as from spies;
Jealous, that what burns her, might give them light.

Beneath a mirtle covert now does spend
In maids' weak wishes, her whole stock of thought;
Fond maids! who love, with mind's fine stuff would mend,
Which nature purposely of bodies wrought.

She fashions him she lov'd of angels kind,
Such as in holy story were employ'd
To the first fathers from th' Eternal Mind,
And in short vision onely are enjoy'd.

As eagles then, when nearest heaven they flie,
Of wild impossibles soon weary grow;
Feeling their bodies find no rest so high,
And therefore pearch on earthly things below:

So now she yields; him she an angel deem'd
Shall be a man: the name which virgins fear;
Yet the most harmless to a maid he seem'd,
That ever yet that fatal name did bear.

Soon her opinion of his hurtless heart,
Affection turns to faith; and then love's fire
To heav'n, though bashfully, she does impart;
And to her mother in the heav'nly quire.

If I do love, (said she) that love, O heav'n!
Your own disciple, Nature, bred in me;
Why should I hide the passion you have given,
Or blush to shew effects which you decree?

And you, my alter'd mother (grown above
Great nature, which you read, and rev'renc'd here)
Chide not such kindness, as you once call'd love,
When you as mortal as my father were.

This said, her soul into her breast retires!
With Love's vain diligence of heart she dreams
Herself into possession of desires,
And trusts unanchor'd hope in fleeting streams.

Already thinks, the duke her own spous'd lord,
Cur'd, and again from bloody battel brought,
Where all false lovers perish'd by his sword,
The true to her for his protection sought.

She thinks how her imagin'd spouse and she,
So much from heav'n, may by her virtues gain;
That they by time shall ne'r o'ertaken be,
Go more than Time himself is overta'ne.

Or should he touch them as he by does pass,
Heav'n's favour may repay their summers gone,
And he so mix their sand in a slow glass,
That they shall live, and not as two, but one.

She thinks of Eden-life; and no rough wind,
In their pacifique sea shall wrinkles make;
That still her lowliness shall keep him kind,
Her cares keep him asleep, her voice awake.

She thinks, if ever anger in him sway
(The youthfull warriour's most excus'd disease)
Such chance her tears shall calm, as showres allay
The accidental rage of winds and seas.

She thinks that babes proceed from mingling eyes,
Or heav'n from neighbourhood increase allows,
As Palm and the Mamora fructifies;
Or they are got by close exchanging vows.

But come they (as she hears) from mother's pain,
(Which by th' unlucky first-maid's longing, proves
A lasting curse) yet that she will sustain,
So they be like this heav'nly man she loves.

Thus to herself in day-dreams Birtha talks:
The duke (whose wounds of war are healthfull grown)
To cure Love's wounds, seeks Birtha where she walks;
Whose wand'ring soul seeks him to cure her own.

Yet when her solitude he did invade,
Shame (which in maids is unexperienc'd fear)
Taught her to wish night's help to make more shade,
That love (which maids think guilt) might not appear.

And she had fled him now, but that he came
So like an aw'd and conquer'd enemy,
That he did seem offenceless, as her shame;
As if he but advanc'd for leave to flie.

First with a longing seaman's look he gaz'd,
Who would ken land, when seas would him devour;
Or like a fearfull scout, who stands amaz'd
To view the foe, and multiplies their pow'r."

It will have been observed, that the author *has* made use of one piece of machinery, by introducing the ring which had the magical property of indicating the constancy or inconstancy of the donor. With this exception, he has relied on the fertile resources of his own mind, and, because he has dared to be original, he has been sneered at by those who start at innovation, as children at imaginary phantoms. His poem is full of most delectable teachings, and must be studied and not skimmed over as some poems may be, which, like the flute, give out a

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sweet tone, and yet are empty. The longer we dwell upon this noble, but unfinished, monument of the genius of Sir William Davenant, the more does our admiration of it increase, and we regret, that the unjust attacks which were made against it (or whatever else was the cause) prevented its completion. It might then, notwithstanding the prophetical oblivion to which Bishop Hurd has, with some acrimony, condemned it, have been entitled to a patent of nobility, and had its name inscribed on the roll of epic aristocracy.

ART. VIII. *The Informacyon for pylgrymes unto the holy lande. That is to wyte to Rome, to Iherusalem and to many other holy places. Imprynted at London in the Fletestrete at the signe of ye sonne by* Wynkyn de Worde. *The yere of God. m.cccc and xxiiii. the xxvi day of Julii, Reg. R. H. viii. xvi.* [*This is copied from the Colophon, the title page of the copy before us being wanting.*] BLACK LETTER, 4*to*.

Such is the extreme rarity of this singular little work, that we consider ourselves particularly fortunate in being enabled to give an account of its contents. It is mentioned both by Herbert and Mr. Dibdin;* who, neither of them having seen the book, are indebted to Ames for their scanty notice of it; and if we may form a conclusion from the mistakes into which Ames appears to have fallen, it was perhaps never submitted even to his inspection. It is entitled, judging from the Colophon, *Informacyon*, and not *Instructions, for Pilgrims*, and is *not* written by one John Moreson, as he states. This John Moreson being a "marchaunte of Venyce," who was the owner of the ship in which the pilgrims sailed, whose journal is here given.

After the title, there commences a table of routes and distances, measured in leagues and miles, to all those places to

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* *Dibdin's Typ. Ant.* vol. 2, page 254.

345.—Instruction for pilgrims to the Holy Land, Imprynted, &c. *viii.* Hen. viii. M.CCCC. xxiiii. 26th July, quarto.

"It is a pity that Ames, from whom Herbert and myself borrow our meagre accounts of this volume, has not given a more particular description of a work, in all probability as curious and interesting as it is rare. According to Ames it is "a description of a voyage to Jerusalem by one John Moreson;" a traveller who has escaped Boucher in his "Bibliothèque Universelledes Voyages."

which pilgrimages were usually made. After which comes an account of the course of exchange, called "chaunge of moneye fro Englande to Rome, and to Venyse;" which is succeeded by some three or four pages of general hints, concerning provisions, conveyances, compacts with captains, &c. and a complete list of the havens to be touched at between Venice and Jaffa. A list of fees, or "tributa in terra sancta," next occurs; after which the regular journal thus commences.

"In the seven and twenty day of the moneth of June, there passed fro Venyse under sayle out of the haven of Venyse, at the sonne goinge downe certayne pilgrymes towards Jherusalem in a shyppe of a merchante of Venyse, called Johan Moreson. The patrone of the same shyppe was called Luke mantell. To the nombre of lx. and syxe pylgrimes: every man paynge some more some lesse as they myght accorde with the patrone.—Some that might paye well payed xxxii. ducates, and some xxvi. and xxiiii. for meet and drynke and passage to port Jaffe, and from thens to Venyse agayne."

The journal then proceeds to mention briefly the places which the pilgrims visited until their arrival at Jerusalem, when an enumeration is given of all the traces which remained, or which were said to remain, of the remarkable spots mentioned by the evangelists. After the reliques of the holy city itself have been carefully reckoned up, a number of paragraphs occur, each containing a "pilgrimage" into other celebrated districts of the holy land. These are, the "Pylgrymages in the vale of Josephat; of the mount Olyvete; in the vale of Syloe; of mount Syon; of the Bethleem; in Bethany; of flume Jordan; in Nazaret." And here the writer changes his language from English to Latin, and proceeds in his enumeration, without assigning any reason for the alteration, or appearing to think that any was necessary. Though he speaks in a different language, his style is, however, preserved precisely the same. He goes on with "Peregrinationes Damasci, Montis Sinai, terre Egypti," until he comes to the chapter, entitled "Reditus et reversio dictorum peregrinorum versus Angliam." The next paragraph consists of a few lines "de brevitate et unitate hujus mundi;" after which, "Here foloweth the langage of Moreske withe other also:" and there does follow, a list of the numbers in figures, up to xl. with their names in "Moreske," and a few of the commonest words and phrases in use, such as "bread, wine, ye be welcome, what tidings," &c. explained in the same language, but in the old black letter character. After which, there is a similar account of "Greke," and "The nombres of the language of Turky." There next succeeds a list of the "Stationes in Roma," and the tract concludes with a "Nota de significatione singulorum membrorum ecclesie."

The writer of this curious little work was doubtless one of the pilgrims of whose motions he gives an account; but, concerning his name, we have no information. He invariably speaks in the third person of the pilgrims as a body, and never deviates into any particular account of either what they saw or what they did. In the times, indeed, when our traveller composed his journal, men did not print to satisfy idle curiosity. The book was not written to save his countrymen, at home, from the trouble of the voyage, but to serve as a faithful guide to all bound on the meritorious expedition; and it seems, indeed, to have been well adapted for its purpose, and was, we doubt not, much esteemed by those who were in want of such a manual. We will give our readers a specimen of the pilgrim's style, in an extract from his general hints prefixed to the journal. After various other useful directions, he says,

"Also hyre you a cage for halfe a dozen of hennes or chekyns to have with you in the shyppe or galey. For ye shall have nede of them many times. And by you halfe a busshell of mele sede at Venyse for them. Also take a barrel with you for a sege for your chambre in the shyppe; it is full necessary if ye were seke, that you come not into the ayre. Also whan you come to haven townes, yf she shall tary there thre dayes go by times to lande; for than ye may have lodginge before another; it wyll be take up anone. And whan you come to dyvers havens beware of fruytes that ye ete none for nothynge; as melons and such cold fruytes; for they be not according to our complexion, and they gendre a bloody fluxe. And yf ony englysshe-man catche there that sekeness, it is a great mervayle, but and he dye therof. Also whan you shall come to port Jaffe, take with you out of the shyp unto land two botelles or two gourdes, one with wyne another with water, each of a potell at the leest, for she shall none have until you come to Rames, and that is right feble and dere. And at Jerusalem, there is good wyne and dere. Also se that your patron take charge of your harneys within the shyppe, tyl ye come agayne to the shyppe, ye shall tary there xii. days. Also take good hede to youre knyves and other small japes that ye bore upon you, for the Sarasyns wyll go talkynge by you and make good chere, but they will stele from you yf they may. Also whan ye take your asse at porte Jaffe, be not too long behynde your felowes, for and ye come betyme, ye may chuse the best mule or asse that ye can, for ye shall pay no more for the best than the worst. Also ye must gyve your asse-man there of curtesy a grote of Venyse, and be not to moche before nor to moche behynde your felowes, for because of shrewes."

Speaking of Candy, this ancient writer says;

"In this city, the sayd pylgrymes taryed a moneth. And then was great hete. For from Maye to ye feest of All Sayntes, then groweth no gras. It is so brent with the hete of the sonne. And than about ye feest of All Sayntes begynneth grasse, herbes, and floures, to springe. And it is there than as in somer is in Englande, soo in the wynter it is

temperate, no cold but lyttell. There is never snowe nor froste with yse. And yf there come ony froste with a lytell yse, they will shewe it eche to other for a mervayle."

He thus commences his account of what was seen in Jerusalem.

"On a sondaye in the mornynge they began theyr pylgrymage. And a freer of Mount Syon wente with them to enfourme the places and the pardones of every place. These ben the pylgrymages within the cytee of Jerusalem. The fyrste is before the temple of the sepulcre dore. There is a foure square stone whyte, whereupon Chryste rested hym with his crosse whan he wente towarde the mount of Calvary, where is indulgence vii yeeres and vii lentes. Also the house of the ryche man whiche denyed Lazare ye crommes of breed," &c. &c.

When we add, that the signs are A 8, B 4, C 8, and that there are 32 lines on each full page, our account of this rare work will be, we think, considered amply sufficient. We should observe, that on the reverse of C 8 is the device No. 6. *Dibdin, Typ. Ant.* vol. 2, of W. de Worde.

ART. IX. *Gesta Romanorum. Colophon. Thus endeth the boke of Gesta Romanorum. Enprynted at London in Flete Strete. By me* Wynkyn de Worde. BLACK LETTER. *sm.* 4*to. No date.*

The following quotation, from the *Typographical Antiquities* of Mr. Dibdin, will shew the extreme rarity of this volume, and excite an interest in the description which we are enabled to give of it.

"The observations of Mr. Douce are well worth attending to, respecting this edition: 'As the *English Gesta* appears to have been extremely well known to both these writers (Lydgate and Gower) and also to Occleve, it is by no means improbable that the above translation was made by one or the other of them. Whether it has ever been *printed* is another question. Mr. Warton has twice mentioned (vol. ii. p. 18. vol. iii. p. lxxxiii.) an edition, without date, by Wynkyn de Worde; and Dr. Farmer has also, in a note prefixed to the Merchant of Venice, referred to the same edition. It had escaped the researches of the industrious Herbert, who has only mentioned it after Warton, and has, in vain, been sought for on the present occasion.'

"I have examined numerous Bibliographical Treatises and Catalogues for this edition, without effect. It does not appear to have been in Dr. Farmer's own collection."—*Dibdin's Typ. Ant. vol.* 2, *p.* 366.

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The edition before us is doubtless the one to which Warton referred, and it is not improbable, that we have the same copy before us which Farmer had read. This curious volume consists of 164 full pages, in a close and beautiful black letter type. After the words *Gesta Romanorum*, on the title page, is a woodcut of an emperor, with a crown and sceptre; and on the reverse, a device of the same emperor, with a youth kneeling to him, behind whom stands a female, apparently in the act of introducing him; two guards are seen in the back ground. The same devices occur again in various parts of the "boke," accompanied with others, alluding to and illustrating some of the *Gesta*. There are forty-three *Gesta*, or stories, each of which is followed by the moralization. We give the following story as a specimen; it is the fifth of the deeds of the Emperours of Rome.

"Sometime there reygned, in ye cyte of Rome, a myghty Emperoure, and wyse, named Frederyk, whiche had onely but one sone, whom he loved moche. This Emperoure, whan he lay in the poynte of deth, he called unto hym his sone, and sayd, Drede sone, I have a balle of golde, whiche I gyve the, upon my blessynge, that you, anone, after my deth, shall gyve it to the moost fole that you mayest find. Than sayd his sone, My lorde, without doubt, thy wyll shall be fulfylled. Anone, this young lorde, after the dethe of his fader, wente and sought in many realmes, and founde many foles richeles, bycause he wolde satysfye his fader's wyll, laboured ferther, tyll he came into a realme, where the lawe was suche, that every yere a new kynge sholde be chosen there, and this kynge hath only the gydynge of that realme but a yere's ende, he shall be deposed and put in exyle, in an ylonde whereas he sholde wretchedly fynyshe his lyf. Whan th'emperoure's sone came unto this realme, the newe kynge was chosen with grete honoure, and al maner of mynstralsie went afore hym, and brought him with grete reverence and worship unto his regal sete; and whan the Emperour's sone saw that, he came unto hym, and salued him reverently, and sayd, My lorde, lo, I give to ye this balle of golde on my fader's behalfe. Than sayd he, I praye the tell me the cause why thou gyvest me this ball? Than answered this yonge lorde, and said thus, My father, quod he, charged me, in his deede bedde, under payne of his blessynge, that I sholde gyve this balle to the moost fole that I coulde finde, wherefore I have sought many realmes, and have found many foles, nevertheless, a more fole than thou art founde I never, and therefore this is the reason. It is not unknown to the that thou shalt reygne but a yere, and at the yere's ende thou shalt be exyled into suche a place, where as thou shalt dye a myschevous deth, wherefore I holde the for the moost fole that ever I founde, that for the lordshyp of a yere thou woldest so wylfully lese thyself, and therefore, before all other, I have gyven to thee this balle of golde. Than sayd ye kynge, without doute, thou sayeth me sothe, and, therefore, whan I am in full power of this realme, I shall send before me grete treasoure and rychesse, wherwith I may lyve and save myself from myschevous deth whan that I shall be exyled and put doune; and so it was done: wherefore, at the yeere's ende, he was

exyled, and lyved there in pease, upon suche goodes as he had sent before, and he deyed afterwards a good dethe.—Dere frendes, this Emperour is the fader of heven, &c."

The signatures run from A to M inclusive, 8 and 4 alternately, with N 6, O 4; and on the reverse of O 4 is the Colophon.

ART. X. *Remains of* Sir Walter Raleigh. *London*, 1675; 24*mo*. *pp*. 396.

In this collection of the Remains of Sir Walter Raleigh, there are some pieces well worthy of perusal. They are all in prose, with the exception of his 'Pilgrimage,' a few verses found in his Bible, and the two lines written the night before his execution; and are composed in the spirit which might have been expected from the character of their extraordinary author. Sir Walter Raleigh, in a life of adventure and of peril, became learned in the ways of the world. Possessing a keen and penetrating mind,

> "He was a deep observer, and he look'd
> Quite through the deeds of men."

Nature made him acute—misfortune, cautious—and experience, wise; but his wisdom rather resulted from distrust than confidence. He had naturally "high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy," but care fretted against it and wore away its softer fibres. His wariness was, indeed, warranted by the events of his life, and it is no wonder that his feelings retired into the centre of his own heart, as the flower which expands in the sunshine of a fair day, closes its bosom at night-fall when the air breathes cold and chill. Hence his wisdom is rather calculated to teach us how to eschew evil, than to sail placidly into the haven of felicity.

Sir Walter Raleigh's thoughts are astute, and his language pregnant and expressive. There is something captivating in the mixture we find, in his writings, of forcible and uncommon thought and striking metaphor, which are so amalgamated as to be inseparable. The one is not appended to the other for the sake of ornament, but is its natural language; and is as necessary to its existence as the bark to the tree.

His Advice to his Son on the Choice of a Wife is so excellent in its kind, that we shall introduce the whole of it; though, to say the truth, it betrays almost as much cunning as wisdom.

" The next and greatest care ought to be in the choice of a wife, and the only danger therein is beauty, by which all men, in all ages, wise and foolish, have been betrayed. And though I know it vain to use reasons or arguments to disswade thee from being captivated therewith, there being few or none that ever resisted that witchery, yet I cannot omit to warn thee, as of other things, which may be thy ruine and destruction. For the present time, it is true, that every man prefers his fantasie in that appetite before all other worldly desires, leaving the care of honour, credit, and safety in respect thereof: but remember, that though these affections do not last, yet the bond of marriage dureth to the end of thy life; and, therefore, better to be borne withal in a mistress than in a wife; for when thy humour shall change, thou art yet free to chuse again, (if thou give thyself that vain liberty). Remember, secondly, that if thou marry for beauty, thou bindest thyself all thy life for that which perchance will neither last nor please thee one year; and when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no price at all, for the degree dieth when it is attained, and the affection perisheth when it is satisfied. Remember, when thou wert a sucking child, that then thou didst love thy nurse, and that thou wert fond of her; after awhile thou didst love thy dry-nurse and didst forget the other; after that, thou didst also despise her; so will it be with thee in thy liking in elder years; and, therefore, though thou canst not forbear to love, yet forbear to link, and after awhile thou shalt find an alteration in thyself, and see another far more pleasing than the first, second, or third love; yet I wish thee, above all the rest, have a care thou dost not marry an uncomely woman for any respect; for comeliness in children is riches, if nothing else be left them. And if thou have care for thy races of horses and other beasts, value the shape and comeliness of thy children before alliances or riches: have care, therefore, of both together, for if thou have a fair wife and a poor one, if thine own estate be not great, assure thyself that love abideth not with want, for she is thy companion of plenty and honour: for I never yet knew a poor woman, exceeding fair, that was not made dishonest by one or other in the end. This Bathsheba taught her son Solomon: *Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vanity:* she saith further, *That a wise woman overseeth the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.*

" Have, therefore, ever more care that thou be beloved of thy wife, rather than thyself besotted on her, and thou shalt judge of her love by these two observations: first, if thou perceive she have a care of thy estate and exercise herself therein; the other, if she study to please thee, and be sweet unto thee in conversation, without thy instruction, for love needs no teaching nor precept. On the other side, be not sowre or stern to thy wife, for cruelty engendreth no other thing than hatred: let her have equal part of thy estate whilst thou livest, if thou find her sparing and honest; but what thou givest after thy death, remember that thou givest it to a stranger, and most times to an enemy; for he that shall marry thy wife will despise thee, thy memory, and thine, and shall possess the quiet of thy labours, the fruit which thou hast planted, enjoy thy love, and spend with joy and ease what thou

hast spared, and gotten with care and travel. Yet alway remember, that thou leave not thy wife to be a shame unto thee after thou art dead, but that she may live according to thy estate; especially if thou hast few children, and them provided for. But howsoever it be, or whatsoever thou find, leave thy wife no more than of necessity thou must, but only during her widowhood; for if she love again, let her not enjoy her second love in the same bed wherein she loved thee, nor fly to future pleasures with those feathers which death hath pulled from thy wings; but leave thy estate to thy house and children, in which thou livest upon earth whilst it lasteth. To conclude, wives were ordained to continue the generation of men, not to transfer them and diminish them either in continuance or ability: and, therefore, thy house and estate, which liveth in thy son, and not in thy wife, is to be preferred. Let thy time of marriage be in thy young and strong years; for, believe it, ever the young wife betrayeth the old husband, and she that had thee not in thy flower will despise thee in thy fall, and thou shalt be unto her but a captivity and sorrow. Thy best time will be towards thirty, for as the younger times are unfit either to chuse or to govern a wife and family, so, if thou stay long, thou shalt hardly see the education of thy children, which being left to strangers are in effect lost, and better were it to be unborn than ill-bred; for thereby thy posterity shall either perish or remain a shame to thy name and family. Furthermore, if it be late ere thou take a wife, thou shalt spend the prime and summer of thy life with harlots, destroy thy health, impoverish thy estate, and endanger thy life; and be sure of this, that how many mistresses soever thou hast, so many enemies thou shalt purchase to thyself; for there never was any such affection which ended not in hatred or disdain. Remember the saying of Solomon, *There is a way which seemeth right to a man, but the issues thereof are the wages of death;* for howsoever a lewd woman please thee for a time, thou wilt hate her in the end, and she wilt study to destroy thee. If thou canst not abstain from them in thy vain and unbridled times, yet remember that thou sowest on the sands, and dost mingle the vital blood with corruption, and purchasest diseases, repentance, and hatred only. Bestow, therefore, thy youth so that thou mayst have comfort to remember it when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof: whilest thou art young, thou wilt think it will never have an end; but, behold, the longest day hath his evening, and that thou shalt enjoy it but once, that it never turns again; use it therefore as the spring-time which soon departeth, and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life."

His rules for the preservation of a man's estate are equally pertinent and just, although it cannot be denied that they savour of a sad experience and worldliness.

"Amongst all other things of the world, take care of thy estate, which thou shalt ever preserve, if thou observe three things; first, that thou know what thou hast, what every thing is worth that thou

hast, and to see that thou art not wasted by thy servants and officers. The second is, that thou never spend any thing before thou have it; for borrowing is the canker and death of every man's estate. The third is, that thou suffer not thyself to be wounded for other men's faults, and scourged for other men's offences; which is, the surety for another, for thereby millions of men have been beggared and destroyed, paying the reckoning of other men's riot and the charge of other men's folly and prodigality; if thou smart, smart for thine own sins, and above all things, be not made an ass to carry the burdens of other men: if any friend desire thee to be his surety, give him a part of what thou hast to spare; if he press thee farther, he is not thy friend at all, for friendship rather chuseth harm to itself than offereth it: if thou be bound for a stranger, thou art a fool; if for a merchant, thou puttest thy estate to learn to swim: if for a churchman, he hath no inheritance: if for a lawyer, he will find an invasion by a syllable or word to abuse thee: if for a poor man, thou must pay it thyself: if for a rich man, it need not: therefore from suretyship, as from a man-slayer, or enchanter, bless thyself; for the best profit and return will be this, that if thou force him, for whom thou art bound, to pay it himself, he will become thy enemy; if thou use to pay it thyself, thou wilt be a beggar; and believe thy father in this, and print it in thy thought, that what virtue soever thou hast, be it never so manifold, if thou be poor withal, thou and thy qualities shall be despised: besides, poverty is oft times sent as a curse of God, it is a shame amongst men, an imprisonment of the mind, a vexation of every worthy spirit; thou shalt neither help thyself nor others, thou shalt drown thee in all thy virtues, having no means to shew them; thou shalt be a burthen and an eyesore to thy friends, every man will fear thy company, thou shalt be driven basely to beg and depend on others, to flatter unworthy men, to make dishonest shifts: and to conclude, poverty provokes a man to do infamous and detested deeds: let no vanity therefore, or perswasion, draw thee to that worst of worldly miseries.

"If thou be rich, it will give thee pleasure in health, comfort in sickness, keep thy mind and body free, save thee from many perils, relieve thee in thy elder years, relieve the poor and thy honest friends, and give means to thy posterity to live, and defend themselves and thine own fame. Where it is said in the Proverbs, *That he shall be sore vexed that is surety for a stranger, and he that hateth suretyship is sure;* it is further said, *The poor is hated even of his own neighbour, but the rich have many friends.* Lend not to him that is mightier than thyself, for if thou lendest him, count it but lost; be not surety above thy power, for if thou be surety, think to pay it."

Sir Walter Raleigh is very severe on the vice of drunkenness.

"Take especial care that thou delight not in wine, for there never was any man that came to honour or preferment that loved it; for it transformeth a man into a beast, decayeth health, poisoneth the breath, destroyeth natural heat, brings a man's stomach to an artificial heat,

deformeth the face, rotteth the teeth, and to conclude, maketh a man contemptible, soon old, and despised of all wise and worthy men; hated in thy servants, in thyself, and companions; for it is a bewitching and infectious vice; and remember my words, that it were better for a man to be subject to any vice than to it; for all other vanities and sins are recovered, but a drunkard will never shake off the delight of beastliness; for the longer it possesseth a man, the more he will delight in it, and the elder he groweth, the more he shall be subject to it; for it dulleth the spirits and destroyeth the body, as ivy doth the old tree, or as the worm that ingendreth in the kernel of the nut.

"Take heed, therefore, that such a careless canker pass not thy youth, nor such a beastly infection thy old age; for then shall all thy life be but as the life of a beast, and after thy death, thou shalt only leave a shameful infamy to thy posterity, who shall study to forget that such a one was their father. Anacharsis saith, *The first draught serveth for health, the second for pleasure, the third for shame, the fourth for madness;* but in youth there is not so much as one draught permitted; for it putteth fire to fire; and wasteth the natural [heat of the body.] And, therefore, except thou desire to hasten thine end, take this for a general rule, that thou never add any artificial heat to thy body, by wine or spice, until thou find that time hath decayed thy natural heat, and the sooner thou beginnest to help nature, the sooner she will forsake thee, and trust altogether to art."

"The dutiful Advice of a loving Son to his aged Father" is supposed to be a libel on Sir Walter, written by his enemies. It will be seen, however, that it bears a strong resemblance to his style, although the metaphor is more profuse and ornamental, and seems to be rather engrafted on his thoughts than to spring up with them. That this piece should be dictated by personal hostility is strange—it contains exhortations that might with the greatest propriety be directed to any man. It is possible, that it might be written by another person in imitation of Sir Walter Raleigh's advice to his son; yet, if he was an enemy, he was of a most uncommon description. On the other hand, it might naturally enough suggest itself to the mind of Raleigh at a time when he was harassed by misfortune and oppressed by power, and when the world's vanity was engraven on his heart in lines too deep to be erased. As the advice, however, is worth quoting, for its own merit, and is written with great force and beauty, we shall give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves.

"Remember that you are now in the waining, and the date of your pilgrimage well nigh expired, and now that it behoveth you to look towards your countrey, your force languisheth, your senses impair, your body droops, and on every side the ruinous cottage of your faint and feeble flesh threatneth the fall: and having so many harbingers of death to premonish you of your end, how can you but prepare for so

dreadful a stranger? The young man may dye quickly, but the old man cannot live long: the young man's life by casualty may be abridged, but the old man's by no physick can be long adjourned: and, therefore, if green years should sometimes think of the grave, the thoughts of old age should continually dwell in the same.

"The prerogative of infancy is innocency; of childhood, reverence; of manhood, maturity; and of old age, wisdom.

"And seeing then, that the chiefest properties of wisdom are, to be mindful of things past, careful for things present, and provident for things to come; use now the priviledge of Nature's talent to the benefit of your own soul, and procure hereafter to be wise in well doing, and watchful in the foresight of future harms. To serve the world you are now unable; and though you were able, yet you have little cause to be willing, seeing that it never gave you but an unhappy welcome, a hurtful entertainment, and now doth abandon you with an unfortunate farewell.

"You have long sowed in a field of flint, which could bring nothing forth but a crop of cares and afflictions of spirit, rewarding your labours with remorse, and affording, for your gain, eternal danger.

"It is now more than a seasonable time to alter the course of so unthriving a husbandry, and to enter into the field of God's Church, in which, sowing the seed of repentant sorrow, and watering them with the tears of humble contrition, you may hereafter reap a more beneficial harvest, and gather the fruits of everlasting comfort.

"Remember, I pray you, that your Spring is spent, your Summer overpast, you are now arrived at the fall of the leaf; yea, and Winter colours have long since stained your hoary head.

* * * * *

"He that is tossed with variety of storms, and cannot come to his desired port, maketh not much way, but is much turmoiled. So, he that hath passed many years and purchased little profit, hath a long being, but a short life; for, life is more to be measured by well-doing, than by number of years; seeing that most men by many days do but procure many deaths, and others in short space attain to the life of infinite ages. What is the body without the soul, but a corrupt carcass? And what is the soul without God, but a sepulchre of sin?

"If God be the way, the life, and the truth, he that goeth without him, strayeth; and he that liveth without him, dyeth; and he that is not taught by him, erreth.

"*Well* (saith St. Augustine) *God is our true and chiefest life, from whom to revolt is to fall; to whom to return, is to rise; and in whom to stay, is to stand sure.*

"God is he, from whom to depart, is to dye; to whom to repair, is to revive; and in whom to dwell, is life for ever. Be not then of the number of those that begin not to live till they be ready to dye; and then, after a foe's desert, come to crave of God a friend's entertainment.

"Some there be that think to snatch heaven in a moment, which the best can scarce attain unto in the maintenance of many years, and when they have glutted themselves with worldly delights, would jump

from Dives' dyet to Lazarus' crown; from the service of Satan to the solace of a saint.

"But be you well assured, that God is not so penurious of friends, as to hold himself and his kingdom saleable for the refuse and reversions of their lives, who have sacrificed the principal thereof to his enemies, and their own bruitish lust; then only ceasing to offend, when the ability of offending is taken from them.

"Wherefore, good sir, make no longer delayes; but being so near the breaking up of your mortal house, take time, before extremity, to pacifie God's anger.

"Though you suffered the bud to be blasted, though you permitted the fruits to be perished, and the leaves to dry up; yea, though you let the boughs to wither, and the body of your tree to grow to decay, yet (alas) keep life in the root, for fear least the whole tree become fewel for hell fire; for surely where the tree falleth, there it shall lie, whether towards the south, or to the north, to heaven or to hell; and such sap as it bringeth forth, such fruit shall it ever bear.

"Death hath already filed from you the better part of your natural forces, and left you now to be lees and remissals of your wearyish and dying dayes.

"The remainder whereof, as it cannot be long, so doth it warn you speedily to ransom your former losses; for what is age but the calends of death? and what importeth your present weakness, but an earnest of your approaching dissolution? You are now imbarked in your final voyage, and not far from the stint and period of your course.

"Be not therefore unprovided of such appurtenances as are behooveful in so perplexed and perilous a journey; death itself is very fearful, but much more terrible in respect of the judgment it summoneth us unto.

"If you were now laid upon your departing bed, burthened with the heavy load of your former trespasses, and gored with the sting and prick of a festered conscience; if you felt the cramp of death wresting your heart-strings, and ready to make the rueful divorce between body and soul; if you lay panting for breath, and swimming in a cold and pale sweat, wearied with strugling against your deadly pangs; O what would you give for an hour's repentance; at what a rate would you value a day's contrition? Then, worlds would be worthless in respect of a little respite; a short truce would seem more precious than the treasures of an empire; nothing would be so much esteemed as a short time of truce, which now by days, and months, and years, is most lavishly mis-spent.

* * * * *

"It is a strange piece of art, and a very exorbitant course, when the ship is sound, the pilot well, the mariners strong, the gale favourable, and the sea calm, to lye idlely in the road, during so seasonable weather: and when the ship leaketh, the pilot sick, the mariners faint, the storms boisterous, and the seas a turmoil of outragious surges, then to launch forth, hoise up sail, and set out for a long voyage into a far countrey.

"Yet such is the skill of these evening repenters, who though in

the soundness of their health, and perfect use of their reason, they cannot resolve to cut the cables, and weigh the anchor that withholds them from God.

"Nevertheless they feed themselves with a strong persuasion, that when they are astonied, their wits distracted, the understanding dusked, and the bodies and souls racked and tormented with the throbs and gripes of a mortal sickness; then, forsooth, they will begin to think of their weightiest matters, and become sudden saints, when they are scarce able to behave themselves like reasonable creatures.

"No, no; if neither the canon, civil, nor the common law will allow that man (perished in judgment) should make any testament of his temporal substance; how can he, that is animated with inward garboils of an unsetled conscience, distrained with the wringing fits of his dying flesh, maimed in all his ability, and circled in on every side with many and strange incumbrances, be thought of due discretion to dispose of his chiefest jewel, which is his soul? and to dispatch the whole manage of all eternity, and of the treasures of heaven, in so short a spurt?

"No, no; they that will loyter in seed-time, and begin to sow when others reap; they that will riot out their health, and begin to cast their accounts when they are scarce able to speak; they that will slumber out the day, and enter upon their journey when the light doth fail them, let them blame their own folly, if they dye in debt, and be eternal beggars, and fall headlong into the lap of endless perdition."

The Sceptic is a piece of ingenious sophistry, which displays the versatility of the author's mind. It is one of those sportive speculations in which men of genius sometimes, by a sort of perversity of intellect, delight to shew their power. Raleigh attempts to prove, from the diversity there is amongst living creatures, and the opposite impressions made by the same thing on different men and animals, that it is impossible to know what the real nature of a thing is, but only what it seems to us. We will quote a part of this amusing essay.

"If then one and the very same thing to the red eye seem red, to another pale, and white to another: if one and the same thing seem not hot or cold, dry or moist, in the same degree to the several creatures which touch it: if one and the self-same sound seem more shrill to that creature which hath a narrow ear, and more base to him that hath an open ear: if the same thing, at the same time, seem to afford a pleasant and displeasant smell to divers and several creatures: if that seem bitter in taste to one, which to another seemeth sweet, that to one hurtful, which to another seemeth healthful: I may report how these things appear divers to several creatures, and seem to produce divers effects.

"But what they are in their own nature, whether red or white, bitter or sweet, healthful or hurtful, I cannot tell. For why should I presume to prefer my conceit and imagination, in affirming that a thing is thus, or thus, in its own nature, because it seemeth to me to be so, before the conceit of other living creatures, who may as well think it to be other-

wise in each own nature, because it appeareth otherwise to them than it doth to me?

"They are living creatures as well as I; why then should I condemn their conceit and fantasie, concerning any thing, more than they may mine? they may be in the truth and I in error, as well as I in truth and they err. If my conceit must be believed before theirs, great reason that it be proved to be truer than theirs. And this proof must be either by demonstration, or without it. Without it none will believe. Certainly, if by demonstration, then this demonstration must seem to be true, or not seem to be true. If it seem to be true, then will it be a question, whether it be so indeed as it seemeth to be; and to alledge that for a certain proof, which is uncertain and questionable, seemeth absurd.

"If it be said, that the imagination of man judgeth truer of the outward object, than the imagination of other living creatures doth, and therefore to be credited above others; (besides that which is already said) this is easily refuted by comparing of man with other creatures.

"It is confessed the dog excelleth man in smell and in hearing: and whereas there is said to be a two-fold discourse, one of the mind, another of the tongue, and that of the mind is said to be exercised in chusing that which is convenient, and refusing that which is hurtful in knowledge, justice, and thankfulness: this creature chuseth his food, refuseth the whip, fawneth on his master, defendeth his house, revengeth himself of those strangers that hurt him: and Homer mentioneth Argus, the dog of Ulysses, who knew his master, having been from home so many years, that at his return all the people of his house had forgot him. This creature, saith Chrysippus, is not void of logick: for when, in following any beast, he cometh to three several ways, he smelleth to the one, and then to the second, and if he find that the beast which he pursueth be not fled one of these two ways, he presently, without smelling any further to it, taketh the third way; which, saith the same philosopher, is as if he reasoned thus, the beast must be gone either this, or this, or the other way; but neither this, nor this; ergo, the third: and so away he runneth.

"If we consider his skill in physick, it is sufficient to help himself: if he be wounded with a dart, he useth the help of his teeth to take it out, of his tongue to cleanse the wound from corruption: he seemeth to be well acquainted with the precept of Hipocrates, who saith, *That the rest of the foot is the physick of the foot*, and therefore if his foot be hurt, he holdeth it up that it may rest: if he be sick, he giveth himself a vomit by eating of grass, and recovereth himself. The dog then we see is plentifully furnished with inward discourse.

"Now, outward speech is not needful to make a creature reasonable, else a dumb man were an unreasonable creature.

"And do not philosophers themselves reject this as an enemy to knowledge? and therefore they are silent when they are instructed; and yet even as barbarous and strange people have speech, but we understand it not, neither do we perceive any great difference in their words: but a difference there seemeth to be, and they do express their thoughts and meanings one to another by those words. Even so those

creatures, which are commonly called unreasonable, do seem to parly one with another; and by their speech do understand one the other. Do not birds by one kind of speech call their young ones, and by another cause them to hide themselves? Do they not by their several voices express their several passions of joy, of grief, of fear, in such manner, that their fellows understand them? Do they not by their voice foreshew things to come? But we will return to that creature we first did instance in. The dog delivereth one kind of voice when he hunteth, another when he howleth, another when he is beaten, and another when he is angry. These creatures then are not void of outward speech."

In the chapter of our author's "Maxims of State" entitled, "Sophisms of the sophistical or subtile tyrant to hold up his state," there is a passage of singular application to himself, which one might fancy to have been written in a prophetic foresight of his own fate.

"To take heed that no one grow to be over-great, but rather, many equally great, that they may envy and contend one with another; and if he resolve to weaken any of this sort, to do it warily and by degrees; if quite to wreck him, and to have his life, yet to give him a lawful tryal, after the manner of his country; and if he proceed so far with any of great power and estimation, as to do him contumely or disgrace, not to suffer him to escape, because contumely and disgrace are things contrary unto honour, which great spirits do most desire, and so are moved rather to a revenge for their disgrace, than to any thankfulness, or acknowledging the prince's favour for their pardon or dismission."

The following is a magnificent and most royal comparison, conceived and expressed with equal power.

"They say, that the goodliest cedars, which grow on the high mountains of Libanus, thrust their roots between the clifts of hard rocks, the better to bear themselves against the strong storms that blow there. As nature hath instructed those kings of trees, so hath reason taught the kings of men to root themselves in the hardy hearts of their faithful subjects. And as those kings of trees have large tops, so have the kings of men large crowns, whereof as the first would soon be broken from their bodies, were they not underborne by many branches, so would the other easily totter, were they not fastened on their heads with the strong chains of civil justice and martial discipline."

In the preface to the "Prerogative of Parliaments," addressed to the King, after stating that, if he complied with the wishes of the people to submit their grievances to Parliament, it might "be stiled a yielding which seemeth by the sound to brave the regality;" he has this striking paragraph:

"But (most excellent prince) what other is it to the ears of the wise, but as the sound of a trumpet, having blasted forth a false alarm, becomes the common air? Shall the head yield to the feet? certainly it ought, when they are grieved, for wisdom will rather regard the commodity, than object the disgrace, seeing, if the feet lie in fetters, the head cannot be freed, and where the feet feel but their own pains, the head doth not only suffer by participation, but withal by consideration of the evil."

This collection also contains several of Sir Walter Raleigh's Letters, amongst which there are two to his wife, which manifest great kindness and affection. The one written after his condemnation is so beautiful and affecting, that we shall introduce a portion of it in this place.

"You shall receive (my dear wife) my last words in these my last lines; my love I send you, that you may keep when I am dead, and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not with my will present you sorrows (dear Bess); let them go to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And seeing that it is not the will of God that I shall see you any more, bear my destruction patiently, and with a heart like yourself.

"First, I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words express, for your many travels and cares for me, which though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less; but pay it I never shall in this world.

"Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, that you do not hide yourself many days, but by your travails seek to help my miserable fortunes, and the right of your poor child; your mourning cannot avail me, that am but dust.

* * * * * * *

"Paylie oweth me a thousand pounds, and Aryan six hundred; in Jersey, also, I have much owing me. (Dear wife) I beseech you, for my soul's sake, pay all poor men. When I am dead, no doubt you shall be much sought unto; for the world thinks I was very rich; have a care to the fair pretences of men, for no greater misery can befall you in this life than to become a prey unto the world, and after to be despised. I speak (God knows) not to disswade you from marriage, for it will be best for you, both in respect of God and the world. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine, death hath cut us asunder, and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me. Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who loved you in his happiest estate. I sued for my life, but (God knows) it was for you and yours that I desired it: for know it (my dear wife) your child is the child of a true man, who, in his own respect, despiseth death, and his mis-shapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much, (God knows) how hardly I steal this time when all sleep, and it is also time for me to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied you, and either lay it in Sherburn or Exeter church, by my father and mother. I can say no more, time and death calleth me away. The everlasting God, powerful, infinite, and inscrutable God

Almighty, who is goodness itself, the true light and life, keep you and yours, and have mercy upon me, and forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom. My dear wife, farewell; bless my boy, pray for me, and let my true God hold you both in his arms."

Such are the extracts which we proposed to give from a few of the minor works of this great man. But it must not be imagined that we have done with him. The neglected remains of this "hero, sage, and patriot," are a treasure which we shall revisit in due season: for it is by a frequent contemplation of such lofty and splendid specimens of humanity as Sir Walter Raleigh, that the modern character may be elevated and invigorated. There was, indeed, in him such a grasp of thought, such an energy of spirit, and such a majesty of expression, that the mind cannot dwell upon either his character or his works without feeling itself exalted, expanded, and informed. It is, also, true, that an alloy of littleness, of temporizing and evasive cunning, had infused itself into his lofty nature; but which, while it drags him down to our level, affords us a near insight into the mechanism and operations of the human heart. We see in him a combination of the most various and opposite ingredients in our nature—the coolest and most calculating sagacity, joined with a flowing and gorgeous imagination—the most irrepressible energy of will, with the subtlest motions of the intellect—the most sanguine and unsubdued spirit, with the most patient resignation to irresistible circumstances. We have also a most improving exhibition of that gradual obscuration of the gay and trusting faith which inexperience fondly reposes in human kind—of the slow and reluctant expiration of the love of virtue and excellence for their own sakes—of that eventual desertion of lofty principle, and the substitution of worldly wisdom, with all its appliances, subterfuges, and evasions, which a long commerce with mankind, in the course of a perilous life, slowly but amply supply. Surely there is something to be learnt from a man like this—admiral, philosopher, statesman, historian, and poet, all in one—first in some, distinguished in all; who, bold and adventurous in discovery, whether moral or geographical, untamed in war and indefatigable in literature, as inexhaustible in ideas as in exploits, after having brought a new world to light, wrote the history of the old in a prison.

> "Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
> Explor'd the vast extent of ages past;
> And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
> Yet found no times, in all the long research,
> So glorious or so base as those he prov'd,
> In which he conquer'd and in which he bled."

ART. XI. *The Purple Island; or Isle of Man. A Poem,* by Phineas Fletcher, *Cambridge,* 1633, 4*to.*

The author of this Poem is supposed to have been born in the year 1584. He was the son of Dr. Giles Fletcher, who was himself a poet; the brother of Giles Fletcher, the author of *Christ's Victory;* and the cousin of John Fletcher, the dramatist; so that it was with some truth said, "his very *name's* a poet." Besides the *Purple Island,* he was the author of seven "*Piscatory Eclogues,*" and several miscellaneous pieces. The fate of the former poem has been singular,—it laid for a long time neglected and almost forgotten, until Mr. Headley made it the subject of praise equally excessive and underserved. He raised it at once from neglect to eminence, and placed it by the side of Spenser, from whom, he says, Fletcher drew his inspiration. The pride of discovery—of being the first to point out its beauties, may have had some influence with him in assigning it this lofty station.* Headley is more elaborate and less happy in his criticism on this author, than he is in general. The *Purple Island* has little of inspiration in it—the author has not only imitated Spenser in the general outline of his allegorical personifications—has not only borrowed his conceptions, but has with a little variation and inversion copiously made use of the attributes by which Spenser has characterised them, and not unfrequently of his phrases and modes of expression.—There are indeed but few traces either of invention or originality to be found in the whole twelve cantos. We shall take occasion to notice, in the progress of this article, some of the instances in which Fletcher has more palpably imitated his more poetical and imaginative predecessor. We do not found our opinion on the slight ground on which the ingenious critic before mentioned concludes, that Milton had read and imitated Fletcher,—nor adjudge him a plagiarist on the similarity of a word or a phrase which might be casual as well as designed; but on such direct and obvious resemblances as cannot be mistaken. Although this detracts from the higher qualities of his poetry, it still leaves something to be really admired and praised. In heightening the colouring of Spenser's inventions, we cannot say that he has generally succeeded in improving them. The chief qualities of

* Warton mentions it in general terms, and with but faint praise, in his "Observations on the Faëry Queen of Spenser," vol. 1. p. 107, and v. 2. p. 106.

the mind of Fletcher are fancy and ingenuity. His poem is too much cumbered with ornament, which is sometimes gorgeous, and sometimes fantastic. The title of "*The Purple Island* is most attractive and most fallacious." If a reader should take it up, (as would probably be the case with those who are ignorant of its nature) with the expectation of finding some delightful story of romantic fiction, what must be his disappointment to plunge at once into an anatomical lecture in verse on the human frame—to find that the poet had turned topographer of an island founded upon human bones, with veins for its thousand small brooks, and arteries for its larger streams; and that the mountains and valleys with which it is diversified are neither more nor less than the inequalities and undulations of this microcosm? He might perhaps persevere, through the whole of the second canto, in the continued hope that it would soon be over; but when he had achieved this task, and found that he had only made one quarter of the survey, he must of necessity be constrained to lay it down in despair.

This is not the case with us—we are in the habit of encountering such difficulties, and are not disheartened by slight obstructions or disappointments. Such books come immediately within the range of one branch of our undertaking. But to return to the "*Purple Island*."—After enumerating with great minuteness and considerable ingenuity the different parts of the body, and their several functions, the author goes on to describe the qualities of the mind—and here the subject gives him a little more scope. The passions are next described in still more poetical colours. The virtuous qualities of the heart, under the command of Eclecta, or Intellect, are then attacked by the vices. After a severe struggle, an angel * appears at a very critical moment, and decides the contest in favour of the former.—Such is the outline of the *Purple Island*. We now proceed to make a few extracts from it, which would be considered eminently poetical if we could keep the "*Faëry Queen*" out of view.

The description of Parthenia, or Chastity, is in many respects a close imitation of the Belphœbe of Spenser. Nearly the whole of the sentiments of Spenser are transferred into this description, with different degrees of colourable alteration, except the second stanza, which is certainly beautiful.

In those parts in which he has deviated from his prototype, (and which we shall omit,) he has fallen into coldness and bad taste.

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* Will our readers believe that this angel was the Rev. Phineas Fletcher's Sovereign Lord, King James the First, to whom he pays this most ridiculous and disgusting compliment?

" With her, her sister went, a warlike Maid,
Parthenia,* all in steel and gilded arms;
In needle's stead, a mighty spear she sway'd,
With which, in bloody fields and fierce alarms,
The boldest champion she down would bear,
And like a thunderbolt wide passage tear,
Flinging all to the earth with her enchanted spear.

Her goodly armour seem'd a garden green,
Where thousand spotless lilies freshly blew;
And on her shield the lone bird might be seen,
Th' Arabian bird, shining in colours new;
Itself unto itself was only mate;
Ever the same, but new in newer date:
And underneath was writ 'Such is chaste single state.'

Thus hid in arms she seem'd a goodly knight,
And fit for any warlike exercise:
But when she list lay down her armour bright,
And back resume her peaceful maiden's guise;
The fairest Maid she was, that ever yet
Prison'd her locks within a golden net,
Or let them waving hang, with roses fair beset.

Choice nymph! the crown of chaste Diana's train,
Thou beauty's lily, set in heav'nly earth;
Thy fair's unpattern'd, all perfection stain:
Sure Heav'n with curious pencil at thy birth
In thy rare face her own full picture drew:
It is a strong verse here to write, but true,
Hyperboles in others are but half thy due.

Upon her forehead Love his trophies fits,
A thousand spoils in silver arch displaying:
And in the midst himself full proudly sits,
Himself in awful majesty arraying:
Upon her brows lies his bent ebon bow,
And ready shafts; deadly those weapons show;
Yet sweet the death appear'd, lovely that deadly blow.

* * * * *

A bed of lilies flow'r upon her cheek,
And in the midst was set a circling rose;

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* Chastity.

Whose sweet aspect would force Narcissus seek
New liveries, and fresher colours choose
To deck his beauteous head in snowy 'tire;
But all in vain: for who can hope t' aspire
To such a Fair, which none attain, but all admire?

Her ruby lips lock up from gazing sight
A troop of pearls, which march in goodly row:
But when she deigns those precious bones undight,
Soon heav'nly notes from those divisions flow,
And with rare musick charm the ravish'd ears,
Daunting bold thoughts, but cheering modest fears:
The spheres so only sing, so only charm the spheres.

Her dainty breasts, like to an April rose
From green silk fillets yet not all unbound,
Began their little rising heads disclose,
And fairly spread their silver circlets round:
From those two bulwarks love doth safely fight;
Which swelling easily, may seem to sight
To be enwombed both of pleasure and delight.

Yet all these stars which deck this beauteous sky
By force of th' inward sun both shine and move;
Thron'd in her heart sits love's high majesty;
In highest majesty the highest love.
As when a taper shines in glassy frame,
The sparkling crystal burns in glitt'ring flame,
So does that brightest love brighten this lovely dame."

This passage, if it were original, would be considered fine and highly creditable to the talents of the author. But in majesty—in grace and voluptuous harmony of expression—in all that is most delicious in poetry—it is at an immeasurable distance from the Belphœbe of Spenser.

"Her face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,
But hevenly pourtraict of bright Angels' hew,
Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
And gazer's sence with double pleasure fed,
Hable to heale the sicke, and to revive the ded.

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' hevenly Maker's light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the same
So passing persant and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash beholder's sight:
In them the blinded God his lustfull fyre
To kindle oft assay'd, but had no might;
For with dredd majestie and awfull yre
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace desyre.

Her yvorie forehead, full of bountie brave,
Like a broad table did itselfe dispred
For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
And write the battailes of his great godhed:
All good and honour might therein be red,
For there their dwelling was: And when she spake,
Sweete wordes, like dropping honny, she did shed;
And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seem'd to make.

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even browes
Working belgardes and amorous retrate;
And everie one her with a grace endowes;
And everie one with meeknesse to her bowes.
So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
And soveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
How shall frayle pen descrive her heavenly face,
For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace!

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire,
She seem'd, when she presented was to sight;
And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
All in a silken Camus lylly whight,
Purfled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinckled was throughout
With golden aygulets, that glistred bright
Like twinckling starres; and all the skirt about
Was hem'd with golden fringe.

Below her ham her weed did somewhat trayne,
And her streight legs most bravely were embayl'd
In gilden buskins of costly cordwayme,
All bard with golden bendes which were entayl'd
With curious antickes and full fayre aumayl'd:
Before they fastened were under her knee

In a rich jewell, and therein entrayl'd
The ends of all the knots, that none might see
How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee.

Like two faire marble pillours they were seene,
Which doe the temple of the Gods support,
Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,
And honour in their festivall resort;
Those same with stately grace and princely port
She taught to tread, when she herselfe would grace;
But with the woody Nymphes when she did play,
Or when the flying libbard she did chace,
She could them nimbly move, and after fly apace.

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
Stuft with steel-headed dartes, wherewith she quel'd
The salvage beastes in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldricke which forelay
Athwart her snowy brest.

* * * * *

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And when the winde emongst them did inspyre,
They waved like a penon wyde dispred,
And low behinde her backe were scattered:
And, whether art it were or heedlesse hap,
As through the flouring forrest rash she fled,
In her rude heares sweet flowres themselves did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes did enwrap."

What a piece of "dulcet and harmonious music" is this! it is the murmuring of the golden stream of Pactolus of old; but we cannot find words to express the extent of our delight, and we must leave it to the fancy of our readers to frame fit epithets of admiration. Let the reader compare this description with that of Parthenia, and particularly the lines in italics with Fletcher's imitations of them.

It is but fair, however, to select something, in which our author has improved Spenser—his description of Envy, for instance, which although it betrays the place from which it came, is superior to Spenser's—it is more dignified; Spenser's is more wild;—the latter has also given a description of the physical qualities; Fletcher has only delineated those of the mind.

"Envy the next, Envy with squinted eyes;
Sick of a strange disease, his neighbour's health;
Best lives he then, when any better dies;
Is never poor, but in another's wealth:
On best men's harms and griefs he feeds his fill;
Else his own maw doth eat with spiteful will:
Ill must the temper be, where diet is so ill.

Each eye through divers optics slily leers,
Which both his sight and object's self bely;
So greatest virtue as a moat appears,
And molehill faults to mountains multiply.
When needs he must, yet faintly, then he praises;
Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises:
So marreth what he makes, and praising, most dispraises."

The poem is supposed to be sung by a Shepherd, which gives the poet an opportunity of introducing several interesting descriptions of rural scenery.

The following stanzas are pretty and fanciful.

"The flow'rs that, frighten'd with sharp winter's dread,
Retire into their mother Tellus' womb,
Yet in the spring in troops new mustered
Peep out again from their unfrozen tomb:
The early violet will fresh arise,
Spreading his flower'd purple to the skies;
Boldly the little elf the winter's spite defies.

The hedge, green satin pink'd and cut, arrays;
The heliotrope to cloth of gold aspires;
In hundred-colour'd silks the tulip plays;
Th' imperial flow'r, his neck with pearl attires;
The lily, high her silver grogram rears;
The pansy, her wrought velvet garment bears;
The red-rose, scarlet, and the provence, damask wears."

The introduction to the ninth canto is poetical, and worth quoting.

"The bridegroom Sun, who late the earth espous'd,
Leaves his star-chamber; early in the east
He shook his sparkling locks, head lively rous'd,
While Morn his couch with blushing roses drest;
His shines the Earth soon latch'd to gild her flow'rs:
Phosphor his gold-fleec'd drove folds in their bow'rs,
Which all the night had graz'd about th' Olympic tow'rs.

The cheerful lark, mounting from early bed,
With sweet salutes awakes the drowsy light:
The Earth she left, and up to Heav'n is fled;
There chants her Maker's praises out of sight.
Earth seems a mole-hill, men but ants to be;
Teaching the proud, that soar to high degree,
The further up they climb, the less they seem and see."

The lines which succeed on the decay of human greatness, and the ruin of principalities and powers, are some of the finest and most spirited in the poem, and for which the author has our unqualified praise.

" Fond man, that looks on Earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never found!
For all our good we hold from Heav'n by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound;
Nor can we pay the fine, and rentage due:
Though now but writ, and seal'd, and giv'n anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

Why shouldst thou here look for perpetual good,
At ev'ry loss 'gainst heav'n's face repining?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
With gilded tops and silver turrets shining:
There now the hart fearless of greyhound feeds,
And loving pelican in fancy breeds:
There screeching satyrs fill the people's empty stedes.*

Where is the Assyrian lion's golden hide,
That all the east once grasp'd in lordly paw?
Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling pride
The lion's self tore out with rav'nous jaw?
Or he which 'twixt a lion and a pard,
Through all the world with nimble pinions far'd,
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdoms shar'd.

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of these great monarchies we find:
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ is left behind:
But when this second life and glory fades,
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

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* *i. e.* places.

That monstrous beast, which, nurs'd in Tiber's fen,
Did all the world with hideous shape affray;
That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trode down all the rest to dust and clay:
His batt'ring horns, pull'd out by civil hands
And iron teeth, lie scatter'd on the sands;
Back'd, bridled by a monk, with seven heads yoked stands.

And that black* vulture, which with deathful wing
O'ershadows half the Earth, whose dismal sight
Frighten'd the Muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flags with weary flight:
Who then shall look for happiness beneath?
Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and death,
And life itself's as flit as is the air we breathe."

Fletcher's description of Fear is as follows:—

"Still did he look for some ensuing cross,
Fearing such hap as never man befel:
No mean he knows, but dreads each little loss
(With tyranny of fear distraught) as Hell.
His sense, he dare not trust (nor eyes, nor ears);
And when no other cause of fright appears,
Himself he much suspects, and fears his causeless fears.

Harness'd with massy steel, for fence not fight;
His sword unseemly long he ready drew:
At sudden shine of his own armour bright,
He started oft, and star'd with ghastly hue:
His shrieks, at ev'ry danger that appears,
Shaming the knight-like arms he goodly bears:
His word: 'Safer, that all, than he that nothing fears.'"

Compare this with Spenser's description.

"Next him was *Feare*, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But fear'd each shadow moving to or froe;
And, his owne armes when glittering he did spy
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hew, and winged heel'd;
And evermore on *Daunger* fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he alwayes bent a brasen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did wield."†

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* The Turk.

† Faëry Queen, b. iii. c. xii. st. xii.

We concur in Mr. Headley's opinion, that

"There seems to be more nature and real poetry in Fletcher's describing him as but *starting* at the sight of his arms, than in Spenser, who on the same occasion represents him as absolutely "*flying fast away;*" but perhaps Spenser has heightened the image by making him equally terrified with the *sound* of them as the *sight;* this is omitted in Fletcher."

To these observations may be added, that there is great propriety in the bewildered air which Spenser gives him in the last line.

The following stanza possesses considerable merit.

"But ah! what liveth long in happiness?
Grief, of a heavy nature, steady lies,
And cannot be removed for weightiness;
But joy, of lighter presence, eas'ly flies,
And seldom comes, and soon away will go:
Some secret pow'r here all things orders so,
That for a sunshine day, follows an age of woe."

These lines are beautiful and harmonious,

"So have I often seen a purple flow'r,
Fainting through heat, hang down her drooping head,
But soon refreshed with a welcome show'r,
Begins again her lively beauties spread,
And with new pride her silken leaves display;
And, while the sun doth now more gently play,
Lays out her swelling bosom to the smiling day."

The conception of Thumos, or Wrath, is forcible, and his attributes appropriate.

"Thumos the fourth, a dire, revengeful swain;
Whose soul was made of flames, whose flesh of fire,
Wrath in his heart, hate, rage, and fury reign!
Fierce was his look, when clad in sparkling tire;
But when dead paleness in his cheek took seizure,
And all the blood in's boiling heart did treasure,
Then, in his wild revenge, kept he nor mean nor measure.

For in his face, red heat and ashy cold
Strove which should paint revenge in proper colours:
That, like consuming fire, most dreadful roll'd;
This, liker death, threatens all deadly dolours
His trembling hand a dagger still embrac'd,
Which in his friend he rashly oft encas'd:
His shield's device, fresh blood with foulest stain defac'd."

We have omitted the intermediate stanza in the above description, but shall quote it in this place, for the purpose of shewing the singular skill with which the poet has availed himself of a very mean image, and which he has indeed elevated into something like dignity. It is, in plain prose, nothing more than a comparison of the rage of Thumos to a kettle, full of boiling water, on the fire.

"Like as when waters, wall'd with brazen wreath,
Are sieg'd with crackling flames, their common foe:
The angry seas 'gin foam and hotly breathe,
Then swell, rise, rave, and still more furious grow;
Nor can be held; but forc'd with fires below,
Tossing their waves, break out, and all o'erflow:
So boil'd his rising blood, and dash'd his angry brow."

Upon the whole, we think we have adduced sufficient specimens to shew that, although Fletcher had not much originality of invention or power of combination, he possessed a luxuriant fancy, and a pleasing vein of poetry.

ART. XII.—*A true discourse of Sir Anthony Sherley's Travele into Persia, what accidents did happen in the waye, both goeinge thither and returning backe, with the businesse he was employed in, from the Sophie. Written by* George Manwaring, gentleman, *who attended on Sir Anthony all the jorneye.—MS.*

Sir Anthony Sherley, the history of whose singular journey into Persia, the manuscript which stands at the head of this article professes to record, was the second son of Sir Thomas Sherley, of Wiston, in Sussex, and was born in 1565. He had two brothers, Sir Thomas Sherley, his elder, and Mr. Robert Sherley, his younger brother, all distinguished for their adventurous and romantic dispositions.—It is, however, with Sir Anthony that we have chiefly to do in this article, although we shall have occasion to notice incidentally his two brothers, and especially Mr. Robert Sherley, his companion in this extraordinary enterprize. On Sir Anthony, his friends bestowed "those learnings which were fit for a gentleman's ornament;" and after having taken his degree at Oxford, he entered into the service of his sovereign, "in which he ran many courses of divers fortune, according to the condition of the wars."—He first joined

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the English forces in Holland,* and was subsequently one of those gallant adventurers, who in 1596, went to annoy the Spaniards in their West India settlements. With a brave, but small, band of two hundred and eighty men, he took the town of St. Jago, of which he kept possession two days and nights, against three thousand Portuguese, in which service eighty of his men were wounded. On his return to England, Sir Anthony received the honour of knighthood. As the model of his civil life, Sir Anthony selected his friend and patron, the famous Earl of Essex, who, in the true nobleness of his nature, gave him literally the best treasures of his mind in counselling him, and his care and fortune to help him forward.

Early in the year 1599, Sir Anthony Sherley left England with twenty-five followers, most of them gentlemen, for the purpose of joining the Duke of Ferrara in his wars with the Pope; but, learning on his arrival at Augusta, that the wars were terminated, he proceeded to Venice, and, from that place, communicated his disappointment to the Earl, by whose advice the enterprize had been undertaken. It seems, that some expectation had been formed of the exploits of this small band of gentlemen, and it suited neither the inclination of the Earl, nor Sir Anthony, that it should end in nothing. It was therefore concerted between them, that Sir Anthony should undertake a journey into Persia, the object of which was, in the first place, to endeavour to prevail upon the king to unite with the Christian princes against the Turks; or, if this should fail, to establish a commercial intercourse betwixt this country and the East; with these grand objects, Sir Anthony mixed some private designs of his own for the improvement of his fortune. Such were the inducements to this undertaking, as avowed by Sherley in the History of his Travels, penned by himself—a publication in which statesman-like views and acute reflections are mingled with pompous argumentation, and tedious ethical declamation —and in which he has purposely omitted what, though of less interest to him, is of most to posterity. Manwaring's discourse, on the contrary, possesses considerable interest—he describes not what he thought, but what he saw—and that in the most *naïve* and engaging manner. He relates many traits of the character of Sir Anthony, and the sovereign whom he visited, that are not to be found in Sherley's publication, which was, in all probabi-

* It may be worth while to mention, that Sir Anthony and Sir Nicholas Clifford were created, by the French king, knights of the order of St. Michael; but Queen Elizabeth took it so ill, that they should accept it without her leave, that she deprived them of it. *Sandford's Geneal. Hist. of the Kings and Queens of England.*

lity, to serve some particular purpose, independent of the mere narration of his journey. Sir Anthony, without disclosing his intentions to his followers, or to any one, except the Earl of Essex, set sail from Venice on the 20th May, 1599. We shall, without farther preface, proceed to give the relation of this adventure in the words of George Manwaring himself, premising that we have taken a few liberties with his orthography, which is very bad even for the time in which he lived: and the length of the manuscript has also compelled us to omit such parts of it as possess less interest than the rest.

"The first attempt of the voyage was this, Sir Anthony understandinge of warr like to have happened betweene the Duke of Ferrara and the Pope, and hearinge the Duke to be a gallant man, and further he had notice that the Duke had sent unto the French King for some good commanders, thought he could not spend his time better then to go and ayde the Duke with his service in the warr; and for this cause did take his leave of England for a time. * * * *

"On our coming to Augusta, we had newes that the Duke of Ferrara had submitted himselfe to the Pope, and the wars were ended, yet Sir Anthony did encourage us with comfortable words, ashuringe us, that if we would followe him, and arme ourselves to take the adventure which he did purpose, we should all gayne honour, and greatly enrich ourselves. From Augusta we tooke post horses to Venice, where we did solace ourselves allmost three monthes, in which time Sir Anthony did sende his brother, Mr. Robert Sherlye, of some bussinesse to the Duke of Florence, who used him very honourablye, givinge him a chayne of gould, valued to the worthe of 1600 French crownes; and in that time we lay in Venice, Sir Anthony did fall in some conversation with a Persian marchant, which did traffick in Venice for the Kinge of Persia, for such commodities as were wantynge in his owne contrey, which was English cloth, both woollen and linene. This marchant tould Sir Anthony of the Royalltie of the Sophie his King, which pleased Sir Anthony very well; yet not resolved to go thither, but to take his voyage another way; but in the same cittie of Venice, it was his fortune to hear of a great traveler, newly come to Venice from the Sophie's court, whose name was Angelo, born in Turkie, but a good Christian, who had travelled 16 years, and did speake 24 kinde of languages. This Angelo did likewise acquaint Sir Anthony of the worthynes of the King of Persia, that he was a gallant souldier, very bountifull to strangers, and what entertainement he had at his Court; ashuringe Sir Anthony, that if he would go thither, it would be greatly for his advancement; and more over, that he would be his guide, and attend on him thither, which Sir Anthony did consent unto, yet kept it very close, for fear it should be known in Turkie, becase we must passe through that countrey, and the greate Turke and the Kinge of Persia beinge not greate friends, but only for a league for three yeares, which was all expired. So we left Venice and went to Malemocko, some five miles from Venice, where we found divers shipes; amongst the rest there

was an Argosie, bound for Scanderoune, where we did imbarke ourselves, paying a large price for our passage; but the winde was contrarye, that we were 24 days in sayling to Zant, which was not half the waye, where, if the winde had served us, we might have been at Scanderoune in that time; but in the waye before we came to Zant, there was a passinger in the ship which used some disgracefull wordes against our late Queene, whereupone Sir Anthony caused one of his meanest sort of men to give him the bastinadoe, which he did very soundly. Whereupone he made such a terrible crye, that the captaine of the shipe, with the passingers and the seafaring men, rose up in armes against us, they beinge to the number of 250, and all our companie not above 26, yet we did withstande, neither was there any hurt done, by reason of three Armenian marchants, which did stande betweene us, and entreated a peace, which the Italians did first consent unto; in the end we arrived at Zant, where Sir Anthony and all we of his companie went ashore for vittailes, in regard all our provision was spent. When we were departed forth of the ship, they sent after us those thinges we had left behind, and mounted their ordnance against us, swearinge, if we did offer to come abord the ship any more, they would sink us. Whereupon Sir Anthony complained to the Governore of the place, but could have no remedie; so we lost our passage, and were constrained to stay in Zant ten dayes for shipping, with great hinderance to our voyage and expenses; but that the English marchants did use us somewhat kindlye. After we had passed awaye the time for ten days space, we imbarked in a small ship, and we tooke our leaves of Zant, where the next day after, we being not well stored with fresh water, we did put into an island to fill our vesselles with water; because in the iland of Zant water was very scarce. I will show you a reason why. One day, beinge in Zant, I was extreme drye, and beinge in a marchant's house, I desired a cup of water to drinke of one of his servants; the marchant hearing me, tould me I should drink wine so much as I would, for his water was dearer unto him than his wine. I thought it a verie strange thinge. Well, nowe to the ilande where we went for fresh water, a place worthe the notinge: it is a small thinge, but a verye pleasant littill village for corne, yet verye frutefull of alle thinges else, as apricockes, oranges, lemonds, pomgranates, grapes of all sorts, with manye other frutes; there is but an only castele in the iland, which is inhabited with no other kind of men but priestes and friers, all Greekes; they did entertaine us lovingly, givinge us of their frutes, for the which wee did proffer them money, but they would not take anie; in all our traveles I did not see a more plesanter place, for I could have found in my harte to have lived there allwayes: it is calde by the name of the Iland of Preestes. From thence we departed, and sayled towards the Isle of Candie, where within three dayes we were in the harbore, havinge no bussines there but only to see the place; we went all a-shore, not thinkinge to stay any longer than one night, but our shipe had a mischance; for we had not been out of her two houres but one of the gallies of Candie cominge from the sea, in a rough wind, did run herselfe against the rudder of our shipe, and tooke it cleane away; besides that, she was bulged in two places,

which caused us to stay there nine dayes, before she could be made ready; there we were royally used, but espetially by one of the governors, which was a Greeke, for there are two governors; the one a Greeke, the other an Italian. The cittie of Candie is a towne of garrison, which had to the number of 1500 souldiers continually there: this governor, beinge a Greeke, caused four proclamations to be made, which was, that we should have free libertie, both day and night, to passe quietly by their court of guard and sentinelles, without anie lett, which was a verie great favour; we were kindly used amongst the citizens, but espetially by the gentlewomen, who offtentimes did make us banquetts in their gardens, with musicke and dauncinge; they may well be called merie Greekes, for in the eveninges, commonly after they leave worke, they will daunce up and downe the streets, both men and women. There doth stand to this houre, about halfe a mile from the cittie, the chappell which Sainte Paule did preach in, and it is called to this houre Sainte Paule's Chappell, being helde in great reverence amonge the Greekes. From Candie we sayled to Cyprus, a most ruinated place, now under the Turkes' government; there we staide not past two houres, in which time the governor of that place, being a Turke, came abord our shipp, and brought us wine and other frutes; he used us very kindly, which made us thinke all Turkes were of his condicion; but we found it to the contrarie. From Cyprus we sailed to Tripoli, where we landed, and left our shipe, for we hired it no further. Being in the harbore, we found the Argosie, which brought us from Venice to Zant, who, so soone as they did knowe us, the captaine and master went presently to the governor, and tould him that we were banditie or thieves at sea, and did counselle the governor to hange us all, which he consented unto."

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From this danger, Sir Anthony and his retinue were extricated through the means of some Armenian merchants, who were in the Argosy; but, as Manwaring says, at great cost. Our travellers next proceeded to Antioch, and thence to Aleppo; in the journey they met with various adventures, which are recounted at length, but which we are under the necessity of omitting.

Of our Journey from Aleppo throughe the Arabian desart, and so into Persia.

"After wee had spent our time in Aleppo with the English marchants, for the space of five weekes, Sir Anthony did furnish himself with some kind of marchandise, as peeces of cloth of gould, and twelve cups of emeraldes, and jewels of great worth, which cups and jewels he thought to have presented to the Sophie of Persia, but that ill fortune did crosse him by the way. Well, from Aleppo we hired camels, asses, moyles, and horses, to bring us to a place, called by the Turks, Beere, or other wise Bersada, accompanied with a Turke caled a cadie, who went of an embassaye from the Great Turke to the Bashawe or

Viceroy of Bagdat, otherwise called Babilone, and four of the English marchants did goe with us from Aleppo to Beere, which was four dayes journey. When wee came to Beere, there, after five or six dayes, with some trouble unto us, we were imbarked in a bote upon the famouse river Euphrates, with eleven botes more of Turkes, who went with marchandises to Babilone; after wee had gone down the river two dayes sail, we came by a place where there was a great heape of stones, and that place the Jewes which were in our companie did tell us was the place where Abraham did pitch his tents, and there did they doe reverence unto it. We did commonly see every morninge greate lions come down to the river side to drinke; and the wild Arabians would follow to the number sometimes of one hundred, and sometimes two hundred, with slings, slinging stones att us, but they did small hurte unto us, in regard of our shott, although it was some trouble to us. So passinge along the river, we came to a towne caled Anna, which was governed by the Turkes, but inhabited by manie Arabianes; and about two miles from the towne, by the river side, the Kinge of Arabya had pitched his tentes; for, as we were tould, he had made a vowe never to come into house till he could conquer all his contrye from the Turke. So coming close to the towne with our botes, as it was our order in all our botes, when we came by a place of note to give a vollie of shott, and doinge the like at that place, one of the Turkes had charged his peece with a bullet, which bullet did kill one of the Kinge's guard, beinge walkinge alonge the side of the river, accompanied with some fifty more of his fellowes; whoe, seinge their fellowe slaine, suddenly did drawe their swords in a rage, not knowinge who to take revenge upon; but the Turke that killed him, standing up, cryed with a loud voyce, sayinge it was one of the Christianes killed him, where upon they came all towards our bote, swearinge they would kill us every man; but God provided for us; for there was a Turke of Mahomet's kindred in the bote with him that killed the man, who presently leapt into the water, sainge to the guard, there is the man that killed your fellowe, for I sawe him put the bullet into his peece; which caused them to make a stande, and did us no harme; but on a sudden they all rane feircely upon him, and cutt him in a hundred peeces, takinge the peeces, and throwinge them up and downe; this newes came presently to the Kinge, who sent a straite command for all the botes to come downe to the place where all his tents were pitched, which we did immediately, and at our arrival there, the Kinge sent a companie of his unto us, which did take away our ores of the botes, commanding the cheefe of the company to come before him, which they did. Sir Anthony went first, attended with three other gentlemen that were with him, and myselfe; this I may boldly speake of: at the first entrye into his tent it was full a quarter of an English mille, before wee came to the Kinge's presence, which was guarded on either side with shott and pikes; soe when we came before him, he did stande up, takinge Sir Anthony by the hand, Sir Anthony offering to kisse his hande, but he would not suffer him; but we did: then he demanded of Sir Anthony what he was: he tould him the truth of all our voyage, which the Kinge did greatly commend, and caused a banquet to be brought

of such fruits as the countrye did afford; there is small store of bread in the contrey, but they live commonly on milke, mellons, radishes, and rice; their apparele very slender, for they wear commonly one robe, made like a surplice, with greate sleeves, of a kinde of blewe cloth, made of bumbaso; their sleeves they tie on their backe, by one corner of the sleeve, and all their armes naked; about their middle they weare a girdle, made of a horse-hide, some five fingers broode, and a dagger sticking under their girdles, with a wooden haft; they weare over their heads a cappe of felte, made like unto a murrian or head peece, tied under their chin with a blacke kinde of stuffe like a sipres. The Kinge himselfe was in this sortte attired, save only he had a satten cote without sleeves; he was a man of a goodly personage, exceedinge blacke and very grimme of visage; his Queene was a blackamoor: his companie that followed him was to the number of twenty thousand men; he had about ten thousand camels to attend him; in the summer time he did abide allwayes by the river Euphrates, and in the winter up in the desart. When Sir Anthony sawe the manner of his apparell, he sent for a peece of cloth of gould, which he had in the bote, and did present it unto the Kinge, which the Kinge esteemed highly of, to make himself an upper cote, and gave him great thankes for it; givinge him a passport under his own hand, to pass quietly through his dominions without anie further lett, which passport did us great good in our passage; but the Turkes he made pay soundly for the death of his servant; soe after one day and a night we departed, and came, in five days after, to a place worth the noting, which did burne with brimstone and pitch, making such a smoke that it did darken the place extremely, the pitch risinge up in great flackes as big as a house, making a terrible noyse, and that place the Jewes did tell us was Sodom and Gomora, but called by the Turkes Hell's mouth. From thence we passed a fairre town, called Racka, a verye ancient place, inhabited by Turkes and Arabianes. The river Euphratus doth rune thro' it; they have nether brig nor boate to passe from the one towne to the other, but the skins of goats, blowne like a bladder, and soe they cast themselves upon them, and swim over; you shall see them passe to and fro, as thicke as botes upon the Thames; from thence we passed to Phalouge, which place is in the suburbes of ould Babilone, and there we left our botes, and hired cameles and asses to carrie us to the cittie of Babilone that now is, which was a day and a night's journey from that place: but before we came to Babilone, the cadie that went of the embassage from the Turke to the Viceroy of Babilone, tould Sir Anthony, that his goods would be searched, and, as he did feare, would be taken from him; and did counsell him this, to deliver some of his goods to him, and he would safely keepe them for him, and deliver them to him at his departure from Babilone, which he did very honestly performe. Sir Anthony did accordinge to his advice, givinge him some of his jewels and other commodities, but his cups of emmeralds he reserved for the Viceroy of Babilone; but before we came into the cittie we were searched, and all our goods taken from us, to the worth of six thousand crownes, and never sawe it againe; had not we delivered that commoditie to

the embasador, we had been left naked to the world. As soone as they were seized upon, they were brought to the Bashawe, who liked so well of the emmerald cups, that he kept them for his owne use, not givinge Sir Anthony one penie for them; but sent for him, which, when Sir Anthony came before him, the Bashawe did looke for great reverence to be doone him; but Sir Anthony carryinge a gallant mind, as he ever did, would not doe any obedience untoe him; for, at the entrance into his presence, beinge bravely attended uppone with noblemen, Sir Anthony came bouldly in, and did not soe much as once bowe himselfe; but did sit down by him without anie entreating, where upon the Viceroy, lookinge verie grimme uppone him, tould him he should be sent in chaines to Constantinople, to the Greate Turke; and all his companie should have their heads cut off, and sett uppone the gates of Babilone. Then replyed Sir Anthony, that, as for his owne life, he did not respecte it, but for his followers; and he desired to endure anie torments himselfe, soe that his companie might passe quietly without hurt; soe that, for that time, he lett him depart for his lodginge. There was an Armenian, a Christian born, who did attend on the Bashawe, whom he loved dearly; his name was Margevelo; this Christian did laboure verie much in Sir Anthony's behalfe; which, in the end, he obtained, and got him his libertie to depart quietlie, but could not gett him his goods againe, but made meanes to help Sir Anthony to eight hundred crownes, of some Venetian marchants* which were there; soe, after we had staide there a monthe,

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* Sherley's own account of this occurence, which is invested with the same strange and romantic interest as the rest of his adventures, is very different from that of Manwaring, who, it appears, was ignorant of the real circumstances attending it. Sherley, in order to avoid suspicion, had represented himself to be a merchant, who expected goods by the next caravan; but the number of his followers made a contrary impression, and he was closely watched. A Florentine merchant, of the name of Victorio Spiciera, who had travelled with Sherley from Aleppo, struck with his demeanor, took several opportunities to represent his danger to him. Sherley conceiving him to be a spy, who wished to penetrate into the motives and object of his journey, for some time disregarded his suggestions, but was at length convinced of his kind intentions; Spiciera appointed a meeting with him about the time a caravan was to depart for Persia—and, proceeds Sir Anthony,

"When I came there, he brought me to a Vittorin, of whom he had allready hired horses, camels, and moiles, for me; and I found a tent pitched by his servants: and then opening his gowne, hee delivered me a bag of chakins, with these very words: The God of heaven blesse you, and your whole company, and your enterprise, which I will no further desire to know, than in my hope, which perswadeth me that it is good; myselfe am going to China, whence if I returne, I shall little need the repayment of this courtesy, which I have done you with a most free heart; if I die by the way, I shall lesse neede it: but if it please God so to direct both our safeties with good

there was a caravanne of Persian marchants takinge their journeye towards Persia, who were verie glad of our companie; for you must understande, that the marchants travele, in those parts, exceedinge stronge, to the number of two thousand; some times more; because there are manie theeves, who lie in the way verie stronge, and the companie of marchants is called by the name of caravanne. But concerning our usage in Babilone amonge the citizens, it was far better than in other places; for there we did passe verie quietlie up and downe without anie disturbance, but were verie kindlie used of all men; the Viceroy excepted; soe, in the end, we did take our leave of Babilone; and, beinge departed not above five or six miles, this Armenian, that shewed Sir Anthony such kindnes, sent him a verie gallant Arabiane horse, with a velvett saddle. I cannot expresse that greate love which he showed unto us; but marke the event, for when we had travelled some dayes' journey or more from Babilone, there came a post from the Greate Turke to the Bashawe, which was, that he should send us with all speede to Constantinople: when he had this

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providence, that we may meete again, I assure myselfe, that you will remember mee to bee your friend; which is enough, for all that I can say to a man of your sort. And almost, without giving me leasure to yeeld him condigne thankes (if any thankes could be condigne) for so great and so noble a benefite, he departed from me: and as I heard afterwards from him by letters from Ormus, hee received much trouble after my departure, through his honourable desire to perfect the kindnesse which he had begone. For imagining, that by the continual spies, which clave to my house, that my flight could not be secret, he had no sooner left mee in the caravan, but that hee changed his lodging to mine, saying that I had done the like to his; and went to the Cady, telling him that I was sicke, desiring his physition to visite mee, knowing well enough that the Cady had none, but onely to give colour to my not appearing in the towne: the Cady answered, he was sorry for my sickenesse, and would send to the Bassa for his physition, which Signior Victorio Spiciera (for so this honourable Florentine was called) would by no meanes; hoping, as he said, that my sicknesse would not bee so great, as would require the trouble of his highnesse." By this meanes five daies passed before Sir Anthony was missed; the Janisaries, who were sent after him, thinking that the caravan had passed, returned: and the noble minded Florentine was forced to pay five hundred crownes, to make his peace with the Bassa.

"The precise summe," says Sherley, "which I received of the Florentine I set not downe, to prevent the scandales of divers, who, measuring every man's mind by the straightnesse of theirs, will believe no act which doth not symbolize with themselves; but, so much it was, that being thirty days upon the way to the confines, then fifteen from the confines to Casbine, where we attended one month the king's arrival, it was not only sufficient to give us abundant meanes for that time, but to clothe us all in rich apparel, fit to present ourselves before the presence of any prince, and to spend extraordinarily in gifts."

intelligence, he commanded presantly two hundred horse to be sent after us; this Armenian, hearinge of it, came to the captaine that had the commanding of these horse, and gave him a hundred ducates to lead his troope of horse another way, and soe to misse us, which he did—yet one night, as we had intelligence, he quartered within lesse than three miles of us, but the next morninge he returned, and for his welcome to Babilone, lost his head; but the Armenian did escape that danger, and lives still in the Bashawe's favor, and was highly commended of him that he did stand soe firmely to them of his owne fayth. Soe wee held on our journey, and came in a fewe days to a place called by the Turkes Samara; but as we were tould by the Jewes that still accompanied us, it was Samaria; it is an anciente place, but much ruinated; the walls stand firme to this houre, and in the middle of the ould cittie, the Turkes and Arabianes have builte a little towne, walled about with a mud wall, of an infinite height, that a man cannot see soe much as a steeple in the town. There standeth, alsoe, by the oulde cittie a tower, aboute the height of Paule's steeple, made in the forme of the towre of Babilone; the goinge up is soe broade as three carts may easily goe one by another.—Mr. Robert Sherley and myselfe did goe to the tope of it; but before we could gett thither, with the extreame heate of the sunne, wee were almost spente; but when we were at the tope, it was far coulder than it was belowe; there are, alsoe, about the cittie gates, stags as big as oxen. There lieth buried one of their saints, to which they go on pilgrimage every yeare, both Persianes and Turkes. From thence we passed alonge the desart, some five or six dayes, until we came to a wildernes, so called, which was verie thicke of wood; it had a small river runninge through it; there we pitched our tents, in regard of the water, for we had not any water to drinke two dayes before; and about two miles from us was quartered some ten thousande Turkes, which were marchinge the countrey from those quarters to Hungary, as we were toulde;—their generale hearinge of our beinge there came to us; then were we greatly in doubt of our lives; but he, bearinge the minde of a souldiere, let us pass quietlie without anie hurte. From thence, after we had rested ourselves one day and a night, wee helde on our journey, and came by a castle of the Turkes, called Tartange, there being allwaies in that castle two hundred souldiers, verie well fortefide with ordnance; we had no determinatione to stay there; but when they sawe us passe by, they commanded us with two peeces of ordnance: soe, to avoyde other danger, we staide, and pitched our tents under the castle. The governor was verie inquisitive what we were, commandinge us to deliver unto him our peeces, with our shot and powder; but we tould him we were marchants, travelinge to Ormus; but he would hardly beleeve us, but commanded his souldiers to seize upon us; but they were not verie forward, seeinge us to stande upon our guard, with our peeces charged, more willinge to die than to yeeld ourselves subject to such uncivile pagans; soe, after some words parly, they were contented to take a small bribe of us, givinge us leave to stay there all night; lettinge us have such commodities as they had for our money; the next morninge verie early

wee departed, and in fewe days after we came to Curdia, a verie theevish and brutish countrey. They have noe houses, but live in tents and caves; they till their corne twice a year, and remove from place to place with their tents; they ride commonly upon cowes and bulls, and keepe their abidinge for the most part by a little river, called Hadno; their aparell is verie coarse, for they weare only a shirt, and over that a rough felt coate, and on their heades a clout tied. They would come into our companie sometimes forty, sometimes more or lesse, and unlesse we did looke well unto them, they would filch and steale anie thing they could lay their hands upon. In the night time we were compeled to keep good watch; for the eveninges being somewhat darke, these people would come creepinge on their bellies amongst the Persianes that were in our companie, and steale their turbanes from off their heads, and sometimes they would make such an alarum, as if twenty armies of men had beene together; but one night amonge the reste, we travelinge somewhat late, they fetched off three of the cheefest marchants, beinge straglinge behinde the companie; but they made such a crye, that Sir Anthony caused us to make a retreat suddenly, and soe we did rescue them, to the loss of most of their lives which did seize upon them, though they were verie well horsed; those were the first horsemen we sawe in the countrye; that night wee quartered not far from a towne, but did not know soe much untille the next morninge, as they came downe to us in multitudes, which made us betake ourselves to our armes; but, in the end, we did perceive they came without weapons, bringinge bread, rice, goates-cheese, and other commodities, for which we offered them both silver and gold; but they refused it, for they had not the use of either of them, neyther did theye know it; but they would take ould shoes, copper ringes, and littill lookinge glasses, which we bought for the purpose, beinge so advised by Angelo, our guide; there we did lye two dayes to reste ourselves, in regard the place was so pleasant, and the people shewing themselves soe kind unto us; but the name of the place I have forgotten, because it was a place of no antiquitie. From thence we passed alonge thro' the countreye, findinge it more easier and pleasant for our travell then we did before, and the people more discreete and kind, which did somewhat rejoyce us to see such an alteratione, after so greate dangers we had passed before. As we passed through this countrey, we saw manie ruinated places, which Tamberlane had conquered, as we were tould, both by the Jewes and the Turkes, for his name is had in memorye, of them to this daye; soe we passed alonge some four or five dayes, untill we came to a place worth the notinge, called Hitherbagg, where there did inhabitt a Kinge, caled by the name of the Kinge of Hitherbagg; there is but one towne, and it is walled round, verie strongly, with a rocke of stone, so that it is invincible; there this Kinge doth live verie gallantly, beinge a man of soe goodly personage as we sawe in all our travailes; he holdeth alwayse a league with the Kinge of Persia, and setteth the greate Turke at defiance, for the Turkes would faine conquer that place, but cannot. There we pitched our tents two dayes, in a pleasant valley under the towne, accompanied with the Kinge and his followers,

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who did sport with us, and did use us verie kindly, sufferinge us to go into his towne by two at a time, which was a verie greate favor, for he doth not use to allow anie stranger to go into it. There is but onely one gate to goe into the towne, which is no wider than one horse may passe through alone; there is alsoe in the middle of the towne a verie strong castle, planted with ordnance, where the King himselfe doth lye; this castle commands all round about it, that they cannot come to plant anie ordnance to give batterie, without the losse of manie thousands; for the Turke did sende a greate armie agaynst it; but on one day and a night service, they were faine to flie awaye, with the losse of the better halfe of his men. This Kinge did give us great incouragement, assuring us we should find the Sophie of Persia the most famous Prince in the world, both for his bounty and valour, and to be a greate friend to Christianes; so we took our leave of him houldinge on our jorney; and, in fewe days after, we were safely arrived in the kingdom of Persia, without the losse of one man in our companie; whereupon the sudden we found such an alteratione of the countrey and people that we were overcome with joye."

Of our usage in Persia, and the entertainment we had there.

"After we had entered the countrey some two or three miles, Sir Anthony called us all together; and, fallinge upon our knees, givinge thankes to God that we were come safely to our intended purpose, although we were sometime before past hope of our lives; but that we had soe worthy a leader, which, in the greatest of our extremities, never made anie showe of despaire; but, with a gallant spirite, did incourage us not to take anie feare, for he would ingage his life for us. The first towne we came to was verie strongly situated, for we could not see anie house att all, but a place like unto a greate mountaine, where did issue out smoke in manie places, which were their houses, digged underneath the mountaine very strangely, to the number of some three hundred dwelling houses; the streetes verie faire, and as even as a table, and on the top of the mountayne greate holes were cute to give light to these streetes and houses; there we found great store of victuales of all sortes, and the people verie courteouse and willinge to doe us anie service; there was alsoe a hundred souldiers lying there, for the Kinge hath a guard round about his countrey at everye entrance; they be all horsemen, and goe all in red, with red turbans on their heads, and red feathers, with their bowes and arrowes, sword and targett, and their short peeces; these souldiers did use us verie respectfully, and tould us their Kinge would be overcome with joye when he did heare of our coming; soe, after we had rested there one day and a night, we did houlde on our journey towards Casbeene, a famous cittie, and of greate antiquitie. We passed by manie townes, but none of anie account, and the further we went, the more kinder the people were; in everye village where we did lodge, the cheefe men would come and present us with one commoditie or other every night, and happie was he who could have the best house to lodge us; likewise their women would come and welcome us, which

we thought a greate wonder, in regard we had not the speech of anie woman for a longe time before. In our way to Casbeene, we did see a most miraculous piece of work, wrought by this Kinge that now is; for, in some partes of the kingdome, water is verrie scarce, and this Kinge, with the multitude of men, hath wrought a vale twenty dayes journey from a river, and so hath brought water enough into the countrey; it was wrought soe, that within everie three-score yards it is open to the ayre; soe, passinge alonge the countrey, and beinge in safety, Sir Anthony sent Angelo, our guide, accompanied with an English gentleman, whose name was John Ward, some four dayes journey before us to Casbeene, in secrete to provide us of a lodginge, and to attend our coming two or three miles from the cittie, somewhat late in the evening, and soe to convey us to our lodginge without the knowledge of the cittizens, in regard we were unprovided with aparell and other necessaries, by reason of our longe travelles; yett they could not soe secretly worke their intended purposes, but it was made knowne both to the Lord Steward of the Kinge's house, and alsoe to the Governor of the cittie, who sent for them both, to know what he was that was coming to see their Kinge; they tould them the truth, but did not acquaint them the certaine daye of oure cominge, which made both them and the citizens greatly discontented, in regard they made greate preparation to receive us with greate triumphes; but, accordinge to our intention, we came in by night, and soe did disappoint them; the next day the Lord Steward came to our house, with a greate traine followinge him of gallant gentlemen, and did salute Sir Anthony in this sorte:—*In my Kinge's behalfe, who now is in the Tartarian wars, this small kindness I would intreat you accept, in regard to your longe and wearie travells; and that, you beinge strangers here in our countrey, it may be your supplies cannot be so suddenly accomplished, therefore I would request you to pardon me, if I doe amisse in my offer;* and, lainge twenty pounds in gould at Sir Anthony's feete, tould him, *this much you shall receive everie daye for your provision beside other commodities; this doe I of myselfe, untill we heare from our Kinge; who, I am sure, will treble it at his returne.* Sir Anthony, accordinge to his princely minde, turninge the money over with his foote, returned this answer: *Know this, brave Persiane, I come not a beggінge to the Kinge, but hearinge of his greate fame and worthines, thought I could not spend my time better than come to see him, and kiss his hand, with the adventure of my bodie to second him in his princely warrs:* the Persiane, hearinge this answere, stept backe verie suddenlye, and, making a lowe congè, replied thus, *Pardon me, brave stranger, for now I see thou art a Prince thyselfe, for soe it seemeth by thy princely answere.* Sir Anthony, replyinge, sayd, *No, I am the second sonne to an English knight, but I have bine trained up in martial affaires, and well esteemed of in my prince's court, and for this cause doe I come to doe thy Kinge the best office I can, if it please his highnes to accept of me. I knowe my Kinge,* sayde the Persiane, *will highly esteeme of thy cominge, and think himselfe a happie man to receive so worthie a persone into his courte;* and soe saluting all one after another, did take his leave. So soone as

he was gone, the governor of the cittie came with a gallant train of gentile men verie well horsed to attend him, beinge a man of a gallant personage, well spoken, and of good carriage; and gave Sir Anthony and all of us a verie kinde welcome, offeringe Sir Anthony all that he was worth to be at his service: he thanked him verie kindly, but tould him he did hope to have no such occasion to use his offer; soe for that time he tooke his leave of us; and that night the Lord Steward and Governor did send such a variety of presents to Sir Anthony, that itt did make us wonder att it, and soe they did everie daye, for they two did strive who should use us best: soe after some five or six dayes rest wee were furnished with apparel and horses; and then the Lord Steward did invite Sir Anthony and all we of his companie to a greate banquett at the king's pallace, which Sir Anthony did not refuse; when the Lord Steward did royally receive us, meetinge us halfe the way, attended with forty gentile men very well horsed; soe coming to the palace we did behould there a sumptuouse spectacle, which was the palace gate beinge curiously sett, wrought and garneshed with rich stones verie bright, the like I thinke the world cannott afford; the goinge up unto the gatte was seven steppes, abought some halfe dozen yards brode, of a verie stronge kinde of stone; soe when we were alighted from our horses and come neere unto the gatte, the Lord Steward tould Sir Anthony that it was the fashion that those that did enter into the gate, must kisse the first stepe, and especially strangers, but you shall be priviledged to doe as it shall please you; Sir Anthony replied, in honour of the Sophie thy Kinge, I will doe this; and soe he made a low obeysance, and in the like sorte did Mr. Robert Sherley his brother, but all we did kisse the step, which did greatly rejoyce the Lord Steward and his companie; soe into the house we came, which was richly hanged in everie roome with gould carpets, and under foote with rich arras, but to tell the severall sorts of dishes we had there I cannot expresse, and everie dish trimmed with rice coloured of all kind of colours; we had alsoe the Kinge's musicke to attend us, both there and home or where we would command them; there was alsoe at that feast ten weomen verie gallantly aparelled, and verie beautiful, which did dance accordinge to their countrey maner, and singe all the time we were feastinge; there we spent that daye, and att our returne to our house we were garded verie royally with all the citizenes of worth, with the sound both of drume and trumpett; and in the like sort did the Governor feast us, and all men were willing to shewe us anie pleasure we would; in the end there came a poste from the Kinge, forth of Tartaria, with a proclamation written with the Kinge's own hand, which proclamation was proclaimed by a nobleman in Casbeene, and we were all sent for to hear it; this was the effect of it, that we should command horse and man to be at our service, upon paine of death to those that should not obey; moreover, if anie man did hold up his hand to offer the worst in our companie wrong, he should lose his head; which proclamation the citizenes did all embrace verie willingly, and thus I leave awhile to treat of our entertainment: now will I speake of by what means this Kinge came to his crowne; and then will I shewe you the maner of his coming from the warrs, and the entertainment he gave us.

" You shall understand that they have a lawe or custome in Persia, when the kinge doth dye, the eldest son that is to succeed his father doth put out the eyes of his bretheren, be theye never soe many of them, for feare they should winne any faver in the countrey and soe comitt rebelione; this kinge that nowe doth reign in Persia, whose name is Shahe Abbas, that is kinge Abbas, for this word Shahe is the Persian word for a kinge, he was the second, who, when he heard his father was dead, presantly fled from the countrey into Cordea, and sometimes he lived on the frontiers or borders of Persia, havinge to the number of one thousand men with him. His eldest brother beinge crowned kinge, sent manie flatteringe letters unto him, that if he would come and submitt himselfe unto him, he should live and enjoy his eyesight, and that he should have greate command in the countrey; but he would not trust the kinge, but did continue his course as he did before, and his companie increased daylie. There was alsoe a nobleman which was verie neere unto the kinge, who sent a letter privately unto this kinge Abbas, that if he would give him such a dukedom, which was the greatest command in all the kingdome of Persia, that then he would cause the kinge his brother to be put to death, and that he should be made kinge; whereupon he returned this answeare, which was, that if he would be the death of so lovinge a master as the kinge his brother was to him, he could be well contented to lose his brother to succeede him in the kingdome, and that he should be made for his labore the greatest duke in Persia; and soe he did signe his letter with his blood, for that is the fashion when they doe ingage themselves one to the other; this nobleman receaved this letter with greate joye, and did put in practise how to end the dayes of his deare lord and master, who loved him beyond all measure, as myselfe have heard manye Persians reporte; yet was not that kinge beloved of his subjects: well, this was his plott; he did give the kinge's barber a greate reward to cut his throate when he did shave him, which thing when it was performed this nobleman fled imediately to his newe master, whoe imbraced him freindly. The countrey straight were up in armes, and half a dozen kinges were proclaimed; some brothers that were blinde and some uncles that were blind alsoe, for the people did accordinge as their affections were; but this kinge Abbas came with his powre that he had and laid siege to Casbeene, for because the citizenes would not receive him, but in a fewe dayes he gatte it, and put most of them to the sword because they did withstande him; soe his forces increased every day, and marched towardes Ispahanne, which is the chiefest cittie in the kingdome, some ten dayes' journey from Casbeene, conqueringe the countrey, but they came to him in multitudes to increase his powre: the lords of the counsell gathered a greate armie together, thinkinge to encounter him, but when they understoode what powre he was of, they altered their mindes and met him on their knees, receivinge him with greate triumphs, and the next day he was proclaimed kinge in Ispahanne, and crowned some two dayes after with great joye: after he was crowned, this nobleman, which was the death of his brother, came to the kinge and demanded his dukedome, which the kinge promised him; the kinge

answeared him, thou art worthie of it; so biddinge him kneele did create him duke and placed him next unto himself, and then was he the greatest man in Persia next unto the kinge. The next day after, the kinge and lords sittinge in counsell, the kinge demanded this question, what was he worthie to receive, that havinge a lovinge master, yea one that loved him better than himselfe, and yett was the cause of his death? It is the fashion of the country, that when the kinge doth aske a question the beste man in the place next to the kinge must give the answere; soe this new made duke, beinge then in presents, after long pause, verie unwillinge gave answeare that such a servant was worthie of great punishment; then the kinge standinge up suddenly drew his sword and sayed, Villan that thou art, thou shalt have thy desert; and soe cutt of his head with his owne hands, and sayde, Thou that didest betray soe lovinge a master, thou wouldst doe the like to me, therefore take thy desert; and soe caused his carcase to be throwne into the feelds for the crowes to feede on; and thus much in breefe concerninge the maner of his cominge to the crowne."

Now will I shewe you in what fashion he came from the wars, and the welcome he gave us.

"The Kinge, some two dayes before he entered into Casbeene, sent a curreire or post before him to his lord steward, to furnish us with the best horses he could gett, and that we should meete him four miles forth of Casbeene, accompanied with the governor and himselfe, which was verie gallantly performed by them both; in this sort was Sir Anthony and wee of his companie apoynted; first, Sir Anthony himselfe in riche cloth of gould, his gowne and his under cote; his sword hanginge in a riche scarfe to the worth of a thousand pounds, beinge sett with pearle and diamonds; and on his head a turbant accordinge to the worth of two hundred dollars, his bootes imbrodered with pearle and rubies; his brother, Mr. Robert Sherley, likewise in cloth of gould, his gowne and under cote, with a rich turbant on his head; his interpreter, Angelo, in cloth of silver gownes and under cotes; four in cloth of silver gownes, with under cotes of silke dammaske: four in crimson velvett gownes, with dammask under cotes; four in blew dammaske gownes, with taffitie under cotes; four in yellow dammaske, with there under cotes of a Persian stuff; his page in cloth of gould; his four footemen in carnation taffitie, and thus we sett forward; Sir Anthony and his brother ridinge together; the lord steward on the right hand and the governor on the lefte, the rest came after by two and two, myselfe directly before Sir Anthony, with a white stafe in my hand, for it pleased him to make me his marshall, for in that countrey every great man hath his marshall to ride before him. Soe after we were halfe a mile forth of the cittie we sawe such a prospect as is not usually seene; which was, twelve hundred souldiers, horsmen, carringe twelve hundred heads of men on their launces, and some havinge the ears of men put on stringes and hanged about their neckes; next after these came the trumpeters, makinge a wonderfulle noyse; because they are contrarie to oure English trumpets, these

trumpets beinge two yards and a halfe in length, with the great end bigg, and soe much compasse as a hate; next after them came the drummers, their drumes beinge made of brasse, and carried upon cameles; then after them came his six standard bearers; then after came his twelve pages, bearing every one a lance in his hand; then a good distance after them came the Kinge, ridinge alone with a lance in his hand, his bowe and arrows, sword and targett, hanging by his side, being a man of low stature, but verie strongly made, and swarthie of complexion: next after the Kinge came his lieutenant generall of the feeld, and all his bowes in rancke like a halfe moone; and after them came his officers in the wars, to the number of twenty thousand souldiers, all horsemen; soe att our first encounter of the Kinge, Sir Anthony and his brother did alight off their horses, and came to kisse the Kinge's foote; for it is the fashion of the countrey, be he never soe good a man he must kisse the Kinge's foote at the first meetinge; after that was performed, the Kinge did looke upon them both verie stately, and afterwards did looke upon us all, givinge never a word to Sir Anthony, but did the lieutenant generall place him accordinge as he had given direction, and soe the Kinge sett spurs to his horse, and did ride away for the space of an houre. Sir Anthony beinge placed in the Kinge's place, with his brother Mr. Robert Sherley, the lieutenant generall on the righte hand, and the lord steward on the lefte; after the Kinge was departed, the lord steward tould Sir Anthony that it was the fashion to entertaine strangers in that fashion, but willed him to have patience awhile, and he should see the event. Soe within an houre the Kinge returned back againe as fast as his horse would goe, and havinge followinge him sixteen weomen on horsebacke richly attired, and when he came close to Sir Anthony the weomen did hallow, and gave such a cry, much like the wild Irish, which did make us wonder att it; then after they had made an end, the Kinge came and embraced Sir Anthony and his brother, kissinge them both three or four times over, and takinge Sir Anthony by the hand, swearinge a greate oath that he should be his sworn brother, and soe he did call him all wayes, and soe the Kinge marched along, puttinge Sir Anthony on his righte hand. It was a wonderfull sight to see the multitude of people that were there that daye; and still as the Kinge did passe alonge the people would kneele downe and kisse the earth; but before wee came into the cittie, there were proclamations made that upon pains of death, no souldier should enter into the cittie, but such as were borne there for feare of makinge aine uproar; and soe they were all discharged and departed every one to his own country for that time; soe after we had entred the cittie, we marched through everie streete, and in the ende came to a banquettinge house of the kinge's; when the kinge brought Sir Anthony up into a verie fayre chamber richly trimmed; in which chamber Sir Anthony delivered a speach to the kinge, which was the occasion of his cominge, with a discourse of our wearisome journey, and of our usage in Turkie; and other accidents which did happen unto us by the way, which the kinge did harken verie attentively unto, and when Sir Anthony had ended his speach, the kinge stood up and replyed; Brother, I doe greeve to heare of thy sore ad-

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ventures and troubles by the way, but I doe much rejoyce to see thee here in saftie at our court; for be well ashurred I will place thee on my head; this was his meaninge, that he would advance him to great honor; then was there a great banquett brought in with musicke before it, where they past away their time for the space of two hours, with great joye; after the banquett was ended, the kinge requested Sir Anthony to looke through the windowe to behoulde their sportes on horsebacke. Before the house there was a verie faire place to the quantitie of some ten acres of ground, made verie plaine; soe the kinge went downe, and when he had taken his horse the drumes and trumpets sounded; there was twelve horseman in all with the kinge, soe they divided themselves, six on the one side, and six on the other; havinge in their handes longe rodes of wood, about the bignesse of a man's finger, and one end the rodes a peece of wood nayled one like unto a hammer; after they were divided and turned face to face, there came one into the middle, and threw a wooden ball betweene both the companies, and havinge goales made at either end of the plaine, they began their sporte, strikinge the ball with their rodes from one to the other, in the fashion of our footeballe play here in England; and ever when the kinge had gotten the balle before him, the drumes and trumpetts would play one alarame, and manie time the kinge would come to Sir Anthony to the windowe, and aske him how he did like the sporte. Soe when the sporte was ended, Sir Anthony sent me downe of some bussines, and as I went downe the staires it was my chance to meete with the kinge, who when he saw me, tooke me by the arme, and caused me to returne backe againe with him, and brought me to the chamber where the Turke's Ambassadore was, and did leade me alonge to the upper ende of the chamber, and put me above the Turke's Ambassadore, biddinge me sit downe there, by reason they have noe stooles but sitt on carpets; I could ill sit crossed legged after their manner, but kneeled on my knees; then the Ambassadore tould the Kinge it was the fashion of England to sitt on stooles, for he had bine ofttimes in the English marchants' houses in Constantinople. When the Kinge had heard these words, he presently went into the next roome, and caused one of his pages to bring forth a littell forme, which they did use to sett bottles of wine upon, and throwinge a carpett of gould upon it, caused me to sitt downe; then he called for some wine, and did drinke a health unto me, and used these words, I do esteeme more of the soule of a Christian's shew, than I do of the best Turke in Turkie; and then he asked me if I would serve him; I answered him in regard I was a subject in his countrey I must be at his command, yett I was loth to leave my ould master in regard he lov'd me well; at which wordes the Kinge did take me about the necke and kissed me three or four times, and sayd, I doe highly commend thy constancie; neverthelesse I will intreat my brother thy lord for thee, that thou shalt be my servant so longe as you stay in my countrey; then after some fewe wordes more, he went forth of the roome to Sir Anthony, and tould him that he must needs have one of his servants from him; he answered that it did not lie in his power to give anie of them, but if it pleased him he might command anie of them to doe him what service

they were able; the Kinge thanked him verie hartely, and tould him that he should command all his servants to doe the like; then after some fewe wordes parley, the Kinge brought Sir Anthony to his house and tould him he would take no leave of him, for he purposed to see him before he did sleepe; soe after we had supped at our own house, Sir Anthony not thinkinge the Kinge would have seene him anie more that night, because it wexed late, he determined to have gone to his reste, but he was disapointed, for the Lord Steward came for him with sixteen torches and some twenty gentlemen to attend him, to bring Sir Anthony and all his companie to the Kinge, to spend that night with him; but, when we came where the Kinge was, such a spectacle wee did behould, which did almost ravish us with joye to see it. You shall understande that in the middle of the cittie of Casbeene there is a place which they call the buszard, made in fashion like the exchange in London, though not soe beautifull, yett three times as bigg, where they kepe shopes of alle maner of trades; for that time the shopkeepers had set forth their commodities in the best manner, and themselves aparelled verie gallantly: in the middell of that place standeth a round thinge made with a seate sett up with six pillars, about some [ ] over, on which place they use to sell aparell and other commodities; that beinge bravely trimmed with rich carpets, both of gould and silver, and silke, and the Kinge's chaire of estate placed in the middell, the chaire beinge of silver platte, sett with turkiss and rubies verie thicke, and sixe greate diamones which did shew like stares, the seate being of rich scarlatt imbrodered with pearle, and the multitude of lampes hanging aboute it were innumerable. The Kinge, when he came unto it, did cause Sir Anthony to ascend up into that princely throwne, and standinge by the chaire with his Vizroy and other of his nobilitie, did take Sir Anthony by the hand, and willed him to sett downe in his chaire of estate; but Sir Anthony falinge on his knee, desired the Kinge to pardon him, for soe princely a place did not become him in regard he was but a subject himselfe. The Kinge swearing a greate othe, which was by the sould of Mortus Aleey, that he should sitt in the chaire, and if the best Persiane of them all did greeve att it, he would presantly cutt off his head; and takinge Sir Anthony by the hand, bad him sett downe without feare, which Sir Anthony did, and when he was sett the Kinge kissed him, and sayd, Brother thou dost well become this place. Then he caled for a stoule for Mr. Robert Sherley, which was presently brought, and he satt him close by his brother Sir Anthony, and placing all of us of Sir Anthony's companie round about the throwne, sittinge on carpetts cross-legged, according to the countrie fashion; then came therein a royal banquett, with drumes and trumpetts soundinge before it, which were brought in by twenty-four noblemen, and when the drumes and trumpetts departed, the musicke came in playinge with twenty women verie richly aparelled, singinge and dauncinge before the musicke; soe, when the banquett was ended, the Kinge arose, takinge Sir Anthony by the arme, and soe they walked arme in arme in every streete in the cittie, the twenty women goinge before singinge and dauncinge, and his noblemen coming after with each of them one

of our companie by the hand, and at everie turning there was varietie of musicke, and lamps hanging on either side their streets, of seven hights one above another, which made a glorious shew; and thus for the space of eight dayes and nights did we spend the time in sportinge and banquetinge with all the pomps they could devise. Soe after the tenth day was expired, the Kinge sent Sir Anthony twelve cammelles, three tents, verie large, with all kind of officiall houses belonginge to them, and household stuffe, six* mules, everie mule carrying four carpets, four of silke and gould, six of cleane silke, the rest verie faire carpets: allsoe he sent him fourteen† horses, whereof two of them were for his own saddle, two for his brother, and the ten for ten of us; he sent fourteen saddles, whereof two of them were of gould platt, set verie thicke with turkisses and rubies, two of gould platt, plaine, the other ten of velvett, imbrothered with silver, verie richly; and soe much silver‡ as six men could carrie, intreatinge Sir Anthony to accept of that small trifle for a month's expences; desiringe Sir Anthony that he would meete him some four dayes' journey, with ten of his best men to attend him and his brother. Sir Anthony thinkinge the Kinge did it to make triall of our valore, called ten of us unto him, which were these; myselfe, John Norris, Thomas Davis, William Parrie, Thomas Powell, John Ward, John Parrott, Gabriell Brookes, Arnold Roldcraft, Edward Vantheiuier, a Dutchman; and he tould us what he thought the Kinge's intent was; and willinge us to shew ourselves like true Englishmen, if anie such occasion should happen. Soe ye next morninge we sett forward, accompanied by one of the Kinge's gentlemen of his horse, to attend us and be our guide, who did provide us victualles in everie towne or place we passed through, paying never a penye; soe att the four dayes end, somewhat in the evininge, we mett in a crosse way with ye Kinge's mules, who carried his provision. One of the Kinge's gentlemen tould us that the Kinge was att hand; soe within halfe an hour the Kinge overtooke us, havinge in his companye to the number of two hundred men followinge him. Soe when he was come to Sir Anthony, he tooke him about the middle and kissinge him two or three times, swore that he thought everie daye a yeare untill he sawe him; that nighte we supt with the Kinge in a greate house which the Kinge builded on purpose for travelers, for through the countrey where it is not well inhabitted, there the Kinge hath built greate houses which they calle canes, for the marchants and other travelers to lodge in, and there you shall have both man's meate and horse meate; that night at supper the Kinge was verie pleasant with us, untill such time as one of his noblemen had angered him, upon some smalle occasion, and then we went to rest. The next morninge the Kinge was stiring verie early, and beinge in wrath, caused this nobleman which had offended him to be tied with chaines to a stake, and ten of the Kinge's gentlemen to throwe

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* Sir Anthony Sherley says, sixteen mules.

† Forty, ibid.

‡ Of the value of sixteen thousand ducats, ibid.

quinces att him, to the number of one hundred, the Kinge himselfe did throwe the first. Soe after they had throwen everie man one quince. Sir Anthony stept to the Kinge intreatinge him to pardon him and throwe no more; the Kinge presently smiled and sayed, Brother it shall be as thou wilt have it, and caused him to be untied, and the nobleman came and kissed Sir Anthony's hand. Soe that night we went twelve miles to a gallant cittie caled Cason, spendinge the time by the waye in hauckinge and huntinge, and we came into ye cittie in the eveninge where we were royally entertained by the cittizens; the Kinge did lye at his owne palace, and wee were lodged in a nobleman's house, where we were entertained with all kind of dainties from the cittizens; about ten o'clock in the night we were sent for to meet the Kinge in the Piatse, which is a fayer place like unto Smithfield, standinge in the middle of the towne; there we found the Kinge and his nobilitie, with greate store of torches, and round about the place were lampes hanged on the sides of their houses unlighted. Soe the Kinge tooke us upon the top of a territt and caused us to looke downe towards the lampes, which lighted all at the twincklinge of an eye, and likewise on the tops of all the houses in the cittie were lampes, which made a gloriouse shew thicker than the starrs in the sky; then there was such stately fire-workes made by a Turke, that Sir Anthony did wonder att, which seemed as if dragons were fightinge in the ayre, with manie other varieties, especially one fire-worke worth the notinge, which was thus, there was a greate fountaine of water in the Piatse, out of which from the verie bottom there would arise thinges like fishes, throwinge fire out of their mouthes about a dozen yards highe, which we thought a greate wonder; soe after these sights were past, there came in a gallant banquet with the sound of drume and trumpett. Soe when ye banquet was ended it was my chance to walke downe from the companie, being somewhat wearie of sittinge crosse leged according to the countrey manner, and goinge towards the Kinge's palace gate, it was my fortune to meet with a verie gallant gentlewoman, who came runinge makinge such a cry that I did wonder att her; she came presently towards me and catched me by the arme. I asked her what the matter was? she sayed there was one of the Kinge's gentlemen would have abused her; soe as I was talkinge with her the Kinge came to us all alone, as his maner is for sometime he will goe from the companie on the suddaine commanding that no man shall followe him; he asked the woman why she cried? she answered that one of his servants would have abused her, and another did stand by and would not helpe her; the Kinge demanded where they were; shee sayed they were in his court; then the Kinge did take her by the hand, and goinge towards his palace gate, there came a couple of gentlemen forth of the gate; there they are, sayed the woman, seinge that this is the man that would have abused me, and that is he that did stand by. The Kinge presently halowed, and immediately there came runninge all the company both lords and others, but Sir Anthony was the first man that came to the Kinge; for they were alle afraid to heare him calle, yet when his companye was come together, he asked once againe the cause of her cryinge, she sayed as she sayed

before; then the Kinge caused the gentleman that did stand by and would not reskewe the weoman to have his two little fingers cutt off, and soe he kissed the Kinge's foote and departed, but the other he put to cruele torments; for first he caused his tongue to be cut off, then his eyelides, the crowne of his heade, his lips, his nose, and after all this they did cut his hamestringes; this being finished, the Kinge lookinge upon him used these words: Villaine, be thou an example to all other men; * * * * *

with that the man's father came to entreat the Kinge he might carrie away his sonne: he sayde noe, here shall he lye and starve in this place, and he that cometh neere him to give him anie ayde shall be served in the like manner. Well, after we had passed away three dayes with all varieties of sports, as namely these, wreslinge with men naked, fightinge of cameles, and rames of antelopes, beare baytinge, bull baytinge, and such other sports; we held on our journey to that famouse cittie of Ispahanne, ridinge through manie townes, but none worth the notinge, save onely one which was called Coome, where we were kindly received by the townsmen; there we rested one day and a night, but did hould on our journey haucking and huntinge by the way, where within three dayes we came within three miles of Ispahanne, where we lodged all night both the Kinge's and all the rest of his lords. The next morning by nine of the clocke we made ourselves readie to attend the Kinge, whereafter we had ridden but one quarter of a mile, we saw in a vally the Kinge's souldiers to the number of thirty thousand men, attendinge the Kinge's cominge; who when they perceived the Kinge was att hand, the drumes and trumpetts made such a noyse as if heaven and earth had mett together, there was alsoe the heads of men carried uppon lances. Soe after the Kinge had spoken to them they fell all intoe a halfe moone, and marched after the Kinge's traine. Soe when we came within two miles of the cittie the cittizens did meet him verie gallantly aparelled, to the number of some ten thousand: they made a waye of taffetie and satten, lyinge upone the ground for the Kinge's horse to ride upon; the Kinge when he sawe it gave them great thankes, which pleased the cittizens verie much; then the Kinge did take Sir Anthony by the hand, and willed him to ride his horse upon it, but Sir Anthony would not by anie meanes; soe when the Kinge sawe he would not, he called his guards to him, and gave all the silkes and sattens to them, and they shared it among them: there we made a stand, and the Kinge caused his lieutenant generall to see his souldiers skirmish, and some of his gentlemen beinge amongst them, did not behave themselves to the Kinge's mind, and moreover his souldiers were not so perfect as the Kinge did expect they should; whereupon he presently ran in amongst them with his sword drawne, like to an Hercules, and uppon a sudden he gave four of them their deathes wound; then did he grow more into blood and not sparinge anie, but cuttinge of the armes from divers of them; one gentleman, which did but onlye smile, the Kinge never lefte, and cominge for succore into our companie the Kinge gave him such a blowe on the middell, that the one halfe of his bodie fell from the other.

There we spent that daye, and in the evening about sixe of the clocke we marched towards the cittie, where the governor leadinge the way, the young prince came ridinge fast by him, and jesting with him somewhat grosly about his wife, in regard she was a faire woman, the governor did use some unkind word to the prince, which made him angry, soe he came presently and tould the Kinge, who charged him to take his bowe and arrowes and shoot him throwe, which he did immediately, and did shoot him throwe one of the thies, the governor presently did alight of from his horse, and came and kissed the prince's feete, when the Kinge sawe it he came to the governor and kissed him, and made him vizroy of that province and ever after did impose greate trust into him; soe we entred the cittie and marched about in everie streete. Then the Kinge brought Sir Anthony to his house, which was prepared redie for his coming and willed him to have patience and he would see him againe in the morninge, then the Kinge went to his palace, and that night we rested. There were slain that daye to the number of seven score, in regard of the extremitie of the heate and those which the Kinge himselfe did kill. Amonge the rest it was the Kinge's fortune to kill one of Sir Anthony's footmen being a Persian, who when the Kinge was tould of it he was exceedinge sorie, thinkinge he had bine a Christiane, and he came the next morninge in private to Sir Anthony and tould him he was exceedinge sorie, wishing it had bine his fortune to have slaine a dozen Persianes for him; Sir Anthony made answere that he was a Persiane; when the Kinge heard it he was exceedinge glad, and willed Sir Anthony to make choyce of any footman that he had; and thus much for our entertainement in Persia."

Nowe will I treate of the maner, condition, and fashion of the Persianes.

"You shall understand that the countrey of Persia is far more pleasant for a stranger to live in than the Turke's countrey, for this Kinge, since his coming to the crowne, hath brought this countrey into such subjection, that a man may travell throwe it with a rod in his hand, havinge no other weapon, without anye hurt. The people are verie curteouse and friendly to strangers, their aparell verie neat and comly; the men weare longe cotes to the small of their legge with greate roles on their heades of divers colours, caled turbans; they weare gownes furred with rich fur, for allthowe the countrey be exceedinge hott they alwaies weare furred gownes, the women are verie beautifull, for the better sort, in regard they weare vales over their heads, soe that the sune never shines on their faces; the women doe weare breeches as well as the men, and red velvett stockinges; the men have only one wife, but as manie concubines as they can keepe. A woman that is maried and is proved to commit adulterie, she is presently burnt. * * * * * *
Moreover, as the Turkes doe hould the kindred of Mahomett in greate reverence amongst them, soe the Persianes doe contrarie unto them, for you shall see in everie towne thorough the kingdom of Persia once

a day one walk along the streetes with an ax on his shoulder, and speaking these words with a loud voyce, that if any man doe hould Mahomet's kindred to be better than anie other man, or if any one doe say that he is of his kindred, he shall presently lose his head; for I myselfe sawe a Turke that was in Ispahane come to the fellowe and say that he was of Mahomet's kindred, and in that opinion he would dye, and so kneeled down, layinge his head upon a blocke, and the fellowe immediately cut off his head. Their beleef is in God the father and Mortus Aleey, and they hould Mahomet to be a greate prophett; they have churches, and verie fayre church yards, which they keepe verie cleane, with a pulpitt in the middell of the church yard, and likewise a fountaine which they likewise use to wash them in before they goe to prayer; they have also, as they terme the holy men, which they call Saintones, whom they putt much trust unto, that they can tell them what shall happen to them, if they take a journey in hand. These men go naked without shirts, onely they have a felt gowne of blewe: and every yeare, on that daye that Mortus Aleey dyed, they will slash themselves all over their armes and brests with knives, in most piteous maner, that sometimes they dye with it; their priests goe aparelled in white, and preach everie Fryday, for that day is their saboth; they pray with greate devotion, for I myselfe have seen them at their prayers with such zeal that they have fallen into a sound; they keepe their lent much about the time that we doe here in England, and they call it their Bairum; it lasteth twenty-eight dayes, and all the daye they eat not meat untill the south starr doe apeare and then they goe to their victuales, and then will they sport themselves all night; the better sort of them doe never at this or anie other time drinke wine except they have a license from the Kinge, and sometime the Kinge in his humer will cause a proclamation to be made that for three dayes anie man may drinke wine att his pleasure; then sometimes you shall see them drinke and then will the Kinge take greate delight to walk up and downe the cittie to see them; but he that is found drunke when those three dayes are expired shall presently lose his head. All Christianes are allowed to drinke wine, and all the Kinge's servants; the countrey is verie well furnished with all kinds of fruit; they have great store of wheat, soe that bread is verye cheap, and victuales at a verye good rate; the most of their feedinge is rice, dressed divers kinds of ways; the Kinge will goe in private to their markets to see what order they keepe. For two yeares before our cominge into the countrey, the King had bene in the market at Ispahane, and fallinge in talke with a fellowe that sold milke, he asked him how the governor of that place where he dwelt did behave himselfe; why, sayed the fellowe, beinge of a bould spiritte, if I was in his place I would bringe the Kinge a dozen heads a weeke of villaines that rob up and downe the countrey, soe that we can scarce goe a stone's cast from our houses but we shall be robbed, and the governor doth beare with them, and takes money of them to lett them live in that fashion; the Kinge hearinge this, liked the fellowe well, desiringe him to come to the court next morninge, and he would shew him the Kinge's house, bidinge him when he came to aske

some of the Kinge's gard for one Abbas, the fellow sayed he would; soe when the Kinge came to the court he gave order with his gard when such a fellow came to speake with one Abbas the next morninge they should bringe him to him; well, the next morninge the man came accordinge to his promise, who demanded of some of the gard for one Abbas, soe they brought him presently to the Kinge's bed-chamber; when the Kinge heard that he was come, he caused him to be brought in unto him; when the man did perceave that it was the Kinge, he fell downe on his knees, asking him forgivenes; the Kinge comanded him to stand up, and sent for aperele for him, and gave him the comand of fifty men, charginge him first to bring the governor to him, which he did within three dayes after, who presantly lost his head; then the Kinge charged him to bringe him twelve heads of those villaines which robbed in the countrey the next weeke followinge, or else he should lose his owne. Soe he tooke his leave of the Kinge for that time, and within foure days after he brought the Kinge twenty heads; when the Kinge sawe that, he gave him the comand of fifty men more, and made him governor of that place, and he behaved himselfe soe well that he brought the countrey in one monthe's space to such quietnesse, that a man might walke witha rod in his hand without hurt; the Kinge, after a small time, did take such a likinge of him, that he made him captaine of his gard, and gave him the comand of a thousand men to keepe the borders of his countrey.

"It happened upon a time, that the Kinge being in progresse, for this is his custome, he doth never trouble his countrey with carrages, but hath carrages of his owne for that purpose, and all his nobilitie; the Kinge in the waye did overtake some carrages of this newe made governor, whereof were six moyles laden; the middle moyle havinge his carrage covered with a carpitt wrought with silke and gould; he demandinge of the men whose carrage it was; one made answere that it was the Lord Mustriffa's captaine of his gard, for soe the Kinge had created him; the Kinge that night did lodge in his tents; this new made lord came to the court somewhat late, but when the Kinge did heare of his cominge he presantly did calle for him, and tould him that he did overtake his carrages, whereof there was one moyle that was covered with a gould carpitt, which ladinge, sayde the Kinge, I must have; he presantly did fale on his knees, and intreated the Kinge to take all the reste; for that was all the wealth he had, the Kinge presantly was in greatt rage against him, and caused him to be laden with irones, and went presantly where his carrage was; there findinge it to be a chest, he caused it to be broken open, and there he found nothinge but his ould cloeths and his milke-payles, which he used to sell his milke with; when the Kinge sawe it he presantly wept, because he had done him soe much wronge; then he asked him why he did keepe those soe safe; he answered, that the favors of princes sometimes are lost for a small falt, and his fortune may in time proove soe bad, in regard there weare manie in the court which did envie his honor and fortunes he had receaved, which made me reserve those if such a chance should happen to gett me my livinge; the Kinge presantly caused them to be burnt, and created him a duke, addinge four thou-

sand tomannes a year to his livinge, which is eight thousandpounds English, and at oure beinge there he was most in favoure with the Kinge; was absolutely a man of the bravest courage in the court, and did use Sir Anthony verie kindly and all his company, but espetially myselfe, for I did receive manie kindneses from him, and in this fashion hath this Kinge exalted manie poore men to honoure since his cominge to the crowne; the Kinge's disposition is noted by his aparell which he wears that day, for that daye which he weareth blacke he is comonly melancoly and civell; if he weare white or greene, yellowe, or any other light color, he is comonly merrie; but when he weareth red, then all the court is afrayed of him, for he will be shure to kill some bodie that day, I have offtimes noted it; they have marshall lawe in the countrey, for if a man be found to steele the worthe of sixpence, he is presantly hanged at the next tree, by order of the governor of that place wherein he is taken; for everie little town or village hath his governor, or as they call them, cadees, and comonly where the Kinge is he will give justice himselfe; the Kinge doth ever ride with a greate trayne, to the number of five or six hundred men in his companie; they are verie expert in there peeces or musketts; for allthough there are some who have writtan now of latte, that they had not the use of peeces untill our cominge into the countrey, thus much I must wright to their prayse; that I never did see better barralles of musketts than I did see there; and the Kinge hath hard by his court at Ispahane about two hundred men att worke only makinge of peeces, bowes and arrowes, swords and targetts; and thus concerninge the fashion, maner, and custome of the Pertians.

"Now to the former matter; I shewed you before howe the Kinge sent us fourteen horses att Casbeene, with other provision to attend him from thence to Ispahane, leavinge the rest of our companie behind us under the conduct of Mr. Abell Pinson, who was then steward to Sir Anthony, which were to the number of twenty-four persones, English, French, Greekes, and Pertians, who were gallantly furnished by the viceroy of the whole kingdome, everie man his horse and furniture accordinge to his vocation, and were conducted by one of his owne gentlemen from Casbeene to Ispahane, where after their cominge to us we stayed there six months, without anie remove, spendinge our time in hauckinge, huntinge, and other sports; in the which time the Kinge was resolved to send Mr. Robert Sherley to the Queene of England with a verie rich presant, only to shew how much he honored her, but Sir Anthony altered the Kinge's mind, perswadinge him to send all the princes in Christendome, which he was assured the Queene would like well of, and to be in league with them all, and he would undertake to accomplish the embassage, and moreover that he would maintaine wars against the Turke, on that side of him, and he would worke soe with the Christian princes, that they should maintaine warrs on the other side, and soe by that meanes overthrowe him; to which matter the Kinge was exceedinge glad of, givinge Sir Anthony manie thankes for his good invention, and presently he sent away the Turke's ambassador, who was come thither to renewe the leaguebetweene the greate Turke and the Kinge of Persia, commandinge him to tell his master

that he would never reste untill he were in the field against him; at which answeare of the Kinge, the Persians did much rejoyce, for there was an ould proverb in Persia, that there should come a Christian from farr into their countrey, by whose advise they should gaine all their right from the greate Turke, which the Persians in former times had lost; yet after all this was concluded upon, the Kinge was verie loth to part from Sir Anthony, and offered him to be lieutenant-generall of all his forces against the Turke; which offer Sir Anthony did highly imbrace, yet in regard he was a man of greater note than his brother was, did make choyce to goe of this embasseye, and to returne againe with as much speede as he possible could; but (mala fortuna) did happen on him by the waye. Then Sir Anthony did request the Kinge to send a Persian alonge with him, some man of account, to witness with him how much the Kinge did imbrace the love of the Christiane princes; the Kinge did verie well like of his motion, and made choice of one who had followed him longe whose name was Seane Olibege;* the Kinge created him a lord, and allowed him sixteen men to attend on him; moreover, the Kinge promised Sir Anthony that he would send presents to everie prince of a greate vallue. Well, after all these matters were concluded on, there came to us a Franciscan frier to Ispahane, and tould Sir Anthony in regard he was a Christian he was the more boulder to come to him, and told him moreover that there was another frier cominge, a Dominican frier, who was bishop of Antioch, a Portingall born, and he was goinge of greate busines to the Kinge of Spaine: his request was this, that Sir Anthony would gett him that favore from the kinge that he might goe aparelled in his owne weed or habit, which favore Sir Anthony did obtain of the kinge, and the next day Sir Anthony did goe and meete him four miles forth of Ispahane, with one hundred horse to attend him, and soe he brought him into the cittie and lodged him in his owne house: the next day after he brought him to the kinge, who received him for Sir Anthony's sake verie royally, and the kinge gave him a crucifix of gould sette with diamonds, turkes, and rubies, which crucifix was sent the kinge from Presbiter Jhan, as the kinge himselfe did shewe unto us. The kinge asked the frier where he had travelled—the frier answered that he was sent from the Pope, as his deputie, into those parts amongst the Christians: the Pope! saide the kinge, what is he? allthough he did knowe verie well what he was, yett did he make as though he had never heard of him; the frier made answeare that the Pope was Christ's vicar upon earth to pardon and forgive sinnes: then, quothe the kinge, he must needs be a very ould man if he have beene here on earth ever since Christ was crucified by the Jewes: nay, said the frier, there hath beene manie popes since that time, for when one dieth another cometh into his place: what, saide the kinge, are they earthly men born in Italie or in Rome? yes, saide the frier; but have they att anie time talked with Christ or God the father, sayed the kinge; no, quothe the frier: then the kinge made

* Cuchin Allibi.—*Sherley.*

this answeare;—I doe not believe that anie man on earth can pardon or forgive sines but God the father; and for Christe, saide the kinge, I doe hould him to be a greate prophete, yea, the greatest that ever was, and I doe thinke verily that if anie man could forgive sins it was hee; for I have read that he did great miracles when he was upon the earth; he was born of a woman, but as I have read the angel of God came to her and breathed on her, and soe was he conceived. I have read, likewise of his crucifying by the Jewes, which doth make me hate them, for to this houre there is none suffered to live in my countrey. The frier was stricken mute, and we all did wonder to heare the kinge reason soe exceeding well, in regard he was a heathen; but he tould Sir Anthony he was allmost a Christian in heart since his cominge unto him. So after we had stayed there two weekes longer the kinge's letters were readie to all the Christiane princes, which Sir Anthony received from the kinge; soe we tooke our leaves of Ispahane, and the kinge brought us two dayes journey, and did take his leave of Sir Anthony verie sorrowfull; and did take his brother Mr. Robert Sherley by the hand, whom we left behind us, and the kinge said to Sir Anthony that he would use him as his owne sone, and that he should never want soe longe as he was kinge of Persia. Then he gave Sir Anthony a seale of gould, and saide, Brother, whatsoever thou dost seale unto, be it to the worth of my kingdome, and I will see it paide: soe the kinge kissed Sir Anthony three or four times, and kissed us all, and saide that if we did returne againe we should receive greate honore. Soe we departed from the kinge accompanied by the false frier, who, in the end, as you shall hear hereafter, would have betrayed us with his villainie; but Seane Olibeg, that was to come along with us, stayed behind for the presents, because theye were not ready, and he was to come to us at [ ] where we were to take shippinge; and soe much for that part."

Here Manwaring's narrative breaks off, and we can discover no traces of his having afterwards resumed it. Sir Anthony Sherley's relation, also, concludes at the same period. We regret exceedingly that we are unable to give any farther account of the particular circumstances attending this unexampled mission, unless any reliance can be placed on the play to which the romantic adventures of the three brothers gave birth, entitled, *The three English Brothers—Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony, and Mr. Robert Shirley;* London, 1607; written by John Day, William Rowley, and George Wilkins. The authors, indeed, in the prologue, profess to have adhered to the facts—

> "Clothing our truth within an argument,
> Fitting the stage and your attention,
> Yet not so hid but that she may appear
> To be herself, even Truth."—

It is manifest, however, that they have, for the sake of the drama, mixed a considerable degree of fiction with actual fact. In some particulars, however, the play is probably more accurate. It represents Sir Anthony as having arrived at the court of Russia, and being imprisoned through the machinations of his colleague, and afterwards released, and the latter disgraced; that he next went to Rome, and was well received by the Pope, and thence proceeded to Venice, but, in every place, was thwarted and impeded by Cuchin-Allibi. The failure of the embassage is attributed, by Sherley, to this person; and he also obscurely hints at the injury done him by the ungrateful friar, mentioned in the text.

Sir Anthony's subsequent movements are enveloped in considerable obscurity; but there is reason to believe, that, feeling acutely the unfortunate result of his embassy, he never ventured to return to Persia. It appears, from *Wadsworth's English and Spanish Pilgrim*, that, amongst the English resident at the court of Spain, about the year 1625, "the first and foremost is Sir Anthony Sherley, who stiles himselfe Earle of the sacred Roman Empire,* and hath, from his Catholic majesty, a pension of 2000 duckets per annum, all which, in respect of his prodigality, is as much as nothing. This Sir Anthony Sherley is a great plotter and projector in matters of state, and undertakes, by sea-stratagems, to invade and ruinate his native country, a just treatise of whose passages would take up a whole volume."† The King of Spain, also, made him admiral of the Levant.

The honors thus showered upon a subject excited the displeasure or jealousy of James the 1st, who ordered him to return to England, a mandate which Sherley did not think fit to obey. According to Grainger, he died in Spain, in the year 1630.

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* There is some difficulty in ascertaining whether Sir Anthony or Robert Sherley, or both, were created Counts of the Roman Empire. Baker states, that Sir Robert Sherley was made an Earl of the Empire by Rodolphus, the Roman Emperor. Wadsworth, although of less authority than Baker, was himself, in 1623, at Madrid, where he lived for two years; and he asserts, that Sir Anthony assumed this title. Baker, on the other hand, would hardly state a fact of this kind without some foundation; and that he meant Sir Robert, is evident from what follows.—*Baker's Chronicles*, 412. The late Lord Orford meant to have cleared up these mistakes respecting the two brothers, and had made many notes on the subject.—*Aikin's Biog. Dict. Art. Sherley.*

† Wadsworth's English and Spanish Pilgrim, Lond. 1630.

These are all the particulars we have been able to collect of the life of this heroic gentleman, Sir Anthony Sherley, whose adventures have more the air of an Arabian story or oriental fiction, than that of real life. Born at a period when the spirit of chivalry yet lingered in the land, he united daring enterprise with political knowledge and statesman-like acquirements. He belonged to that glorious race of men, who seem to have been raised up but to dazzle the world with their brightness for a few years, and to make it regret that they have left no descendants.

Sir Anthony was of a grave and imposing exterior, and of a dignified and commanding deportment. Elevated in sentiment, noble in heart, and undaunted in resolution, he had a singular power of attracting the attention, and securing the affections of men. He was bold in the conception, and prompt in the execution, of what he undertook; and whatever was connected with it—whatever was likely to contribute to its success, he seized with eagerness, and improved with diligence and caution. As a traveller, he did not, like some of a different sort, exercise his judgment on the superficial appearances of things, and tell of the wonders which he saw; but he looked into the perfections and defects of governments, and investigated the forms of states.

We have only space to say a few words of his two brothers. When Sir Anthony was about to depart from Persia, the king requested, in a very complimentary style, that his brother, Robert, might stay behind. The wish of Shah-Abbas was no sooner expressed, than Robert, with great frankness and alacrity, acceded to it, and he accordingly remained at the Persian court with five of his companions. Two years having elapsed, and no tidings received of this important embassy, the king began to regard Robert more unfavourably than he had hitherto done, but he soon found means to regain the royal favour. He obtained freedom of conscience throughout the Persian dominions for all Christians; and the king as a still greater token of his affection, bestowed his niece* upon him in marriage. Three successive Persian ambassadors were afterwards despatched to the princes of Christendom; and lastly, Robert Sherley himself, who came as ambassador to James the First in 1612, with the offer of a free commerce with Persia. He was accompanied by his wife, Teresia, who, during her residence in England, brought him a son, to whom the queen stood godmother, and Prince Henry godfather. He left his child in England, and set out with his lady on his return to Persia, and

* Carte says, she was sister to one of the king's sultanas.

Fuller says, died on the voyage.* Sir Anthony draws a fine character of his brother, Robert, which we should have introduced, but for the reason before mentioned.

Sir Thomas Sherley was knighted in 1589, and, "being ashamed," says Fuller, "to see the trophies and achievements of his two younger brothers worn like flowers in the breasts of princes, whilst he himself withered upon the stalk he grew on, left his aged father, and, as it is said, a fair inheritance in Sussex, and forthwith undertook several voyages into foreign parts, to the great honor of his nation, but small enrichment of himself."

Although this article has extended to an unusual length, we close it with reluctance, obliged, as we are, to omit, for want of room, many things which might have assisted the reader in estimating the true motives of the enterprise above related, as well as the character of this illustrious fraternity.

[Our readers will observe that the following communication is not in the usual form of our articles. We have, however, determined to admit it into our pages, as well from a regard to the value of its contents, as that we think it may stand in the place of a pattern, as it were for similar papers. On receiving the following letter, it occurred to us that there might be many possessors of remarkable books, who, unwilling to undertake a formal memoir, still would not hesitate to compose a slight notice of them, containing some extracts and a few necessary observations. Such is the nature of this paper, which we trust will excite the less industrious, or the more engaged, lovers of old literature among our readers, to the composition of similar ones. Should this be the case, they will find a place in the last pages of each number.—Ed.]

Art. XIII. *Image of Gouvernance, by* Sir Thomas Elyote. *London, 4to.* 1541.

Mr. Editor,

Sir,

Your well-planned Review of old literature seems calculated to display the masculine powers of intellect possessed by our learned and industrious forefathers. The high toned sentiment and the condensed thought which so often pervades the writings of early authors deserves to be contrasted

* The Preacher's Travels, Lond. 1611—Baker's Chronicles—Fuller's Worthies.

XUM

with the flippant and diluted vanity of many modern scribes, a class of men who, following the business of book-making, to meet the demands of *universal* education, are reducing the dignity of printed tutorship to an idle recreation.—I submit the following extracts from *The Image of Gouvernance, translated out of Greke into Englyshe by* Sir Thomas Elyote, Knight. *Anno* 1556. 4*to*. This learned, virtuous, and public-spirited man seems to have devoted his life to the diffusion of useful knowledge, and to the improvement of morals. He was a distinguished person in the court of Henry VIII.—the Juvenal of his day. The following account of his own writings is taken from his preface to the *Image of Gouvernance*.

"And I dooe neyther dispute nor expounde holy scripture, yet in suche workes as I have and entend to sette foorth, my poore talent shall be, God willyng, in suche wyse bestowed, that noe man's consience shall be therewith offended. My boke called the Gouvernour instructyng men such vertues as shall be expedient for theim, whiche shall have auctoritee in a weale publicke. The Doctrinall of Princes, whiche are but the counsailes of wise Isocrates, inducyng into noble men's wittes honest opinions. The Education of Children, which also I translated out of the wise Plutarche, makyng men and women, whiche will folowe those rules, to be well worthy to be fathers and mothers. The little Pasquill, although he be merie and plaine, teaching as wel servauntes how to be faiethfull unto theyr maisters, as also maisters howe to be circumspect in espiying of flaterers.—Semblablie, the office of a good counsailour, with magnanimitee or good courage in tyme of adversitee, maie be aparantly founden in mie boke called, Of the Knowlage belongynge to a Wise Man. In readyng the sermon of Sainct Cyprian, by me translated, the devout reader shall find no little comfort in plagues or calamitees. The Banket of Sapience is not fastidiouse, and in litle roume sheweth oute of holie scripture many wise sentences. The Castell of Health, beynge truely read, shall longe preserve men (beyng some Phisicions never so angrie) from perillouse sickenesse. My little boke called the Defence of Good Women not onely confoundeth villainous reporte, but also teacheth good wyves to knowe well theyr duitees. My Dictionarie declaryng Latine by Englyshe, by that tyme that I have performed it, it shall not onely serve for children, as men have excepted it, but also shall be commodious for them which perchaunce shall be well learned. And this present boke which I have named, 'The Image of Gouvernance,' shall be to all them which will read it sincerely, a veraie true paterne wherby they may shape all theyr procedynges."

The pious fiction under which this learned knight makes his own thoughts public is given in the following preface:

"As I late was serchyng among my bokes to fynde some argument in the redynge whereof I mought recreate my spyrites, beynge almost fatigate with the longe studie about the correctyng and ampliatyng of my Dictionarie, I happened to finde certaine quayres of

paper, wherin were conteigned the actes and sentences notable of the most noble Emperour Alexander, for his wisedome and gravitee called Severus, which boke was fyrste written in the Greke tongue by his secretairie named Encolpius, and by good chaunce was lente unto me by a gentill man of Naples called Pudericus. Wherefore with all diligence I endeavoured myselfe whiles I had leysour to translate it into Englyshe; all be it, I could not exactly performe mine enterprise as I mought have done if the owner had not importunately called for his boke."

It is unnecessary to tell the scholar that no such author as Encolpius ever existed, or to acquaint the reader that the tenour of all our worthy knight's writings was insidiously directed against the glaring vices of his own court. Such bold and open execration of the vices of Heliogabalus, and the continued contrast between him and Severus, would have been too obviously meant against Henry the Eighth and his companions if the story had not assumed the character of reality as to other times.

His 3rd Chapter is "of the monstruous lyvynge of the Emperoare Varius Heliogabalus, whereby the citie of Rome was corrupted."

"Macrinus the Emperoure for his avarice and tyrannie beinge abandoned, (or rather betrayed) of his owne people, and slayne with his sonne Diadumenus, (who in beautie and goodly stature excelled all men of his tyme,) Varius Heliogabalus was advaunced unto the empire by the whole consente of the senate and people of Rome, who gave hasty credence to all reportes that were made to the honour and praise of their newe princes, (such is the appetites of men which bee meeved anone with credulitee, for suche thynges as they desyre, they couvette to here of, and doe delite in newe thynges, though falsely reported.) But as soone as Heliogabalus was come to Rome, he immediately declared his beastly nature, by insuynge vices moste abominable and advancynge the favourers and haunters of the same vices, and inforcynge with all his studie and puissance to exterminate out of the citie of Rome all vertue and honestie, from whence a littell before all the worlde received doctrine and examples of honour, concernyng as well vertuous maners as martiall prowess. Firste, in lecherie this Heliogabalus was so insatiable, that not onely he exercised that vice openly in common baines and bordell houses with sundry women of divers degrees and countries, but also he had ordained a senate of common harlottes.—He also promoted to the greattest dignities of the publicke weale common bawdes, notable ribauldes, solicitours, and furtherers of dishonest appetites, often tymes cokes and devisers of lecherous confections and sawces. Semblablie by such persones he solde dignitees, auctoritees, and offices. He also elected into the senate most vile personages not havyng regarde to any age, gentillnesse of bloud, merite, possessions, or substaunce.—His glutonie was almoste equall to his lechery. Whan Heliogabalus sojourned

nygh to the sea, he wolde never be served with sea fyshe, but being in place far distant from the sea, he caused all his householde to be served with most delicate sea fishe. It abhorreth me to expresse his beastly lyvying, all be it I doe not tel every thyng that I have redde of hym, as well for that it shall bee to good men odiouse to here, as also it moughte happen to incende the wanton.

"The greattest roumes and affaires of the Empyre, he committed to minstrels, plaiers of enterludes and disardes. His bondemen and most vile servauntes, as they excelled in abomination, so preferred he theim to the governaunce of realms and provinces. Also of his rabell of brothelles to some he gave the rule and gouvernance of the youth of the citie, some he made rulers of the senate, to other he gave soveraintee over all theim that were gentilmen."—But "this monstruous Emperour desiring the distruction of Alexander, procured his owne deathe, agreable with his abominable luxury; for his owne servauntes and souldiours, whiche were prepared for the garde of his persone, dreadyng lest the people makynge insurrection that they shoulde bee parteners of his mischeevous ende, beyng tediouse of his abominations, conspired to delyver the common weyle of hym."

"This was the worthy and convenient ende of this most beastly and uncleane monster, who with the emperours Nero, Caligula, Domitian, and Commodus, his predecessours, was a notable and commodious example to all princes succeeding, to declare, that notwithstanding their majestie and puissance, they for their vices abbominable were first hated, and afterwards slaine and dishonoured by their propre subjectes.

"Immediately after the deathe of Heliogabalus, the senate and people of Rome beying surprised with incredible joye, used all diligence and spede that Aurelius Alexander mought foorthwith as verie Emperoure receive all auctoritee and honour.

"After that, Alexander by the consente of the senate and people was established in the imperiall auctoritee, and for his excellente goodnesse was moste ardently beloved of the multitude, also the remembraunce of Heliogabalus and his adherentes for their detestable vices beying every where hated, and with detestacion abhorred. This noble yonge emperour takynge then oportunitee to restore the publyke weall to her pristinall fourme, with the majestie imperiall, late violated, and wel nighe perished, through the negligence of the saide monster; fyrste purged his own palace, excludynge out of his owne courte and all offices, dishonest and infamed personages, and by no meanes woulde suffer to bee in his householde anye other than by all menne should be thought necessarie. Moreover he openly protested, makyng an other, that he woulde never have a superfluouse noumbre of servauntes, to the entent that he woulde not greeve the publyke weall with his provision; saying, "that Emperour is a shrewde pupiee that feedeth, with the bowels of his commons, men whiche be not necessarie, nor yet profitable to the weall publyke."

"All his lyfe was a perfect exaumple of temperaunce, his apparayle was wonderfull cleane, but not too sumptuouse; semblable moderacion the empresse his wife observed: finally, during his time he used

deligente correction of his own maners, wherefore all noble men assaied to folowe hym. No daie passed wherein he dyd not some thynge charitably, gentilly, or honorable, but those thynges he did in suche wise aske therein, nether consumed ne wasted the common treasure."

"He procured seldome any condemnacions, but those that were doen he never pardoned. He woulde not suffre any of his courte to weare any garmente mixte with golde, or otherwise preciouse or costly, nor he himselfe delited in riche apparaile," saying, "Gouvernaunce was in vertue, and not in beautie or costlie apparayle; preciouse stones that were geven to hym, he caused to be solde, estemyng it to be a womanly appetite to have such jewelles."

The present specimen of Sir Thomas Elyote's writings may induce some persons to look further, and I therefore transmit a list of all his works and their several editions, from which it will be apparent that our author's labours have been much regarded.

SIR THOMAS ELYOTE'S WORKS AND THEIR EDITIONS.

1. *Boke named the Governor.*—Printed by Berthelet, 1531, 1534, 1537, 1546, and 1553, 12mo.—No Printer named, 1557, 12mo. —by T. Marsh, 1565, 12mo.—by T. East, 1580, 12mo.
2. *Image of Gouvernance.*—Printed by Berthelet, 1541, 1544, 4to.— by W. Seres, 1556, 12mo.
3. *Castle of Health.*—Printed by Berthelet, 1534, 1541, 1547, 1561, 12mo. 1539, 4to.—by T. Marsh, 1576, 1580, 12mo.
4. *Of the Knowledge which maketh a wise man.*—Printed by Berthelet, 1553, 12mo.
5. *St. Cyprian's Sermon on Mortality*, with *Picus Mirandola's Rules of a Christian Life.*—Printed by Berthelet, 1534, 1539, 12mo.
6. *Pasquil the Playne.*—Printed by Berthelet, 1533, 1539, 12mo.
7. *Defence of good Women.*—Printed by Berthelet, 1540, 1545, 12mo.
8. *Banquet of Sapience.*—Printed by Berthelet, 1542, 1545, 12mo.— by I. Day, 1557, 12mo.
9. *His Dictionary* (*Bibliotheca Eliote.*)—Printed by Berthelet, 1538, 1542, 1545, 1552, 1559, in folio.
10. *Plutarch's Education of Children.*—Printed by Berthelet, no date, 4to.
11. *Doctrinal of Princes*, (translated from Isocrates.)—Printed by Berthelet, without date, 1534, 12mo.—by T. Petit, without date, 12mo.

THE END OF VOL. II.